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THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Numbers 41-44

VOL. XI

WILLIAM ABBATT

TARRYTOWN NEW YORK

1916

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RES ARDUA VETUSTIS NOVITATUM DARE; NOVIS AUCTORITATEM; OBSOLETIS, NITOREM; OBSCURIS, LUCEM; FASTIDITIS, GRATICUM; DUBIIS, FIDEM; OMNIBUS VERO NATURAM, ET NATURAL SUA OMNIA.

ITAQUE ETIAM NON ASSECUTIS, VOLUISSE ABUNDE PULCHRUM UTQUE MAGNIFICUM EST.

(It is a difficult thing to give newness to old things, authority to new things, beauty to things out of use, fame to the obscure, favor to the hateful (or ugly), credit to the doubtful, nature to all and all to nature. To such, nevertheless as cannot attain to all these, it is greatly commendable and magnifical to have attempted the same.

PLINY,—preface to his *Natural History*.

INDEX TO VOLUME XI

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Numbers 41-44

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATED NOTES OF AN EXPEDITION THROUGH MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA 1849-50 - - JOHN W. AUDUBON 1

THE JOURNAL OF ISAAC SENTER, M.D., ON A SECRET EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC, 1775 - - - - 85

GENERAL ROGER ENOS - - - REV. H. E. HAYDEN 145

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: HIS PERSONAL HISTORY AND PUBLIC RECORD - - - - - - - E. B. WASHBURNE 165

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR - - REV. E. J. YOUNG 195

OUR GREAT SORROW - - - - - - - *Anon* 208

LOOKING BACK ACROSS THE WAR-GULF - ROBERT DALE OWEN 215

ADDRESS BEFORE THE VINCENNES HISTORICAL AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY, 1839 - - - JOHN LAW 337

FRENCH ARROGANCE (1798) - - WILLIAM COBBETT 383

INDEX

Alamitos, Mexico 55
Arnold, Benedict .....96 *et seq.*
Arnold's Address to the Indians..... 122
Arnold, wounded..... 136
Audubon, John W..... 5

Bache, Richard.....
Brazos, Texas, in 1849..... 11
Brice, Major B. W..... 13
Brownsville, Texas, 1849.....13, 14
Burr, Aaron..... 99

Caldwell, Major Henry..... 127
Campbell, Dr. John, 1849..... 21
Camp Ringgold, Texas, 1849..... 15
Carleton, Gen. Sir Guy.....128 *et seq.*
Carritunk Falls, Me..... 103
Ceralvo, Mexico 44
Cerro Gordo, Mexico 61
Chapman, Major W. W.. 2d Artillery... 11
Cholera in Camp, 1849.....17 *et seq.*
Clark, George Rogers, expedition of...*et seq.*

"Dead" River..... 107 *et seq.*

Enos, Roger, defence of.....147 *et seq.*
—retreat of..... 111

Fourth of July in Mexico, 1849..... 76
French Arrogance, William Cobbett.... 387

French settlers in the West, characteristics of 356

Gallatin, Albert..... 391
Genet, Edmond..... 356
Gerry, Elbridge.....396, 405
Gibault, priest..... 362
Greene, Dr.....95, 98

Hamilton, Gen. Henry.....365, 370
Hardships of Arnold's men.....106 *et seq.*

ILLUSTRATIONS:
Cañon in Mexico..... 60
Jesus Maria village..... 24
Fourth of July Camp..*frontispiece*, No. 41
Lincoln telling a Story..*frontispiece*, No. 44
Night Watch (the)..... 76
Senter, Dr. Isaac:
portrait and autograph, *frontispiece*, No. 42
pages from his journal.....94, 136

Irvine, Dr.....105-6

Jesuit Missionaries, the.....349 *et seq.*

LaMotte, Major Jos. H., 1st Infantry.. 15
Law, John, address on Vincennes, Indiana..... 345
Lesson of the Hour, the, Rev. Edward J. Young..... 199-207
Lincoln, Abraham, E. B. Washburne, 171-193
his career.....171-93
telling a story.....*frontispiece*, No. 43
the rail splitting incident..... 172
Looking Back across the War-Gulf. Robert Dale Owen.....217, 235
Lyon, Matthew 391, 401

McClellan, Lieut..... 119
McCown, Capt. John P., 4th Artillery..29,37
McKean, Thomas 391
MacLean, Col. Allan..... 125
Marest, Gabriel, priest.....351-3
Marshall, John 405
Meigs, Major R. J..... 138
Mermet, priest 353, 355
Mexican Mountain Scenery..... 67, 71, 79
Monterey, Mexico 46
Montgomery, General.....129 *et seq.*
death..... 136
Montreal Evacuated..... 143

New Orleans..... 9
Nicholas, Wilson C..... 391
Norridgewock, Me..... 101

Our Great Sorrow..... 211
Owen, Robert Dale, Looking Back across the War-Gulf 217

Personnel of the Audubon Expedition, 1849 79
Pinckney, Charles Cotesworth..... 406
Point Levi, Canada..... 124
Parral, Mexico..... 65
Parras, Mexico..... 52
Prairies, Texas, 1849 12

Quebec, siege of.....130 *et seq.*
Quebec, siege of, raised..... 141

St. Clair, General Arthur..... 374
Saltillo, Mexico..... 49
Sartigan, Arnold's men reach.....121
Stampede, A..... 56
Senter, Dr. Isaac:
biography .....i, No. 42
genealogy .....iii, vii
Spring, Rev. Samuel..... 96
Thomas, Gen. John..... 142
Thompson, Gen., killed..... 143

Vigo, Francis..... 364
Vincennes, Indiana, settlement of, John Law..... 345
Volney.....353, 356
Voyage to Fort Western.....96, 97

Washburne, Elihu B., Abraham Lincoln, 171-193
Webb, Colonel..... 8, 33
Wool, Captain Isaiah 130
Wooster, General David..... 140

Young, Rev. Edward J. The Lesson of the Hour 199

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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 41

ILLUSTRATED NOTES OF AN EXPEDITION THROUGH MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA, 1849-50 . . . *J. W. Audubon*

WILLIAM ABBATT

TARRYTOWN NEW YORK

1915

JUN 26 1916

ILLUSTRATED NOTES

OF AN

EXPEDITION THROUGH

MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA,

BY

J. W. AUDUBON.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

SEVERAL years ago I had an inquiry from an Arizona customer for a copy of the original edition of this work—a folio—but after a year's searching and advertising, the only copy I could find was held by a London dealer at $175—a price too high for me. Since then I have several times renewed the search, but to no purpose.

When it is considered that the work was published in 1852, and that many books a hundred years older can readily be had, such scarcity is phenomenal, and ranks this very interesting and valuable work very high among our rarities.

I can only account for it by the fact that probably only a small edition was printed (it was "Part I" of an intended series, but "Part II" never appeared) and that in paper covers, so it was easily injured or destroyed. It was issued in two styles—with plain, and with colored plates (I have never seen one with them plain) and the illustrations were done by Nagel & Weingärtner, the noted New York lithographers, who also made the plates for Audubon's *Quadrupeds*. Their workmanship was of the best, as witness the beautiful plates in that work.

For a long time I despaired of finding a copy of the work—but lately, in the garret of an old-time dwelling, whose former occupants were personal friends of Mr. Audubon, and probably had it from himself, I found one, tucked carelessly under the rafters.

Needless to say, it had not been improved by the treatment, but was perfect save for its cover, so I put it into the hands of a skilled "restorer." and now reproduce it.

The story itself is a very interesting one, of the hazardous journey across Mexico, of robbers, and the more to be feared cholera

by which the expedition was attacked; but the four illustrations are particularly valuable. They are:

I. THE FOURTH OF JULY CAMP
II. THE NIGHT WATCH.
III. THE MEXICAN VILLAGE OF JESUS MARIA.
IV. THE CAÑON OF JESUS MARIA.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of these drawings, unless it be their coloring.–is particularly fine in III and IV, where the mountainous landscape lends itself, with its rich tints, to form a most charming *ensemble.* The artists to whom I have shown my copy are very appreciative of the beautiful scenes and the masterly rendering of them.

This work, interesting alike from its authorship, subject and illustrations, ought be be found in every library of any size and in the home of every admirer of the Audubons—and I had proposed to republish it, in size precisely the same as the original a folio of 18x13 inches,—but the great cost proved prohibitory and I have therefore issued it in the present form, with the plates reduced, reproduced by photography, and colored by hand. It gives me much pleasure to thus furnish my customers with the only reproduction ever made of a very rare work, hitherto unattainable (no copy has been sold at auction in twenty years, and it is unknown to many collectors.)

It should be emphasized that the four plates cannot be found in *any other work* (in the only edition ever published, of the complete "expedition," they appear merely as insignificant, outline pencil sketches, *uncolored*), hence I am fully warranted in claiming for this, as for so many others of my similar publications, *excessive rarity* of the original, and, I may add, an exceedingly low price.

PREFACE

TO write a tale, however simple, and to tell one, are quiet different things. In one case, every word and sentence ought to be weighed and criticised, and to be written by one possessed of knowledge of the World of Literature and of language —in the other, the speaker, while relating his adventures, regards his listeners closely, imparts his enthusiasm to them, and can vary his pauses as his emphasis, so as to convey to his hearers all his meaning; his animation is enjoyed, and he is sympathised with by his friends, and the incidents and accidents of a journey recapitulated verbally, make an impression; but the same story written and read in the closet, is often from want of the excitement of conversation, dull and uninteresting.

My diffidence as to the interest of the letter press, in connection with many other circumstances, has delayed my first number eighteen months, but having made all my sketches with the camera lucida, I trust with confidence to *them*, on account of their truthfulness, for the success of my "Illustrated Notes of an Over-Land Expedition through Mexico and California." As I make no pretence, but try to tell a plain story of what I have done and seen, that may be interesting or instructive, I rely on the reader's generosity and lenity in criticising.

Many, many miles of wearying monotonous travel, were for weeks at a time endured by us, with not an incident worth noting; and consequently the letter press of each number will vary greatly in quantity; but I will endeavour to produce the plates, which Mr. Gildemeister and Messrs. Nagel and Weingaertner give me every hope of accomplishing, in a superior style.

It is intended to continue the publication of these "Illustrated Notes" monthly, should the first number meet with the approbation of the writer's friends and the public, and to finish the work in ten numbers.

J. W. AUDUBON

SEP 1915
Bright Fund

ILLUSTRATED NOTES

OF AN

EXPEDITION THROUGH MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA

IN 1849 AND 1850

TWO YEARS since, when California was not as familiar to us as now, and our knowledge of its resources was indefinite, imagination led us to suppose, that to reach the Sacramento was to insure wealth; and I was led away by the same wild feeling that sent thousands of my countrymen straggling across the lone prairies, or beating to windward against the eternal westerly seas around Cape Horn on their way to the newly discovered placers.

The excitement everywhere visible, to the quiet lookers on, if there were any in New-York at that time, must have seemed most absurd; and yet, after our Company was full, in one day I could have received fifteen thousand dollars from individuals wishing to join our party; one gentleman, a civil engineer, offering a thousand, to be allowed to accompany us, and note the position of all interesting objects and the towns we passed through. In every purchase I made, I met dozens in quest of the same article. The gun, pistol, and bowie-knife trade flourished to an excess; and if our country had been on the point of being attacked by England, France, and all the north of Europe combined, we could not have made, apparently, more rapid preparation for war, "even to the knife."

At times, in all the bustle of outfitting our party, a regretful feeling at giving up my profession, as artist and naturalist, at which I had been studying and working, for seventeen years, would steal over me at the prospect of the dangerous, long, and untried pilgrimage we were undertaking; but I recollected my father's advice given some three years before, whilst in Texas,—"Push on to

the West, even to California: you will find new animals at every change in the formation of country, and new birds from Central America will delight you." Can it be, that I, too, from long association with him, having been the companion of all his expeditions but one, since I was of age, had within me some little lurking spark of the noble desire for knowledge and love of nature, that for forty years had sent him wandering through her wildest scenes?

Appointed second in command, I thought that, as only commissary to the Company, I should have half, at least of my time during the journey, to collect specimens of new birds and animals, and make sketches of the country we passed through; so I provided myself with drawing materials and the requisites for preserving birds and rare plants. Circumstances, most melancholy and disastrous, frustrated all my happy dreams. My arsenic is broadcast on the barren, clayey soil of Mexico; the paper for plants was, early in our trip, used for gun-wadding, and though clung to and cherished to the last, my canvasses and paints were left on the deserts of the Gila, perhaps for the benefit of some redskinned artist.

On the 8th of Feb., 1849, "Colonel Webb's California Company" left the Battery.

I had parted from all most dear to me in this world; how, let you who are husbands and fathers, and have parents, and a happy home, conceive. A day of hurry was got through; and three o'clock found me followed by a few dear friends, on board the steamer Transport for Amboy. I was surrounded by the Company and their anxious friends. Fathers of sixty took my hands in both of theirs, and in scarcely audible voices begged me to take care of only sons. Brothers told me the faults of their younger brothers, and begged me to give counsel and advice; men I had never seen gave hearty grips of rough hands, that told of honest hearts, and said, "My brother's with you! treat him right, and if he is my

brother he'll die for you or with you;" and the last words of ministers, as they gave their parting advice and blessing, were drowned by the bell of the steamer. Its tolling went to my heart like a funeral knell. I was too much excited to answer the hurrahs of the hundreds who came down to see us off; and in silence I waved my cap to those we were leaving, for the red eyes of fathers, wives, brothers, and even timid sweethearts, had, added to my own grief, killed the boisterous man within me, and mentally I prayed God for courage and ability to perform my engagements faithfully.

The tide was low, so we had to make our course to Amboy through the outer bay, and I turned to look over Sandy Hook on the broad Atlantic, with sadness at thought of the long absence I anticipated, and that the Pacific had to be seen before I should again return to my own much loved coast.

To travel, now that railroads take away space and incident, gives us nothing to write about, as we fly through the civilized parts of our country; and our journey to Pittsburg was like all others. We had one of the hundreds of monotonous trips down the Ohio, yearly made, and our greatest interest was the immense number of geese, ducks, and game of all kinds that we saw as we approached its mouth.

As we turned into the broad Mississippi, spread over all the lower banks, the desolation of its swamps, and the decaying, lonely, worn appearance of the clay bluffs we passed, picturesque as they are, added to the eternal current of this mighty stream, as it swept soil and noble forest from its banks, and seemed to glory in destruction, was a melancholy sight, and brought up old associations of happy days long ago enjoyed, and recollections of friends dead since I had witnessed this same scene of ever-varying yet unchanging nature.

New-Orleans, strange as a new country to those who have never been there, with its long line of masts and up-river steam-

boats, all with their bows toward the Levee; its quaint, halfbred negroes, with baskets of all sorts of things to sell in them, the curious manner of the markets, where all the smaller vegetables for sale are done up in picayune bunches; where the English, French, and Spanish are spoken, one language as often recurring as the others; its broad Levee of white cockles, a foot thick, putting all other pavements, for comfort, to the blush, covered with millions' worth of produce; and the noise and bustle of business done here, excite the looker-on till he wishes he was one of the actors in this scene of turmoil. Even Sunday, on the Levee is never kept, the departure of steamers, challenging each other to the race, with whistles blown by steam of two hundred pounds pressure to the inch, which echo through the town, and the drums of the French military, disturbing the quiet of the day.

Sunday is selected at Orleans for the departure of vessels to all parts of the world, in preference to any other day; and at 10 o'clock, all our arrangements previously made, we let go our head lines, swung our bow down stream, and the *Globe* bore our Company toward the Balize, on our way to Brassos. Sunset saw us anchored at the mouth of the river; the weather not looking as favourable as our captain wished, we remained all night, and went out at daylight next morning; the cross seas on the bar breaking over our bows at almost every wave; and I felt that if a gale from the southeast should come up, our trip to California would soon end. A ship at sea is always the same, and gives the same scenes; the first few dashes of spray that wet the unsuspecting, cause a laugh; but the swinging movement given to a vessel by the "ground-swell," is followed by the pale face of every owner of a weak stomach, and description would be only repetition; so, after I had seen the vessel on her course, "West and by South," I went to my berth—the flimsy steamboat laboured and strained as ships do in a gale, and I could not have been persuaded but that it was blowing very hard, had I not been able to look out from my berth

on the sea, in the light of a full moon; the trade-wind of the Gulf just fanned a ripple on the old swell, giving millions of sparkling lights, in petty imitation of those spangling the heavens. Three such nights, and four days of hot sun, and we were running over the bar at Brassos; not a landmark more than ten feet high was in sight, and miles and miles of breakers, combing and dashing on the glaring beach, broken here and there by the dark, weather-stained wrecks of the unfortunate vessels which had found their doom on this desolate shore, ended our view whichever way we looked, and we rejoiced as we rounded the low sandy point that protects the inner bay. Brassos, like Galveston in 1837, is nothing, if you take away what belongs to Government. A long flat, extending towards the Rio Grande, probably a mile wide, is kept from the sea's overflow by a range of low sand-hills, if drifts 10 to 15 feet high deserve the name. The inner bay, however, looking towards Point Isabel, is a beautiful sheet of water, terminated by the Government buildings looming in the distance.

A few cases of cholera had occurred, but Major Chapman, United States Army, with the kindness so generally shown by our officers to their countrymen, sent us off as soon as practicable in the Government Steamer *Mentoria*, and though I saw him only for a few moments, I shall never forget his attention to our wants, nor the good judgment he displayed in the arrangements he made to aid us. As at New-Orleans I could not, without great extra premium, insure our money over the bar at the mouth of the Rio Grande, I, with Biddle Boggs, and James Clements, having landed the horses brought with us, went overland to Brownsville, opposite Matamoros, thirty-two miles—long ones. We rode along the beach with buoyant spirits, grateful that we had crossed the Gulf in safety and smooth water; and the glorious sea-breeze of that climate, coming in at 10 o'clock, we went merrily on, watching the little sand-pipers and turnstones as they followed each receding surf, to pick up all the unfortunates of the marine tribes

which had lingered too long and too near the beach. There is something in the eternal coming in of a surf that brings a thoughtful, if not philosophising, mood to the contemplator of one of nature's most solemn features; and the feeling, that soon we must all cease to enjoy thus the delights in which we have been permitted to revel, to make way for others who come behind us, at such times is almost palpable; all nature lives on its weaker neighbour, the larger beast eats all it can capture, and parasites in turn, inside and out, eat him—but to our ride. The sun was now nearly vertical, and as from time to time we passed through narrow lanes of chaparal, where the breeze was shut out and the dust followed as we rode, the heat was most oppressive, and we opened out from the circuitous course of the Rio Grande which we had followed for some miles, here almost level with its banks and perfectly a miniature of the Mississippi except in the vegetation near it, to the broad Texan prairies, extending a weary journey to the West; —West, that eternity of distance, that association of vastness, incomprehensible, but felt; and to our boisterous, happy conversation, silence by universal consent, succeeded. Each of us, variously apart in education and feelings, was wrapped in similar thoughts of the time when we had been on the prairies of Texas before, long since, and far from the present scene; but like the sailor who is once familiarized with the sea, so with the man of the prairie an hour restores him mechanically to his old thoughts and associations; even music, not sung nor thought of for years, returns, and he is startled to feel, though silent, passing through his mind the airs forgotten of time long past, called forth by similarity of situation and circumstance. Our pleasure was complete as we looked on the waving broom-sedge in all its green luxuriance, and breathed the clear air, after the dust we had passed through, till the distant elevations, which on the prairie had loomed up to almost mountains, were discernible, and when reached, strongly, though in miniature, resembled the clay-washed hills of the upper Missouri,

so beautifully illustrated by the Prince de Neuwied, as "Chateaux blancs."

But all this was passed, and as sunset came, we again wound our way through clumps of chaparal and musquit (a dwarf acacia,) and our horses trod the soft turf of the beautiful musquit grass, in a great portion of this part of Texas very abundant, and particularly valuable, as its nourishment does not leave it in the same degree as in other grasses, when it dies.

As the night came on, we felt a little anxious about our money in this strange country, but soon the bark of a dog, that invariable attendant on man's habitation, from the palace of the lord to the wigwam of the savage, was heard, and welcome was the sound to us, for, as we came near the town, so many roads crossed each other that we feared we might have to sleep out; that would have been a matter of small importance, but just from sea and seasickness, and having taken a ride of thirty miles, the going without supper would have gone very near our hearts; at nine o'clock, however, we reached Brownsville, where the rolling of bowling-alleys and cannoning of billiard balls, was all that seemed to enliven the village at that hour, and finding no hotel that looked as if I ought to stop at it, I went to deposit my money with Major Brice, United States Army, who was as cordial as he could be, and treated us most kindly, notwithstanding all the annoyance various California companies had given him.

March 8th.—Almost calm this clear morning, but still a soft breeze, so gentle as just to wave the white cover of the table at which I sat, sometimes getting under, and almost raising its swelling folds high enough to have lain its edge on the table in quiet, but that would have taken from it its graceful occupation; a distant hammer drove sluggishly from time to time a nail, in all the dreamy laziness of spring, and the proud cock was heard to boast his self-importance in the same shrill, clear crow I have heard,

from farms of my neighbours, to this lonely place; even the mocking-birds sang just as they did in my happiest childhood days in Louisiana; can it be wondered, then, that my heart was sad at the recollection of all the blessings I had forsaken? My mind went back to home, and a foreboding of evil seemed to come over me.

Brownsville is one of those little places, like thousands of others in our Southern States, where high pay for little work, and great profits in trade give an undue share of leisure without refinement, and consequently drinking-houses and billiards, with their accompaniments, abound. It is on the highest bank of the river, and commands the view across the plain between it and Matamoros, which makes so fine a show, with its American appearance, that I was startled from my old belief of the low standard of all and every thing Mexican. Alas for Mexican reputation, that all the showy houses I saw were built by Mr. McGown, who had resided there for years. The delusion dispelled, I once more resumed my old opinion, founded on past observation, that no good buildings, (or what *we* should call such) exist in *Northern* Mexico, except the houses of the missions, and they in many instances have adobe walls and flat roofs.

Brownsville, with its two "ferry flats" swinging on hawsers in the old-fashioned way, stretched from bank to bank of the *great* "Rio Grande del Norte," only forty miles by land from its mouth, has a thriving, "running" business. We were advised not to go to Matamoros, as the cholera was there, and after a day of rest, and enjoyment of the kindness shown us by the officers and Dr. Jarvis, we left in high spirits on the steamer *Corvette*, Capt. O'Daniel, whom we found kind and attentive; and toiled up, at low water, this muddy creek, with "over the bars" only eighteen or twenty inches of water, and notwithstanding the cleverness of our pilot, we were aground, light draught as our boat was, certainly not less than half-a-dozen times a day.

The soil on both banks is a rich sandy loam, but the rain is so uncertain in its favours, that many crops of corn, (if small patches planted by the Mexicans could be so designated,) are lost because no rain comes to fill the ears; thus it seldom matures.

The Ranches are miserable "Jacals," (a sort of open work shed, covered with skins or rushes, plastered with mud, here so full of marl and lime that it makes a hard and lasting mortar,) precisely alike, varying only in picturesqueness of tree and shrub, or rather, shrub alone, for there are no trees here, though the musquit and willow sometimes arrive at the height of twenty or twenty-five feet, and, back from the river, hackberry is almost a tolerably sized forest tree.

The banks are bordered by thickets of reeds of remarkably rank growth, and a dwarf willow, corresponding with the cotton woods and cane on the Mississippi and Missouri.

The water is warm, and so full of lime and chalk as to create rather than allay thirst, and what but necessity could ever have attracted settlers here I cannot tell; I do not remember that I saw even one good view on the whole river, from Brownsville to Rio Grande City, and the most pleasing sight to us, tired of a hot boat and tedious trip, was our own bright flag, at Camp Ringgold; one moment floating in a southeasterly puff, then gently falling, clinging for a moment to its rough, unfinished staff, and again, five minutes after, blowing furiously out from the northwest. Our flag was hoisted in greeting, and we came to under Major Lamotte's tent, and waited to know if his orders from Major Chapman would allow the *Corvette* to go further on our course; but they were positive and against it, as our boat was so large as to make her return doubtful, and she was too much needed for the use of other companies on their westward way, and for Government purposes, to run such risk for our convenience only; so we were landed nearly two miles above, opposite Rio Grande City, on a sand-bar. It

was two o'clock, the sun pouring down upon us, with the thermometer at 98 in the shade; nevertheless, with all our winter-blood in us, we had to unload our heavy luggage; casks of Government tents, and camp equipage, &c., which we were obliged to roll sixty or seventy yards, through mud and sand, and hard work it was. This labour was most trying to us all; good men went at it with a will, strong or weak, and I did not know whether to laugh or sneer at the dandies of our company, who feigned fatigue or inability; but "many hands make light work," and soon all that belonged to us was ashore, and I gave a sort of melancholy glance at the *Corvette*, as she swung round and "left us alone in our glory." We gave three cheers to Captain O'Daniel, who had been most polite to us. So strictly did we observe all the rules of a military camp, that our straight line of tents could not be varied, whether a wet or a dry soil happened on the spot marked for each tent; but all the bustle of our first encampment passed, and in the cool of the evening I stretched myself on my blankets, hat, coat, and boots off, to look down our camp at the happy groups before each tent, enjoying the soft summer breeze. I opened out my treasures of natural history, collected on our trip up;—a thrush, a jay, and a cardinal, all new to our fauna, were already side by side, and I listened to the notes of a dozen other birds that I did not know, promising to myself, when I should have time from other duties, a treat such as none but a naturalist can enjoy; but that time never came. Night, soft, calm, lulled by the mellow notes of the chuck-wills-widow, and the drone of myriads of insects, alone disturbed the solitude of a river-side in a strange land, and I returned to my tent after the guard was set, lay down on my blankets, breathed my short prayer for health to myself and continuance of blessings on my family, nor waked, nor even dreamed that quiet night.

Morning found our camp enveloped in one of those fogs, that, near the ground, shut up all space. Still if you looked up, the blue of the sky was to be seen overhead, and our tents were wet, as if a

heavy rain had fallen in the night. Not long, however, did we enjoy this cool shade, and the sun came out, even more oppressive than yesterday. Notwithstanding, Colonel Webb went over to Camargo to report himself and company to the Alcalde, and returned at night with Mr. Nimons, who was introduced to me, and it was arranged that Colonel Webb should leave with him for China in a few days to purchase our mules. I bid good-night to the Colonel's tent, but was called at eleven o'clock to see John Booth Lambert, who was very sick and debilitated. Dr. Trask began to fear his disease might be cholera, but it was not like in every respect what he had seen at the north. At three in the morning he seemed much more comfortable, free from pain, and composed; alas, the composure of cholera! telling of death and sorrow; but to me at that time "ignorance was bliss," and I slept soundly till five, when I was again called to him. Mustard plasters, rubbing, that would have almost killed a well man, a tablespoonful of brandy every half-hour, with camphor, &c., were administered, but all that we knew or did was without avail, and at one o'clock that day he died. Poor fellow, he was kind to his companions, cheerful at his work, and regretted by all who had associated with him. For the last five or six hours of his illness, the majority of the company seemed to keep aloof from him, and all the tents, on that side the camp, near the fatal spot, were deserted, except Simson's and Harrison's, and those I ordered to the other side. When Hinckley, Liscomb, and Walsh came back from Rio Grande City with his coffin, where they had made it, his brother, completely overcome with grief, could not remain near to see his changed form, and Hinckley, Howard Bakewell, Nicholas Walsh, and myself lifted him to his coffin. So great was the reluctance of many to come near, and assist at a time like this, that it brought to my mind the old stories of the plague in Italy in stronger light than they had ever before presented themselves; but now I had no time to think of self or prudence, for a few minutes afterwards, as the sun neared the west, and the extreme heat abated, fifty of

us followed his corpse to the grave. Feeling that his friends would be gratified to know that he slept in an American graveyard, where his body would not be robbed, as it would have been on the Mexican side, of even the simple shroud we could procure in this wild place, we removed his remains across the river. Sadly we walked back to our dreary camp, with a feeling that his might not be the only case of this terrible disease. I struck his tent, levelled the ditches made to keep out the wet, and nothing but the withered boughs that had been put to shade it, remained to mark where it had been. I moved the remainder of his mess into a new tent, the guard was set, and I went to bed on that night of the 15th of March, 1849, more anxious than I had been for years, to start and dream until eleven, when I was called to look at Hamilton Boden, who had just been sick at his stomach, and complained of great weakness. We had talked over poor Lambert's case, and as men will always endeavour to account for every "contretemps," and, with or without reason, assign a cause for all that happens for good or for ill, we said that Lambert was never a strong man, and had overworked himself in the heat we had endured; but when Boden, one of the most athletic, regular men we had, was so violently taken, we felt at once what the disease was that was amongst us. Still from his strength of constitution and powerful frame, we hoped that he could withstand the attack, but when morning came, his broad forehead was marked with the blue and purple streaks of blood that stood under the skin and down both sides of the nose, stagnating in the delicate veins round the mouth and large arteries of the neck, and told the sad tale that all was past of this life with him. "What part hurts you, Ham.," was my question, as I looked at the distress marked on his fine head; "my wife and my children hurt me, Mr. John," sent a thrill to my heart; I too had wife and children, and his noble soul, so magnified itself in my sight, in that trying moment to him that I said what I could to console him, and turned away with a sick heart and dim eyes, to attend to Edward Whittlesey and Liscomb, both just taken.

I gave what directions I could, and went to Col. Webb's tent to tell him, we must leave this place. I met with a repulse at first, but as I repeated the proposition, he consented and gave me the command of the company, and as had been previously agreed on, made all preparations necessary for his departure for China to purchase our mules. I called the company to order, and in few words told them our position, and prayed one and all, in this time of trial, to stand to their duty to their fellow companions, and that as I was now in command, I would do all I could to move them at once to a new, and if possible, more healthy ground. Providence here interferred, and sent the steamer *Tom McKenny* up, on her way to Roma. I went on board, and the agreement for our passages was not difficult to make; the boat was obliged to go up, and we would have paid any thing the Captain might have asked, to get away from where we were. I set to work to pack and get ready every requisite for the men who were to go on the boat; retaining only, a force sufficient to attend the sick and dying, and guard our property. We waited anxiously for the steamer to come up; and in a few minutes had the gratification to hear her last bell, and see her push off from Rio Grande City for our miserable camp. When the order to go on board and take all the luggage, and provisions for a few days, was given, many started with only their small saddlebags on their arms, in terror, or feeling completely apathetic from the effects of the air on their systems. Scarcely half the men were willing to work a sufficient time to take provisions enough to feed on for even one day. David Hudson showed himself one of the most energetic; Simson, Hinckly, Stevens, Walsh, Clement, Bachman, Bakewell, and probably twenty others, were indefatigable in transporting what was necessary on board the boat; but I was then too hurried myself, both in directing and working, to notice any except the most arduous in their duties. I took Langdon Haven on board, pale, sallow, the blue of his veins making his complexion almost grim, the large blood vessels of his neck and breast, swollen and black, telling how

rapidly the disease was taking all vitality from his system. I begged Dr. Trask to do all he could for him, and came on shore certainly never expecting to see him again.

I paused to wipe the sweat from my streaming face, (the thermometer was 99° in the shade,) and stayed for a moment looking at the little crowd of good men who had assembled on the stern of the boat to bid me farewell. In silence they took off their hats; not a sound, but the escapement of the steam, was heard. As the boat turned a point and went out of sight, I sank down on the bank, to compose myself for a minute or two; and sorrow and regret for the probable fate of so fine a body of men, for I was unable to do any thing to protect or aid them, bore so heavily on my heart, that it almost sank within me. My strength was well nigh exhausted with nearly forty-eight hours' watching, and I was in a state of nervous excitement such as I had never before experienced but it was no time to give way: I had to attend three dying men, and to think of what was best to be done for the rest of us.

Now was the time to see the energy and determination of the true friends I had with me; Robert Simson, Howard Bakewell, W. H. Harrison, Robert Benson, Lefferts Benson, Follen, John Stevens, James Clement, Nicholas Walsh, Talman, and the two Bradys, before Liscomb's and Boden's death, were most indefatigable; but as the two last sank the efforts of the Bradys, their friends, relaxed.

We had all been at work, to aid those leaving, and, except myself, those who remained were trying to get cool after the violent exertion we had undergone. I went round to the sick to see what might still be done to aid and assist; but they all lay in the last stupor of cholera. Poor young Liscomb, worn out, and almost heartbroken, sat leaning against his tent, fast asleep, looking nearly as ill as his dying father by his side; I woke him up and sent him to mine.

Edward Whittlesey was next, looking as if months of illness had been endured, as if years had passed over him in the last five or six hours: his dog, a Newfoundland, was walking round him, licking his hands and feet, and smelling his mouth for his breath—but it was gone, and solicitude and affection so marked, were more painful to look on, under such circumstances than any who have never seen the sorrow of a faithful dog would believe: noble fellow, was my first expression,—poor fellow, my next.

Hamilton Boden was before me, no answer came from him, and I even doubted if he still breathed as I walked slowly away to my tent.

In cholera, when no pulse is perceptible, still the victim lives,—all and every exertion had been made by us, and had failed; we had not saved a single case; and like sailors in a ship, with masts gone and wallowing in the troughs of a gale-tossed ocean, we sat still to await our doom; one of us only at a time, walking before the tents of our dying companions to note the hour of their last breath.

I sent John Stevens to Dr. Campbell, United States Army, Camp Ringgold, requesting him to tell the Dr., if he did not know who I was, that we were Americans, and demanded his assistance; it came, and promptly, but alas it was just what we had been doing:—calomel as soon as possible, mustard externally, great friction, and afterwards, opium, with slight stimulants of camphor and brandy. John Stevens had just returned, when Howard Bakewell, who had been his quarter of an hour watching the sick, came into my tent, (where I was lying on my blankets,) exclaiming, "My God, boys, I've got it.—Oh, what a cramp in my stomach, rub me, rub away."

Simson and Harrison took him in hand, and never for friend, did friends work harder than they; I read and re-read Dr. Campbell's prescription and directions, which we followed implicitly, but as in all former cases, to no purpose. One short *half hour*

found him in the stupor that in cholera renders all insensible to pain or sorrow. He had told me to tell his mother, that he died in the Christian faith she had taught him, and his friends, that he died at his duty, like a man.

It was about four o'clock, P. M.—two of our small company were dead, and two had become senseless in a few short hours; and I told the noble fellows who, forgetting self, still worked and struggled for our company's good, that I would stay no longer in this valley of death, and property had now no value to me. We were almost paralyzed at the awful rapidity with which this dreadful disease had carried off our friends, so we made every preparation to leave the low banks of the Mexican side, and seek for health on the bluffs of Texas, opposite to where we were encamped.

What I had undergone the past fifty hours, and the terrible state of my cousin Howard Bakewell, was more than I could bear up against; and now that the excitement of nursing was over, and sorrow only remained, exhaustion came over me. Simson, Clement, and John Stevens went with me across the river to the town, whilst Harrison, the Bensons, with those still on duty, packed what was most valuable, to bring, with them, and hired men to guard our camp that night.

I lay in the house of Mr. Phelps, kindly lent to us, listening for and awaiting the arrival of the sick, who were being brought over by those still strong and well. Soon I started from my bed to give place to my cousin; but lay down on my blankets in the corner of the room to wait again for the return of Simson and his party, who, unrelaxing in their exertions, had gone back to our camp, and were bringing over poor Liscomb, Boden, and Whittlesey.

All this done, and Dr. Campbell sent for to see if any thing he could prescribe would be of service to those in this torpid state, we left for the hotel of the village; Clement carrying the large

saddlebags containing our money, which we placed in the hands of the bar-keeper, telling him at the time what was in them, and he promised to sleep on them for us, and we in return, to pay him well for his care of them. I went up stairs, and, to my sorrow, found Nicholas Walsh and A. T. Shipman violently attacked by this dreadful cholera. I sent at once to Mr. Phelps's house for Dr. Campbell, where those in collapse were lying, and he passed most of the night with us. The heavy trade-wind that was blowing, sighed through the windows of the long room we were in; the groans of poor young Liscomb, who, half dreaming, saw nothing but the horrors of his father's untimely death; the retchings and sickness of Walsh and Shipman, our anxiety, and perhaps nervousness, chased sleep from us. Many an hour of anxious watch have I had, but no such night I ever passed before. Morning came, just like any other morning in a tropical climate,—not a cloud, no air stirring, and oppressive beyond belief.

I went to attend the funerals of the unfortunate of our party; I had just ended my duties, when Clement came to me to tell me my saddlebags were gone, and that White, the bar-keeper, said he had delivered them to one of our men. I scarcely cared for what he said, I had at that time no thought for money, I was so depressed and ill; but White's statement being untrue, we at once sent for the landlord of the hotel and demanded our money. He coldly replied, "Gentlemen, I never saw your money; when money is left in this house in *my* charge, I am responsible for it, I know nothing of what you say you've lost." So we at once took up the man to whom we had entrusted it, sent for the magistrate of the town, took the evidence for and against him, and committed him for trial.

As there was no jail or place of security in which to confine him, we deliberately chained him to a musquit stump in Clay Davis' yard, and stood guard over him night and day,—we threatened, and offered bribes alternately, but all to no purpose, the first forty eight hours.

To-day, 18th, poor Harrison died of cholera, after about twelve hours' illness; so I lost his assistance which had been most valuable, and also that of Simson, who was well nigh crazy at the death of his friend, and whose system was completely under the influence of cholera, he having now been in the air of it for nearly two weeks; but with his strong constitution, and still stronger mind, after only twelve or fourteen hours' illness, the next day he was up again at my side, and I had his valuable services, given, as he does every thing, with his whole soul.

On the 19th, Mr. Upshur, a gentleman acting for Clay Davis, as attorney and agent at Rio Grande city, who had shown the greatest sympathy and kindness towards us in our troubles and exerted himself to the utmost, called me to him, said he had something of importance to tell me, and led the way to his room, closed the door and locked it. He asked me if I could swear to my money if I saw it. I told him I could not; but described it as well as I could remember. He then showed me three or four thousand dollars in gold coin of different nations, and repeated his question, could I swear that what I saw was mine? I could not, though I fully believed it was. He looked in my face so closely, that for an instant I thought he doubted who and what I was; but I met his bright, clear, sparkling eye, with one as honest, and slowly he drew a small piece of brown post-office paper from his pocket and asked, "Is that your hand writing?" No, was my answer, but it is that of Mr. Hewes of New Orleans, it is his calculation of five hundred dollars in sovereigns and half eagles, which Layton and Hewes placed in my charge; and now I can swear to my money, if that paper was found with what you show me. He told me he had always been satisfied it *was* mine, as he knew there was not such an amount as I had lost, in the settlement; but that he made it a rule to be careful. He counted it twice, took my receipt, and as we went to Camp Ringgold to leave it with Lieutenant Caldwell

JESUS MARIA

the quartermaster, who was always most kind, Mr. Upshur told me the manner of the recovery of what was regained:

Don Francisco, a Mexican, (Clay Davis' father-in-law,) as the cholera had taken off the sheriff of Starr county, was sheriff for the time, having been appointed until next election.

The Mexican "siesta," from 12 M. till three or five, as it may be, makes the natives semi-nocturnal. Whether Don Francisco was taking a midnight walk to see what might be the fate of the "Californians," or watching what others might be doing in reference to our unfortunate party, we could never get him to acknowledge; though we suspected that he had seen White, and a man named Hughes, leave the tavern; and had followed them, after they divided the money, until they separated; after which he could only watch one, but never lost sight of him until he had buried his share of the stolen money; which portion Don Francisco probably removed as soon as the rascal had departed. Or, perhaps, he might with the wonderful power of trailing that the Indians and Mexicans possess, on the fact of our loss being known to him, have followed the track of the thieves; and on discovering this amount of money, thinking it was all that had been stolen, have given up any further search until the paths and trails in every direction had been so run over by the people of the village, that it was impossible to follow any one of them. Don Francisco generously refused all compensation for what he had recovered for me, saying we had suffered enough without having to pay more; and I offered him a high price for his further exertions, which he gave most diligently.

Fortune here favoured us—White, the thief we had chained to the aforesaid musquit stump, luckily took the cholera. He suffered greatly in his exposed situation, for he was not treated in the most kindly manner; to his appeals to us to let him go, his declarations that he was innocent, and that he would die there,

we made no answer, feeling that if he was to die, it would be a just retribution for his rascality.

As his strength went, and consequently his false courage, we took advantage of it, and had him informed by a third party that he was to be hung that night, if he did not confess where the money was.

Towards evening White called Mr. Upshur to him and began his confession, conditionally. He was to be allowed to escape, so as to avoid the vengeance of Hughes, and others, his friends, who he now told us were accomplices. All this we promised, as it was our only hope of regaining more of our lost money. A horse was bought with a proviso, to return it if not wanted; I put a few dollars in my pocket for White's first few days' expenses, in case we let him go, and waited the sinking of the tardy sun, as it seemed never to get a degree lower; but at last a tropical dusk came rapidly, even to our anxious minds, and in a few minutes we quitted the house, and by a circuitous route came to the road leading to the graveyard, where our friends were sleeping that long sleep all must take.

We proceeded along this lonely road, closely guarding the scoundrel, till at a fork in it, he stopped, and saying "here is about the place," went directly to a large cactus, and removing some brush and briars, began scratching in a small hole for the money; but only a second, when he exclaimed, "My God, it's gone;"—never shall I forget his tone of despair. He, accustomed to the summary way of judging, sentencing, and executing delinquents in Texas, feared from our anger and disappointment, all he might have anticipated from the vengeance of those amongst whom he lived, and thought that our next step would be to hang him. What a scene for a painter who could have given its extraordinary excitement—on one side, pale as death from recent illness and fear, with the still paler light of the half moon giving luster to his large eyes and deepest shadow to his open mouth, kneeled this miserable wretch; he swore by his God, by his Saviour, and all that men hold

sacred, that there was the spot where Hughes had put the money, and prayed to be let go,—alas for him; facing his livid, sneaking, yet bold head, stood a little group, just his contrast. I cannot say enough in praise of Simson, Upshur, and Horde, Simson faced relapse into the dreadful disease from which he had just recovered, and Upshur and Horde, the hatred of the "blacklegs," by whom they were surrounded, without, (where the law is not enforced,) man's only restraint, one single conscience among them all. Manly and noble in every expression, yet soft and even kind in tone, Simson questioned White as to the whole theft. We all believed his answers now, notwithstanding he had been swearing to lies every half-hour for the two previous days— but we took him back to his place of confinement; and I stood guard over him, whilst Upshur, with Simson and Horde, arranged for the recapture of Hughes, who was now over the river at Garcia's ranche. Horde at once promised to bring him back, if I would give him two men he could depend on, and John Stevens and Lefferts Benson volunteered.

I knew from what I had heard of Horde, that if Hughes was found, he would have to come, dead or alive; and notwithstanding my anxiety for the two of our party who went with him, I was proud of their cool courage—for when a man goes into a strange country, not knowing even its language, or the manners of the people in it, where his only dependence is on himself, it is no craven that will be one of three, to face ten or twelve blacklegs, all armed, and bring away one of their associates.

I had no time, however, to dwell on the dangers they were to encounter, for Upshur took me into his room, told me to stick as many pistols in my belt and pockets, as I could, and come with him. We were too hurried for any explanation, and I did not know the duty I was called upon to perform, for silence was enjoined, until I found myself in a musquit thicket, commanding three paths that met about ten steps from where I, half-squatting

half-sitting, received orders to shoot the first man I saw, if he did not stand at my challenge as to who he was, and what he was doing there. Upshur hurried back to watch the ferry from the Mexican side, and have an eye, with Simson, to a "fandango," that he thought was got up that night for a purpose. If any of you wish to know the full length of an hour, try my situation yourselves, with all the fears I had for my three friends over the river, listening for the reports of their pistols, which I anticipated every minute, and trying the lock of my own;—but like all hours, whether of anxiety or pleasure, it went its own pace, and at its end I was relieved from my watch in the chaparal, where Upshur had placed me to see if Hughes might not come again to the neighbourhood for some other portion of the stolen treasure.

On reaching Upshur's rooms, to my great relief our party had just returned from Garcia's ranche, with Hughes their prisoner, and no fighting had been done.

Hughes, after some violent protestations, in the language of Rio Grande City, was ironed and chained to our favourite musquit stump, and White, now almost exhausted with excitement, and the cholera, which had rapidly increased on him, lay on a bed in Upshur's room. All night Hughes's friends, walked patrol around the house we were in; we could hear their tread as they passed—we were only five well men, and Horde kindly came to sleep in an adjoining room. We had no hope of such a blessing, and as our watches changed, we lay down on our blankets, with our pistols for pillows, more for rest than in the hope of sleeping. Morning deprived me of some of those I had counted most upon for assistance, and the steamboat *Tom McKinney*, which had taken up our party, brought back eighteen or twenty of them on their return to New Orleans. Some did not even come to bid me good-bye; the Bensons, Talman, Follen, and two or three others did, like men they; said they saw the company was at an end, and that there was no use remaining.

Desolate and jaded, and even more depressed than usual, I watched the steamer on her homeward course, till she took the mail from Camp Ringgold, which contained my letters; and returned to my guard, with the few good friends I had round me. I regretted the return from Roma of those going home, and yet I had great consolation, in their good report of the health of the party. Langdon Haven was recovering, and out of fifty-two more or less ill, only two had died; although twenty others were too reduced and weak to go on. I am convinced that if these fifty-two cases had occurred on the ground where the disease first appeared amongst us, at least half of them would have proved fatal. Can it be that a sudden and rapid change of air and situation does more to cure this terrible disease than all the power of medicine? I turned to the friends I had with me, heart and hand; Robert Simson, John Stevens, James Clements, Nicholas Walsh, (now convalescent, though not able to walk,) William Mitchell, James Emslie, and William Mix; Messrs. Horde, Upshur, and Simson taking the most vigorous measures for the recovery of our stolen money.

Hughes we guarded for several days longer, but the same false oath, was his only answer to all our questions "that he had not got it." So that, as it was absolutely necessary I should join the company, or what was left of it, at Mier, we determined to leave the next day. I walked down to Camp Ringgold, to see if possibly I might not have a letter from home, by a steamer just arrived; on the road I met Lieut. Browning, on his way to join our company; I introduced myself, appointed to meet him in an hour, at the hotel, at Davis' ranche, and went on to Major Lamotte's tent for my letters; he was engaged when I arrived, and declining a chair offered, for I was too weak and tired to sit, I stretched myself on the rushes he had for the floor of his outer tent, and commenced a conversation with Capt. McCown; of course the subject was our troubles, he did not know me, and began by, "I expected nothing but some serious accident under such a command. The Audubons are well known in their profession as naturalists and

painters, but,—" here I interrupted him, by laughingly telling him, he was too hard on me at first sight, and probably he would think differently when he knew more of me. He looked astonished, and a very little confused, but his frank southern manner and bold soldierly apology followed each other so rapidly, that a laugh was mutually enjoyed—and he was ever after, and still is, my kind friend.

On my return to Davis' ranche, I saw poor Dr. Kearney, who had undertaken the medical charge of the party; I heard of the lives he had saved on the river as he came up, and hoped to have his aid for our still suffering company. I wished him to go on at once to them, but the fatigue he endured on his trip up had been too much for him, and he was unable to ride so far. The day after, he was no more; those who knew him, even the short time he was with them, had the highest regard for him; and to us, who wanted his services, his death was the greatest loss we had sustained. He was buried at Camp Ringgold, and had been attended by Dr. Campbell, and nursed by John K. Rodgers, his cousin, one of my friends, who was so debilitated that I lost his companionship, on our long long pilgrimage; he being obliged to return to the north to regain his health.

Having done all that we could for the recovery of the stolen money, we left for Mier, via Roma, at the hottest hour of the day, three o'clock, hoping to reach that place by dark; but after two hours' ride, we stopped for shade and rest. The heat, owing to our debility and weakness, was unsupportable, and we stretched ourselves, exhausted, under the musquit bushes, the best shade we could find in this country, till dusk, and then went on. About eleven we arrived at Roma; silence was all around us, not even a dog barked. Here, too, the cholera had done its work, and it was some time before we found a place to sleep in. As Mr.——— opened his door, at which we had knocked for fifteen or twenty minutes, he exclaimed, "My God, gentlemen, what are you doing

in this God-forsaken country? Go home while you can." Lieut-tenant Browning asked, if it was as bad a country as he described, and he was so disturbed on our account, why he still remained, "Gentlemen," he said, "I would not stay a day, if I could get money enough to pay my way home with." We laughed, but thanked him for his advice, and going into his store, regaled ourselves with a glass of corn whiskey, and stretched our weary bodies on his counter and floor, with our saddles for pillows and blankets for beds, slept soundly till morning.

To tell what was in this store, would occupy weeks, and about, (judging from its confused appearance,) as long a time to put the stock in order; its row of whiskey barrels, covered by planks, made a counter for muslins and laces; back on the shelves were boxes of raisins, drums of figs, half kegs of tobacco, and an etc. innumerable, a list of which might be ended like the Yankee advertisement with—"wire mousetraps and other sweetmeats." The yard, like all the other jacals and corrals of this part of Texas and Mexico, was fenced in with musquit posts, set perpendicularly in a ditch, and lashed at their tops to horizontal poles with raw hides cut into thongs; in this enclosure we put our horses; they had corn, but neither hay nor "fodder." Next morning, as a portion of our party were crossing the river in a little ferry flat, Lieutenant Browning, General Porter, Simson, and myself, took a view of the surrounding country.

Roma, named after General Roman, of Texan celebrity, is situated on a high sandstone bluff of a light-yellowish colour, perhaps an hundred feet above the river which washes its base; but is without trees, its barren aspect only relieved by an interminable chaparal of musquit, cacti of three species, an occasional aloe, the maguay, and large patches of a shrub-like plant, with at this season a delicate blue flower which I strongly suspect is wormwood or artemesia, that for miles gave softness of colour to the brilliant

green of the musquit, and other small leaved "growth" of this country.

The plants of the southern part of Texas and Northern Mexico as a rule are all small leaved, most delicate and beautiful; but the absence of the broad leaved magnolias, poplar, and wild hydrangias of Louisiana and Arkansas, is scarcely compensated for by the cactus, or banana; and worst of all, every tree, shrub and plant is thorny to a degree that that none who have not been in a thicket of "tear-blanket" and "cat's-claw" can imagine.

The sun just above the horizon, sent the long shadows of the undulating country, mingling in the beautiful mists and haze of morning; a soft breeze waved the feathery-looking tops of the dwarf forest below us; the eye wandered over miles of paradise to look at, but in truth a barren desert, for at this season nothing grows, naturally, that is food for man or horse, neither fruit nor grass. The spots uncovered by vegetation, all wet with dew, look like newly ploughed fields, deluding the weary stranger into the belief that the distance he sees, will be a change from the desolation through which he is riding his jaded horse or mule.

Having crossed the river in the ferry-flat, worked by Mexicans, we toiled through a few hundred yards of deep sand; passed the remainder of another unfortunate California party, who had one to bury that morning, and two others very ill. We felt for them, but they too had disagreed amongst themselves—some were gone on towards Mazatlan, and others, home. On reaching the second bank of the river, the road is over a plain, sparsely covered with musquit bushes for two or three miles, and as the sun began to pour down its heat upon us, I rode along, moodily enough; so weak, that I was but just able to continue my ride, so depressed in spirits, that at times I was almost in despair. At three o'clock that afternoon we reached our camp on the Alamo river.

I was surprised to see a carriage as we rode up, but the next

minute saw Col. Webb in it, with one foot on the front seat, and Dr. Trask bandaging and bathing it; I soon learned that he had received a most severe sprain, and the black and blue, swollen appearance of his ankle, convinced me of the great pain he was in.

The men crowded anxiously round me for news, asking how much of the stolen money I had recovered, what I had done, and intended to do, and how those with me had behaved under the circumstances; and I saw many go a second time to grasp the hands of Simson, Clements, Stevens, and Walsh, who had previously scarcely known them.

Lieutenant Browning, and General Porter, of Michigan, who had come out with the intention of joining our party, said they would defer their decision until we had fully matured our plans, and rode back to Roma.

* * * * * * * * * *

Col. Webb was taken very ill shortly afterwards, and as night wore on we feared he would scarcely see the morning, but his attack took the form of bilious cholera, and next day changed to bilious fever. Again the cholera broke out in our camp, and I was a sufferer, but not to die of it, even at the second trial, and after about twelve hours I lay in the luxury of convalescence; in that half-dreamy slumber, free from earthly thoughts and all the troubles of this life—in flowing, swelling, imaginative bliss, everything went as I could wish it and all care was forgotten—Poor me! to get well so soon, and for what? To wake again to see young Combs who was attacked that night.

Mr. Upshur had sent for me and a small force, to aid in a guard he wanted, over a man he thought had a portion of our money.—As was my custom, when any extra duty was to be performed, I called for volunteers, (a lesson learned from Jack Hays in Texas.) Combs was one amongst the most forward to prove his devotion to the company. I refused to let him go, solely because of his de-

bility. He left me, not angry, I don't believe his kind heart felt that, deeply mortified—and I found it was a task, tired and ill as I was, to convince him it was not his spirit, but his strength that I doubted; that night at one o'clock, he was taken ill; how glad he was I had not let him go on that long ride; but alas, he had a longer journey before him. At ten next morning that fatal stupor came over him, with which, in every case we had, the cholera always ended. I did not know who to feel for most, J. J. Bloomfield his untiring friend, or the dying man;—for the last few hours of Combs' life, Bloomfield was all that a brother could have been, and after his death until I called him to aid us to dig the grave, he seemed to have no manhood left, it went with his last exertion for his friend. Of the entire company that started with us for California (at one time numbering ninety-eight,) Hudson, Bloomfield, Bachman, and Damon, were all who were well enough, or who had energy left to help at the last rites of their companion; thus disease and death overshadowed all who had not quitted the company and the country.

After two hours' hard work we had the grave as deep as we thought necessary, and returned to camp. Silence, befitting the place of death, reigned all around; not a breath of air rustled even a leaf; there was no low murmuring conversation, such as accompanies funerals at home. Only eleven followed poor Combs to his grave,—"Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note," came most forcibly to my mind as we wrapped him in his blankets, (no wood for a coffin was to be had in that country,) and slowly we bore him on; the burning heat of the day was gone, the sun was sinking in dull red haze in a sky without a cloud, and all nature seemed at rest;

> "They laid the corpse of the 'good' and brave,
> On the sweet fresh earth of the new dug grave,
> On the gentle hill where the wild weeds wave,
> And flowers and grass were flourishing."

As I finished the funeral service, and looked round on the thin, haggard, neglected in dress, and long-bearded group, I never

saw a more forlorn set; no dry eye was amongst us, and none, but felt his position one of solemnity and dependence on an Almighty power, to a degree which had never been before experienced. We returned to our desolate camp to look on others still in danger, and needing our kindest attention and consolation, even if we could not give relief. All idea of business for the time was driven from our minds, those not nursing the sick were possessed by an apathy they could not throw off, and when all our duties had been performed, we went to our tents to think—who was to be the next!

March 23d.—Again came morning, with its fiery sun, burning and drying still more the parched desert we were on; breakfast was tasted, but not eaten; the men wished to know what I intended to do, and I begged them to wait for an answer till my return from Rio Grande city, where I had to go. Col. Webb, very ill, left the camp for Mier, and was accompanied by his son, Dr. Perry, and four or five others. At Rio Grande city I received from Mr. Upshur four thousand dollars more of the stolen money—I still had some hopes of regaining the balance, but it never was found. The dull monotony of this place was most tedious, nearly as bad to think of as to endure. My greatest pleasure was in the society of the officers of the camp who were most kind, particularly Capt. McCown, Dr. Campbell, Lieutenant Caldwell, Capt. Deas, and Lieutenants Hazzard and Hayne.

At Armstrong's Hotel our saddles and blankets made a lounge for us in our jaded state and I had just taken mine for bed and pillow, stretching my weak and bony legs to find a soft position, when Clements came to tell me I was wanted at Judge Stakes' room; and I, with Lieutenant Browning, went over. At a circular table in the center, covered with books and papers, lighted by a single candle, sat Clay Davis; his fine half-Roman half-Grecian head resting on his small hand, turned enough towards us to give a full view of all its beauty, both profile and full face; his long black hair, with

just a wave in it, gave wildness, and his mustache, added to the sneer on his lip, as he questioned a Mexican thief, made his figure one of the most striking I have ever seen. Opposite, also handsome, was Judge Stakes—just as light in complexion and hair as Clay Davis was dark; Simson, with his Van Dyk head a little down, but his searching eye raised and full on the culprit as he gave his answers, stood behind, and one step in advance stood Don Francisco, his arms folded over his broad chest, putting question after question to the thief. A little farther off stood three other thieves, stripped to the waist, with their muscular arms tied behind them, waiting "*adjudication.*" Denials and confessions, threats, and occasionally their execution, produced piece after piece of the stolen property. Questions in Spanish and oaths in English, lasted for some hours, till all hope of recovering more was given up.

Again I left for Mier, to see what I could do for the men waiting my return, and to know the result of their consultations in reference to going on or not. I met the party about half way between Davis' and Roma; all were well, but many so weary and debilitated, that they had made up their minds to return home. I, however, went on to Mier, with Lieutenant Browning and W. J. Cree, to receive Col. Webb's orders, and hear from him his ideas as to the best course to be pursued; received them, and left at two o'clock that night on our return to Davis' ranche, accompanied by Wm. Mitchell and Watson Webb. At eleven the next day, reaching camp at Rio Grande city, I called the men together, read their agreement to them, and urged, all I could, the obligations they were under to go on and fulfil their contract; but almost the universal refusal of the company met my appeal—only twenty-one were willing to go on, and of those, one half were men without occupation at home, and some few said, they did not care a —— for the company, but only wanted to get to California.

Can it be wondered, that I doubted such men? So I left the room we were in, begging that they would reconsider their deter-

mination, and that I would come again in half an hour to know the result; but the same answer was given, "We won't go on under the present arrangement."

I then told them that I could not take them on with the money that I had recovered, unless they agreed to carry out their original contract, saying: "I have done all I could to forward the interests of the company, but a visitation of Providence seems to be against us, and I am not going on under any new arrangement: I am not old enough to preach to you, but should you go home, let contentment and gratitude, for what you may have, be gained by the hardships and sorrows you have endured, and may God bless those who go on, and those who return." So ended our first difficulty and "Col. Webb's California Company."

Fortune, like the wind, always fickle, now favoured us; and no steamer came to take the men back. Gradually their health returned, and with it their good spirits. Lieutenant Browning and Robert Simson were doing all they could by argument and persuasion to induce them to go on. Often I questioned these two friends, as to what was my true course; but they gave the same answer always, "We do not know your position at home." Lieutenant Caldwell of Camp Ringgold urged me not to go back,—"that it was military education never to give up, so long as the first intention might still be accomplished." Capt. McCown, the reverse in his advice, said, "You are deserted by these men,—you have no power to compel them to obedience,—you can now go back honourably, and you don't know what you will have to endure in a march through Mexico."

Slowly I walked back from Camp Ringgold to Rio Grande city, stopping from time to time, to listen, as I fancied I could hear the escapement from some steamboat coming up.

On the high bluff bank at Davis' ranche is an ebony tree surrounded by a circular wall of "adobes" of the marly soil of this

country, smooth and glazed, and so built that the outer half was one step, answering for a seat, and the inner circle, built higher, formed the back. Dusk, so short of duration, far south, had long since gone, and the delightful sea breeze and returning health I enjoyed, almost gave more pleasure than enough to counterbalance the sorrow and mortification I felt at the breaking up of our company.

Musing gloomily I sat, when I heard a song from one of our party; in a few minutes another was sung, and good spirits were enjoyed by all, at the thoughts of home; the chorus was, "Oh carry me back, oh carry me back to old Virginia's shore." Leaving my seat I went slowly over to Armstrong's hotel.

On the counter of the bar-room lay Lieutenant Browning; two or three persons sat near his feet, their legs dangling down the sides of the counter, their backs towards the bar; while on our saddles and blankets, piled in one corner of the room, and on benches and stools around, lounged or reclined our little band. Gen. Porter was in the centre listening; I looked for a second, as I entered, to read his expression, but his half-smile was so like a sneer, yet so far from it; in short, so positively meant something but seemed so completely indefinite, that it was hopeless for me to try to read it; and as the chorus ended, I took a seat on a saddle, offered by one of the party, and looking up, quietly said, "How strange it is, that the thoughts of home should so change your spirits. Who would have supposed that fifty such men would have turned back at the first difficulty? What will you say on your return to your friends, when they ask why you came back? Forget your happy homes for a time, and go on like men;" but the answer was still, "We won't go on under the old arrangement." Lieutenant Browning here proposed to go on under Mr. Audubon. Simson seconded the motion, and it was carried. I then asked, if I went on could I depend on them to carry out the contract to the stockholders? and, with three

cheers, they determined to adhere to their agreement, and proceed under my command.

Next day we moved back on to the prairies, five miles from the river, entirely out of the cholera, and began to feed up the weak, and make all our arrangements for a start.

Clark, one of Hughes' accomplices, had threatened the life of a little blackleg named Steves; of course a threat, under such circumstances, warranted the death of Clark, and one evening, as he stood at the bar of Armstrong's hotel, with his glass in his hand, Steves shot him through the back with twelve buck shot, cutting his suspenders where they crossed, in two—he fell and never after either moved or spoke; On him were found many pieces, in imitation of eagles and half-eagles. Steves gave himself up, swore he had killed Clark in self-defence, and was acquitted; no jury ever gave a more equitable decision. Whilst on this topic, I may as well say what I have since heard of the fate of th eoriginal thieves, Hughes and White:—Hughes, after we left, was set at liberty by Upshur and Horde, as, having no aid but what Judge Graham could give, they could no longer stand guard against eight or ten of Hughes' friends.

On my departure, I had offered a reward of half what might be recovered of the balance of the lost money, and Hughes was not half way to Camargo, after his release, (only five miles on the Mexican side,) before he found that he was watched by Andy Walker and Wiley Marshall, two Texan Rangers, who, having no fear when what they conceive their duty is to be done, hold a little Court of Oyer and Terminer of their own, and do not keep up the long suspense of courts generally.

On reaching Camargo, Hughes never left his room, for he knew his life was threatened, and he waited for a dark and rainy night to make his escape, hoping the darkness would hide him, and the rain wash out the trail of his horse; but he was so closely

watched that only a few hours after his departure, he was captured and tied to a musquit tree far off in the chaparal, where no cry for help could be heard, and no compassion was to be expected from those who now determined to compel him to disgorge his ill-gotten wealth.

Often have I pictured to myself the dim camp-fire fanned by the heavy, sighing, south-east trade-winds, that moaning sweep over this wild desolate country—the stern looks of the Rangers, and the bull-dog obstinacy of Hughes, as he swore again and again he had no money of mine, and if he had, that he would die before he'd give it up.—What must have been his feelings as he watched the consultations of the fierce soldiers around him, who now, resolved on his death or the money, only waited the time to consummate their designs?

All threats failed with them, as they had done with us, in our attempts to get back our money—Hughes' skull is now an ornament (?) to the bar at Armstrong's hotel, the scene of the robbery. As for White, his notoriety excluded him from that neighborhood. So he left Brownsville, where he had gone as a refugee, for San Antonio de Bexar. Hughes' continued assertions that he had not the money, gave the idea that White must have gone off with it after all, and he was followed, overtaken near San Antonio, and shot as he attempted to make his escape. So ended the lives of all those we knew to be engaged in the robbery; who were the others, and their fate, I have never heard.

For those of our party too ill to proceed on the journey I did what I could, as far as circumstances would allow; some were mean enough to leave after all danger was over—the rest of us, who were well, aided and assisted in our hurried preparations for a start, and had the satisfaction of seeing the daily improvement of our sick. Col. Webb was all this time too ill to move, or be moved, so I went up to him to tell him what had taken place. He could not go on; I told him so; and that his only course was to return.

I was younger, and my constitution so good, that after all my sorrows and vexations, in high spirits I crossed the river at Davis' ranche, and encamped at Garcias', to give us time to bring up all our provisions from Camp Ringgold, where we had packed them. The next day we moved to Camargo,—here we met a poor fellow returning, the last of seventeen who had started for Mazatlan, not able to walk more than a few yards at a time; he was still in good spirits; we jokingly asked if he had seen the elephant, and his answer was as gay as if in perfect health, "Oh yes, a dozen times; he lives round here," to this we assented.

Once, on one of our packing days at Camp Ringgold, whilst our men were eating their lunch, not knowing the rule of the camp that shooting was not allowed within its lines, I commenced, with my revolver, firing at a drift log, as it floated down the river; made some good shots in pretty regular time, and was quietly reloading, when the sergeant came down, with two privates, to know who had fired, and what at; he knew me as leader of the party, and I told him that I had not known the regulations of the fort, or they would not have been infringed, and to beg pardon of the officer of the guard, and say it should not happen again; he started with my message, but stopped, and said, if I would be pleased to go to Major La Motte's tent, it would be in order, and save him any trouble. I ran up, a few steps in advance, and entering the tent met Capt. McCown, evidently awaiting my arrival: his roguish eyes contrasting queerly with his compressed mouth, convinced me at once that he was at the bottom of it; so, gallantly as I could, doffing my hat to Major La Motte, I begged pardon for my fault, committed in ignorance, received an invitation to take a glass of cherry-bounce, saw the chuckle of the stiff-necked sergeant as he squared away, and consoled myself with the cherry, thinking, if all my arrests were to be as pleasant, 12 o'clock was just about the time.

Half an hour afterwards, when I returned to "the boys" at work, many questions were insinuated as to what had happened to

the "Commandante," but my case was rather envied by the poor fellows, drinking muddy Rio Grande water, when they heard my sentence.

During the night, a Mexican, in an attempt to steal a mule, took one of our wildest, and by accident got the lariat some way so entangled round his legs, that the beast cast and dragged him some distance to the San Juan river, and took to the water for the other shore. Lieutenant Browning and Nicholas Walsh however had given chase, as they were on guard, and overtook the fellow just in time to save him from drowning. They released the thief, who no doubt, but for them, would have paid with his life for his crime. Nick was for "executing justice" on the rascal, but Lieutenant Browning thought he was bruised enough, and let him off with a warning.

Guardau is a ranche situated on an old bed of the Rio Grande, south from it at present a few miles, on the Mexican side, about half way from Camargo to Mier; here we stopped to repair damages to the miserable rotten wagons which had been bought at Cincinnati, arranging our guard, and fixing for our long uncertain tramp. Mr. Mallory (now with me) and myself here counted our money; we talked of one hundred days as the time requisite for such a journey, and the result of our calculations gave sixty-six dollars and four cents for each man. We conceived the journey three thousand miles.

How the responsibility of taking forty-eight men through so wild and strange a country weighed upon me I cannot express, but my low spirits were of no long duration, and on we moved for Mier, some twenty miles distant; luckily our wagons broke down again, so we concluded to leave them, and consequently lost another week at Mier, in their disposal, and selling other goods we were now unable to pack with us.

Here, two more of the company returned: Ulysses Double-

day, so weak and reduced, that when I left him in charge of his friends, Bachman and Emslie, and gave him all the money I could spare, to carry him back to the United States, I certainly thought their only duty would have been to bury him on the morrow; but it was otherwise ordained, and home he came safely and well, and his friends, Bachman and Emslie, were true to me, even to California. Mier might truly be said to be composed of only one square, and all the rest mere suburbs, the houses are "adobe," built just as they are in every Mexican town I have seen. To the south-west, marley hills, high, parched, and arid, covered at times with sparse chaparal of dwarf musquit, gave a most unpleasing foreground to the grand view we had of the mountains of Ceralvo; all the blue of Italy was again before me—all but the blue of the Mediterranean; and as the sun went down behind them, even those over whom scenery had had previously no effect, seemed to feel the beauty and sublimity of this grand and isolated range.

Our first "start" with pack mules would have made a Mexican "arriero"* laugh no doubt; but far different was our feeling on the subject, and most forcibly we recalled to mind the caricature of the overland train through Missouri, of "D——n a mule, any how;" we saw it verified; but our tempers were so out, that we could not laugh, and each mess, leading the most gentle mule they had, tied the nose of the next with a "scope," of only two feet six, to the tail of the unfortunate animal, and so on to the number of six or eight. At times, as the last mule of one of these strings, in a fit of obstinacy would hang back, I expected to see the tail of the leader part at every moment, or come out roots and all; but if ships' hawsers had always been as strong in proportion as mules' tails, many a vessel would have ridden out the gale that, parting her cables, drove her ashore.

At dusk, our party was miles apart, some on ahead, and I with the rear guard, followed on, wondering if the advance would ever

*A Mexican packer of mules.

camp; and among other troubles I missed Henry Mallory, he had been seen ahead and behind, but just at this time no one near me knew where he was, so I turned my mare back, and rode a mile or two towards Mier, calling him by name at the top of my voice, and had the relief of an answer from him, a hundred yards from the road; I went out to him, found that he was in a sort of doze, both hands clasped on the pommel of his saddle, and his horse quietly grazing on the meagre grass of this country. It was just twelve, and the bright moon made night almost as light as day. My salutation (for my temper makes me sometimes forget myself) was not over mild, and as I told him if he could not ride fourteen hours without going to sleep, he had better go home now, was answered about in the same spirit; and but that fifteen minutes after, when we reached camp, the cholera made itself manifest in him, and called for all my care and attention, we might not have been as good friends as we are now; but I gave him a good dose of calomel for the future, and a glass of brandy for the present! that sent him to sleep.

Next morning we went on our way, over a flat country to Ceralvo, beautiful for its old mission, and curious in its irrigating canals, bridges, and old church; still it has the apathetic lassitude of every thing Mexican, and we rode on to the Robbers' ranche. On the road we looked over vast undulating wastes of hard unprofitable soil, and right or left, the fantastic shapes of the palmettos, here by thousands, gave the appearance of horsemen of gigantic size, riding through equally tall grass,—and all the desolateness of a country destitute of everything but thorns, may be realized in this short ride.

Robbers' ranche, once a fine hacienda, but burned by the Americans in the last war, for the rascality of its owners, is on a beautiful plain, (if cleared of the brush, which has grown up in its now neglected fields, and between the irrigating ditches which everywhere mark its former high state of cultivation); and as the thoughtful man rides along the cattle trails that skirt the densest

thickets, a question as to the efficacy of absolute or liberal governments, would be difficult to settle, even to an American: for where nature once smiled under the untiring industry of man, now man's indolence is seen in the weeds and thickets which everywhere cover the country. Here we were near losing Lieutenant Browning, but Simson's kindness, and Dr. Trask's indefatigable exertions saved him.

A week passed, as we waited the arrival of Bachman, Emslie, and Carrol, left behind with Doubleday, and so anxious were we the last two or three days, that I sent a guard to meet them, which returned with them the day after. From this place to Papogias, the country is arid in the extreme, and though in many places rolling, no change of soil for the better, and no end to the interminable chaparal and musquit, the great characteristic of this country, meets the eye of the jaded traveller to cheer him on. At Ramos we met some French traders, who had resided many years in Mexico, and the few words I addressed them in their own language, gained their frank, short opinion of the country we were in: "C'est vrai c'est un pays vilain mais il y a beaucoup de l'argent ici, et nous ne resterons pas toujours." With this last speech the "capitaine" carefully unlocked a pistol-case and showed me his revolvers and a pair of "Durangers," all of which I admired, for it is strange how soon, when shut off from higher pleasures, all such trifles please the fancy: true, in Mexico pistols are more prized by the inhabitants than the fine watches of French or Roskell by our city beaux; but I have found through life that as pleasures diminish in number, so each one left to us is the more enjoyed.

A large train of mules, with some thousands of dollars' worth for their "cargoes," were camped on the other side of us. The Mexican traders who owned it were as grand as our French party was nonchalant. The Mexican grandee is seldom seen doing anything; he will be found to have, on his bridle, saddle, &c., and blanket, a little fortune, if we include the doubloons he always

carries with him, to bet with at monte, like a gentleman, not caring to lose or win.

Ramos, Mazin, and Aguafrio, all present a dilapidation, that ill accords with what the country was, when under full irrigation—but with the influence of the church, ceased all energy; and fear of the Indians has been the cause of the desertion of many fine ranches so that the remains of past opulence almost everywhere sadden the heart of the lover of neatness and prosperity, as he rides through this country.

Late at night we camped at Walnut Springs, five miles from Monterey, and for a week rested in the shade of its Spanish walnuts, and enjoyed its delightful waters, here bursting out in a fountain of six to eight feet wide, and about one foot deep, clear but not cool, though pleasant to drink.

Monterey is at the base of a range of mountains surrounding it except to the north. Its entrance, over neat and in some instances picturesque bridges, is at least romantic, if not grand, and the beautiful little torrent which bounds the city, gives in every manner the blessing of an abundance of water, and irrigates a beautiful valley even for miles beyond Molino del Rey.

Here I had quite a scene with the Alcalde; our camp was infested with pigs, which came from every direction, morning and evening, just about the times we fed our horses and mules; of course we did not wish to see them robbed of their just rights, after the hardships we had forced them to endure. Stones and hatchets were abundant, some pistols the boys did not think would go, went off accidentally; and as we could find no owners for some fat hogs that were killed and eaten, I went to the Alcalde to pay for them. My interpreter, a little Italian boy, thinking his ideas better than my directions simply to ask the value of what we had taken, so that I could leave the amount for the rightful owners when they came to make their complaints; told his Honour that if he was not

satisfied with what we intended to give him, we would come in and take the town. The Alcalde was rather indignant at this suggestion, and I saw that my little vagabond had been telling his own story and not mine; a threat to him with a few superfluities (in the good old Saxon,) ending in the word thrashing, if he did not repeat word for word what I said, had the desired effect. I then asked the Alcalde what had been told him by the boy; heard it, and explained all, upon which he bowed me out with the politeness of the true Mexican gentleman.

The adroitness of the thieves here, is almost equal to that of those at Naples. In two instances pistols were taken from the holsters, whilst the owners held the bridles of their horses; and we lost two mules, tied out not more than fifty yards from our camp. All this tended to excite revenge among the company, and had we not been in completely good discipline, no doubt outbreaks of temper would have brought us into trouble, as they did several companies on the road to Mazatlan. At Molino del Jesus Maria, we purchased a quantity of oats and barley, standing, and vigorously began to cut and carry off, till the major domo, fearing his field might not yield anything for the next comers, opened the irrigating sluices, and compelled us to retire, vowing to get the worth of our money from the next we came to.

Rinconada is a beautifully located farm, well watered, with a long avenue of pollard aspen-like leaved poplars or cotton woods, the boles not more than ten or fifteen feet high, so that all the flawy gusts that come like little hurricanes, for a few seconds, from the hills which surround it in every direction, are not likely to blow them down; here we saw the first magua plants, from the juice of which pulke is made, and afterwards muscale distilled. Muscale, to taste, is more like creosote and water, slightly sweetened, than anything I can compare it to, and I suppose about as wholesome.

The peons who work the haciendas of this country are com-

pletely Indian in their character, appearance, and habits; at times astonishing us with their strength and activity, and again their laziness could not be surpassed. The women, patient things, like the squaws of wild Indians, do all the household labour, carry water, wood, &c., and are rewarded by their unfaithful husbands allowing them to do as they please. From this beautiful little amphitheatre among the hills we wound along the parched arroyos and valleys, and here I could not but be struck with the wise provisions of nature for the protection of its creations. Almost all the trees of this country have tap roots, or if fibrous they run so deep in search of moisture, in this dry climate, they are often longer than the tree is high, as in all the arroyos where the earth was washed from the roots of the trees and plants, I saw nearly the same thing and had the best opportunity of coming to this conclusion.

We proceeded up a deep ravine, crossing and re-crossing, and following its bed alternately, until we began the ascent of the famed pass of Rinconada, intended to be defended by Santa Anna, but abandoned when our army approached. How any force of artillery could have deserted such a position I cannot conceive, for the unfinished fort commands the road for at least two miles.

From the fort, the view was most grand, but we had become tired of mountains, with their long gorges, all dust and suffocation, parched and burnt as they were, and we longed for wood and shade. Here the first indication of the climate of altitude was perceptible, and high on the tables of rocks above us started pines and cedars, in the full luxuriance of latitude thirty-five or forty; they enjoyed the occasional showers that we longed for and saw passing, while almost smothered with dust we toiled on, our hair and whiskers white with it, and we looking like a troop of grey veterans, instead of a company of young fellows, commencing the world by an overland trip to California. When we did reach water, its use seemed to make mortar of the dust on us, it was so full of lime, it left on

our burnt and cracked skins what masons might almost call a "skim coat."

Saltillo, we came to on Sunday, and in all the summer heat of that latitude, its white houses shone and glistened in the sun.

We approached over a broad plain, dotted with ranches for some miles, and entering the town through lanes of adobe walls, which fenced innumerable corrals, and led us into the principal street, we commenced the ascent of the hill side, on which the town stands.

Saltillo is Mexican in all its characters, its flat-roofed, one-story houses, have a fortified look as if neighbour durst not trust neighbour. The public square is a fine one; the church, the most highly ornamented I ever saw in America, and very beautiful; the workmen who carved the marble for it, had been sent from Spain, and the marble brought from the Rocky Mountains—so the story goes.

Six miles over a barren and desolate rolling prairie changed our scene, and we had a grand view of all the beauties of Buena Vista; high picturesque mountains bounded the landscape on every side; and valleys, all luxuriant in the vegetation of an irrigated soil aided by the climate of the tropics, gave more richness than is often seen in contrast, even as great as valley and mountain give in the view from Stirling Castle; but not half so grand as that unsurpassed landscape, when the sun sinking behind Ben Lomond in its misty haze, leaves the gazer in twilight and meditation. Buena Vista had its battle, ever to be remembered by all Americans—few of us but have some friend or acquaintance sleeping there, and its desolation harmonizes well with the idea of what a battle-field should be.

A few days' rest, and our first grand muster took place; camped on Taylor's ground, where the ditches made for the tents

of his men in some cases answered for ours; we drank of the same waters, and inspired with military zeal, we had a muster and review, and killed what the Harlem boys called a bureau, "burro," (jackass); but being a very little one, as Marryatt would say, I had only to pay five dollars for it.

Saltillo had many good things about it, was clean, and well regulated, its buildings were better than any we had seen except at Monterey, and yet I always went back to camp with pleasure. That camp will never be forgotten by two of us, George Weed, and myself. Some days of rest had been enjoyed, and the time for starting on our journey was fixed for the morrow,—how it was, I cannot tell, but I had become so wakeful, that, as every guard was relieved, I heard the roll called, and the tramp of its return when, after two hours of duty, it was dismissed in front of my tent. This night the guard was slow in coming out, and better it had never come at all; as it came to order in front of where I lay, its drowsy grumblings awakened me, and I raised up to see who the malcontents were. Montrose Graham was guard over my tent that watch, his last watch: as Simson called his guard to order, and faced me, Weed let his rifle fall; the cock was down on the nipple, contrary to a positive order; in falling, the head of the hammer struck the ground first, with the whole weight of the gun on it, and as if the trigger had been pulled, off it went. The astonishment and anxiety produced by a shot at night, in a strange country, for a few seconds created a breathless silence, even with the bravest; but simultaneously it was broken by two exclamations, just opposite—one, "My God, Mr. Audubon's killed!" the other from me, "Who's hurt?" a groan from poor Graham, told us how it was. Some one said, "It's not much—only a pistol ball," but he answered, "only pistol or not, it dropped me like a hot potato." How the hurry here and there for lights and water, the Doctor, and the anxiety of friends under such circumstances arouse a camp. All loved Graham, he was the handsomest man of ninety-

eight of us, just twenty-two, and captain of his tent; the Hailstorm mess, so called by Lieutenant Browning, and his favourite guard, from its go-ahead principles.

The ball had passed just through the ankle, and went by me so close that I fancied I could hear its whirring sound some hours after. We had a consultation of Drs. Perry and Trask, and both said he could not go on for many weeks. I could not wait, I had neither time nor money, so at once I decided to leave his cousin Molenear with him, (a more practical physician than most doctors of his age), and as much money as I could spare, to enable them to come on after us, or return home, as might seem most judicious. Peter McKusker too, used all his arguments and persuasions to induce me to let him remain behind also; but I could not see that he would be of any use, and he was too valuable to us to part with him unnecessarily.

Frank Carrol, as good a man as I ever wish to be connected with on such an expedition, found accommodations for poor Graham, and we left our two friends at Saltillo. How we parted from them, you who have been compelled to leave friends in a strange country may judge. We returned to camp with all possible speed, and at five moved on. At nine that night we camped, tired and depressed, on one of the hundreds of irrigated fields that exist all up this valley.

Our road was over long hills and parched valleys for several days; and on the last day of such travel, I enjoyed one of the most extraordinary views I have almost ever seen; our road wound up the bed of a marly dry creek for half a mile or so, when climbing a hill, very steep but not more than three hundred feet high, we reached a broad plain of miles in length, and five or six wide; on every side was a chain of most sterile volcanic mountains, that looked as if the valleys and chasms that might be supposed to exist in ordinary cases, between such heights, had been filled half way up their

sides with sand and earth, and gave a palpable sensation of altitude that I never felt before, for our position was obtained at a single effort. We had not even an anticipation of this curious formation; our first ascent showed it all at a glance, and it was for one view, most extraordinary; it looked as if an immense lake, that threatened to cover even the mountains themselves, when half way up their sides, had suddenly been changed to earth. Crossing this plain, and rounding one of the desolate peaks in question, we came to the hacienda of the wealthy Don Emanuel Hivarez. Five hundred peons work this place. This is another of those rich spots in this desert, where irrigation gives so much value to the land. The water used on this estate is brought in an aqueduct, made of adobes, for several miles, and must have been built at great cost; it is apparently a very old settlement, and the dust and dirt about the jacals are filled with vermin and fleas.

Parras, for a town of one-story houses of ashy-clay adobe, has a pleasing appearance, a little dilapidated, true, but still that dilapidation fulfils the idea of tropical indolence, all accords, and the dishabille and ennui, as seen in the shady yards, filled with oranges, figs, &c., says, "rest and enjoy yourself" in plain English. It is celebrated for its wines and brandy, made principally by foreigners, and in considerable quantities. But in this country nothing edible grows without irrigation, even the celebrated magua plant, so beautifully luxuriant, is finest along the edges of the ditches leading water to the fields of vines, corn and wheat, and in the grounds, (if lime and sand, forming the principal part of the soil, can be called grounds,) of some of the more wealthy; long hedges of the cabbage rose ornament the avenues of cotton-wood that almost invariably in this country take the place of Lombardy poplars in France, so that in riding along them, one might almost fancy himself again in a country where it rains sometimes, and be almost tempted to believe that after all, there is something worth living for in this burnt up region.

Parras, like all other Mexican towns I have seen, contains a few Americans and French, living in the usual style, some with a Mexican wife, others a housekeeper; but all in indolence, never missing the noonday siesta, and whose large profits in trade, and economical way of living make life easy. The cholera at this place gave us a last farewell, and I was the unfortunate. For several hours I was so ill, that I feared our proposed departure on the morrow would have to be deferred; but fortunately at ten next day I was jolted along in our ambulance for a few miles, until feeling strong enough to quit the wearying sick wagon, and take to my favourite horse, Old Monterey; his wild look with his shying and snorting, added to his springy stride, gave such pleasure, that notwithstanding my debility, I enjoyed the remainder of the ride on the road to El Poso, which we reached at dusk, and camped on a gravelly hill for the night.

Here we had a curious retribution on one of the party for taking revenge. He passed under our picket rope between two mules tied to it. What could any one expect, but to be kicked, or kicked at, by a mule under such circumstances, and so was he; when turning in a passion, he stooped, picked up a small stone, threw it furiously at the poor offending brute, and struck it on the neck bone, so as to bruise the spinal cord to such a degree that it caused instant death. We had thought that a mule could not be killed, from what we had seen of their endurance and toughness; but this event astonished the whole camp. Afterwards during the journey, any outbreak of passion against horse or mule was sure to be saluted with "hit him in the neck." To day was Sunday, and we would gladly have availed ourselves of the rule we had made, not to travel on that day, if we could help it; but El Poso has no inducements to rest at it, as its gravelly hills and dry ravines give no food for the traveller's jaded beast. The rancheros here gave us a specimen of their prowess in casting cattle, and on their swift ponies followed them as they were turned out of the corral, and

running on them would seize their tails, take "a turn" with it round the "cabeza" (the standing pommel) of the saddle, and giving a sudden turn to their horse with the powerful Mexican bit, so wrench the poor beast as to send him to the ground with such force, that the animal sometimes does not attempt to rise again for nearly a minute, and I wondered the cattle were not killed or maimed.

A barren desert extended for miles on both sides our road until we came to a low swampy tract, looking as if a sunken river was seeking its way under the sands we rode over, giving extraordinary luxuriance to the rank weeds, not grass, which here grew as high as our saddle skirts. Passing this swamp we entered a wild and dismal thicket of chaparal.

After a long day without water, when your horse fags under you, and the same dreary waste extends before you, as far as the light will let you see, it is a light heart that does not brood moodily on its position, and the silence of your companions, as they struggle on by your side, does not add to your own comfort. Dusk was soon followed by night, not dark, it is never dark on the prairies, if not cloudy, but desolate and lonely, and we rode on till ten, wishing for that great blessing, water, at every turn we made, when at last we came to a deserted ranche, the roof gone, the corral neglected, so that ruin seemed to reign, and Apache and Comanche might here roam to steal and drive off all the stray cattle they could find. We halted, and six or eight went to hunt for the "water-hole" that had supplied the owners of this mass of poles, mud and grass, once the house of a man well to do in the world in Mexico; the water was soon found and our camping-ground decided on, a guard set, waiting the half hour to pass that their relief took to eat their suppers in, and tent after tent went up as each mess finished their meal; so too, I went to my blankets till my watch was called.

There's a something curious in the sensations of a man, who went to sleep long after night fall, in a place he never saw before, and which in its uncertain light looks at the time as if it was all a thicket; when as the morning gives its cheerful light, he is surprised to see how comfortably he was camped. Next morning, a beautiful lagoon, in holes of a hundred yards long, refreshed us as we bathed in its cool waters, and we had a picturesque view as we wound our way along its bushy banks, and watched the languid flight of the great blue heron, while changing his stand a few hundred feet at a time, when we approached. Lieutenant Browning here bought a wild mule for a few dollars, and a broken down one he had, from two Mexicans who were hunting cattle, and as we packed him, he was christened "El Diablo," and to the last, over desert and plain, through mud and mire, over rocky mountain and sandy hill, he ever merited the name, and was vicious to the last. Again we went over more swamp-like country, and crossed a dry bed of a river one or two hundred yards wide, with its white sands glaring painfully in our faces. A golden willow grew so luxuriantly on both sides the road, and so closely together, that it reminded me of some of the rich bottomlands of the lower Ohio. The soil was very sandy, but moist, and the shade and coolness we enjoyed as we rode along contrasted with the sun we had been broiled in, was most refreshing.

Alamitos is a small village of scoundrels, the most consummate we had yet met with in Mexico. In bargaining for water, which here is only to be had from wells, the vagabonds who had it for sale for the trains, wished to go shares with the rascally guide we had; but as we understood what was going on, one of our men told the interpreter to stop talking, and let us make our own arrangements for it. Both the Mexicans pretended they could not understand us, till I, unbuttoning the holster of my revolver, asked tapping it gently, with an interjection or two, produced by the heat of the weather, if they understood that! when strange to say

our bargain was concluded immediately. Here we had the first attempt at "a stampede" made upon us. As all may not know how such a feat is performed by the Mexicans or Indians, I will give my small experience of it, though if I had "Kendall" at hand, I could give you a more definite idea.

Those intending to run off the "caballada" of a travelling or trading party, get a strong and vigorous horse, cover him with the skin of an ox, newly off, the fleshy side out, tie all the bells they have round his neck, and fastening an enormous bunch of brush to his tail, set fire to it, and start him with yells and shouts, through the camp of those to be stampeded. Horses and mules, keen of smell and sight, receive warning of danger by both faculties, and in their fright will break almost any moderately strong fastening; and running, without caring which way they go, being accustomed to follow a "bell-mare," rush on after the light of the tail and the sound of the bells, even more furiously than firemen run over you in New York.

The horses and mules once started, it is matter of no importance what direction they take, as the vagabonds ride so beautifully, that they soon turn the herd to any course they like, and make their escape with certainty, for those robbed have nothing to follow on, in pursuit, and even if a few animals were left with them, the speed of the thieves can never be equalled, for as the horse they ride gives out another is lassoed and mounted, and the jaded one turned into the drove to keep up if he can; if not, and the stampede is by Indians, the poor brute is hamstrung, so as to render him perfectly useless, or killed if they are not too closely pursued. The terror in a large camp when a stampede is accomplished, is generally such, in consequence of the uncertainty of the course the mules might take on the first fright, for they are just as likely to run over men, tents and everything else, as in any other direction, that a charge by an enemy immediately following, would annihilate the whole party; but in almost all cases the object of stampedes is only

theft. In this instance our vigilant guard was all that saved us from one, and we were then in a part of the country where we could not, even if we had had the means, which we had not, have purchased mules or horses enough to have even packed our provisions.

Mapami was twenty leagues off, the road was long and dusty, but varying in undulations and formation of soil, so that the day's journey was well enough. From time to time, we enjoyed a pleasant shade of half a mile through a growth of larger musquits than usual, and again traversed long lines of flat country bare of all vegetation high enough to interrupt the view we had of almost the entire horizon. Towards dusk we came to a watering place, a well and large troughs; we paid six cents apiece for our mules and horses to drink, and at sunset took our way again toward Mapami, where we arrived at two o'clock that night, tired and fagged, without grass or food for our poor animals, and without supper for ourselves.

I placed Bachman and Hudson at the only egress from the square in which we camped, and went to unpacking my own mules, previously neglected while I was aiding and assisting in the arrangements for our safety. Half an hour thus spent, I went to relieve the poor fellows on guard. Bachman, not strong, but of a spirit that kept up his weak body, sat bolt upright on a packsaddle, with his gun locked in his arms, looking so stiff that I could scarcely restrain a laugh, as I gazed at him for a moment; but when I attempted to take his gun from him, his exclamation "No you don't!" was the finishing stroke to the scene.

Bloomfield and myself succeeded in keeping awake until four, when I called Mr. Mallory and his guard, and abandoned myself to such luxury of sleep and rest as no feather bed or hair mattress ever gave to the city man.

Mapami is situated in an immense amphitheatre of mountains to the east, and hills to the west, ten miles off; is a mining

town, and has several smelting furnaces for lead and copper. Charcoal is used for fuel, and about one ounce of silver is procured from every cargo (three hundred pounds) of ore, which alone almost pays for smelting the copper and lead, so abundant in some of these mines.

The furnaces are not high but picturesque, ending in curious mitre-shaped peaks, harmonizing well with the rugged rocks which surround this dirty little town; full of hogs, fleas, and all the other delights of this so-called paradise, where half-civilized squaws are the ladies, barbarians the men, and filth, indolence and superstition the characteristics of all.

We staid that day to rest and feed our mules; it was a feast day, and a fandango was got up for our benefit; but at nine o'clock as usual, all were within the lines of our camp; our guard set an hour before, and we made up for the past day and night of fatigue.

Leading to Lacadina, the road is almost level for twenty miles, when entering a beautiful gorge with luxuriant grass, it winds up a gradual ascent for two or three miles, and to the westward as we reached the highest point of this little pass, was a grand view, in the middle of which stood the hacienda of the major-domo. A long front of white wall, ending in a tower at each end and with the usual archway in the centre, over which was mounted a small brass piece, made the whole show of this establishment; and though formidable to the Apaches, here abundant, to us was only picturesque. To-day we lost two of our best horses, with cholera; the poor brutes, suffering so much in the manner men do, that it was painful to have so forcibly our own troubles brought back to our minds. Pantilla was eleven leagues off, but no food was to be had at that deserted ranche, and we intended to water there, take a short rest, and go on to Lasaca, supposed to be seven leagues farther. To accomplish this we started at eight that night; at ten the moon rose to light us on our winding way, and truly picturesque was our

appearance; some in blanket-coats, some in Mexican serapes, and others in such bundles, that mere masses seemed to sit their horses. Our guns and arms sparkling in the moonlight seemed to give additional life and romance to the whole scene; but by two or three o'clock, many were overpowered by sleep, and from time to time some unfortunate would get waked up by a musquit bush, stretching across the road just the right height, taking him in the face, and some interjections would follow, with sundry kicks in the sides of the poor horse, and a rattling of curb chains, that sounded as if the rider might possibly be a very little put out.

At daylight, we halted for a short time, while the dew was on the grass, to let our mules and horses graze, and again went on over hill and valley, leaving behind us the small patch of musquit grass on which we had grazed our horses (the same species that is the boast of Texas,) for a parched barren country, all beautiful in soil and landscape, but no water! On one long slope we saw the first antelopes, and I was at one time within two hundred yards of them but did not shoot, and never came so near again. Many black-tailed hares were seen and killed, so various in pelage that the closet naturalists would have made twenty species of them. As we reached the highest point of the road, where it passes between two moderately high hills, the plain of Lasaca came in view, beautiful to look at, and added to its broad landscape, a centre of attraction, a clump of cottonwoods, letting the sparkle of the white-washed walls of an hacienda just be seen through them. New animation filled us all for half an hour, when we dismounted, after being twenty hours in the saddle without water, except a little in the few gourds we carried for the purpose, and with no food but a scrap or two from our last night's supper. A beef was bought, soon killed, and almost as speedily cooked and eaten; and those of the first watch went to sleep, to be able to stand their guard at eight o'clock.

These long journeys we find very injurious to our animals, as

the backs of our packmules are ruined by the continued heat and pressure of the saddles, and our horses much more impoverished and jaded by one long journey than by two short ones, even though we always, after such a ride, gave them a day's rest, which we did now. Except the occasional occurrence of the green luxuriance of irrigation, looking day after day on the same desolate scene of burnt up lands, desolate only for want of rain, the journey through this country becomes wearisome beyond belief. This broad plain once grazed six thousand head of horses, and was only one ranche, owned by one individual; but when the Spanish government was given up for *none*, which is the case now, the Indians soon saw it, and every one that belonged to any neighbouring tribe, was supplied with a stolen horse—so cowardly are the Mexican peons, when not led by higher minds.

The country from Lasaca towards Cerro Gordo is flat, the first few leagues, crossing every mile or so, a beautiful little brook, which was, however, gradually absorbed by the thirsty soil, a water hole and dry bed of sand alternating, until at last the water entirely disappeared.

The Cara-cara Eagle, heretofore very abundant, was perceptibly more scarce, and I saw only one nest on a few scrubby musquits, forming as it were one stunted tree. When the Mexicans adopted this poor semi-falcon as their emblem, they little knew how true a representative they had chosen. Lazy of flight, seldom or never sailing far over the plain or mountain; a few reptiles it captures, but gives way to even the smallest bird of prey in this country, the little sparrow-hawk; and mingling with both species of turkey-buzzard, *C. Aura*, and *C. Iota*, regales and gorges itself in company with these foul birds on carrion.

The greatest trouble we now had was that the backs of many of our mules, became covered with horrible fistulous sores, and the flies getting in filled them with maggots which hung so tenaciously

CAÑON. JESUS MARIA

to the insides, and were so far in, that but for the large quantity of calomel we applied, and which we found most efficacious, the poor brutes would have had holes eaten in their shoulders down to the bone. No Christian at home would have thought of using such miserable animals for a year at least; but as we were without a dollar to spare, even for the purchase of our food, we had to pack daily, beasts that we cheerfully would have left in the first good grass, could we have carried our provisions in any other way.

Cerro Gordo is a den of vagabonds, situated on a beautiful little creek. It appears to be supported by a miserable garrison of about one hundred and fifty poor wretches, that we could have made prisoners in ten minutes' fighting. Here we had what may be called really excellent water for the first time since leaving the Mississippi; it was delightful. The men rushed to it, many drank two pint cups full, with scarcely a breath between, and walked off with a third to sip at, giving place to others equally thirsty. We were joined at this place by a travelling Mexican circus company, who begged for our protection as far as Bia. There were five, one woman and four men. The lady rode as we used in my boyish life to say of the backwoods Louisiana belles, leg of a side. The clown carried in the bosom of his shirt two little naked Chihuahua dogs, eight or nine inches long, (called from their bluish looking skin, they have no hair on them, "cast iron dogs,") and another a size larger on the pommel of his saddle. One of the party followed the poor pack mules, which were loaded down with enormous trunks and other moveables, containing such invaluables no doubt, that it was not to be wondered they feared a robbery from the Apaches. Their whole fortune was probably contained in the luggage we saw; such instances not unfrequently occur with trading parties in this country; often Americans, who well armed, have followed this rambling life for many years, and know all the habits and tricks of the Indians of this part of the world so well, that if attacked, a good defence or safe retreat, can almost always be

secured by them. If unmolested on these excursions from the towns of Mexico, to the various ranches and haciendas they visit, the profits are very great; but to return to our travelling companions who lived in such dread of the Apaches. What a treat it would be to see these savages dress out in such treasures. The last grandee, in all his absurd pompousness, was nevertheless, not without dignity, and he sat beautifully, a small but blooded-looking grey horse, so Arabian in his appearance that to see him, and think of Vernet's marvellous pictures, convinced me of his origin. As our hero rode on, one of the long dragoon swords sent from England to this country by thousands, dangled from his left; and under his right leg, at the bend of the knee, with the but of it in a sling from the "cabeza" of his saddle, hung a Mexican musket, made about the year 1700, which no doubt would do execution when it did go off, for most likely it will burst when he does fire it; it would be curious to know when that will take place, as he carries the flint, owing to the looseness of the screw which should confine it, in his pocket, and I feel assured as long as he rides that fine pony of his, he will, if not surprised, judging from other instances which I saw of his class of Mexicans, never allow himself to be within shot of an enemy.

When they quitted the company at Bia, the queen came to thank us for our protection, and gave a most courteous invitation to her show and fandango, the termination to every Mexican entertainment, either battle, wedding, or christening; but I could not go, though several of the party did, and pronounced the señoritas pretty tolerably good-looking.

Bia, on another of the beautiful creeks that all through this part of Mexico, occur from time to time, and are more enchanting from contrast and variety, contains a motley mass, doubtful of character and cast, for as I have previously said, all the Mexicans I have seen bear the Indian complexion and hair so marked that we have no right to think them any thing but half-breeds, speaking

Spanish, mutilated and so murdered into "patois," that Lieutenant Browning, who spoke Spanish well, was some weeks in learning to understand their jargon.

From Cerro Gordo, the eighteen miles to Rio Florida was so tedious that had it been called twenty-five, the measurement would have seemed more correct; but we were repaid for our labour when we arrived. Here was shade, and we washed the dust from our throats and bathed, a luxury so delightful that we could scarcely quit the clear stream to attend to our camp duties.

The old mission was one of the most commodious I have ever seen, built of nearly white marble, between lime and sand-stone, to look at, but more durable than either, so that the florid finish of the pillars next the church was still very perfect. When the priests of this country had the broad plain of this valley irrigated and tilled by the convert Indians, it must have been luxuriant indeed; but still it is inland, and in such a situation indolence is always supreme; so fell Rio Florida.

Half-way between Bia and Parral, at a ranche and mission on one of the bends of the Rio Florida, is a most magnificent specimen of meteoric iron, almost pure in quality. It is at its highest point four feet, widening in breadth to three where it enters the ground, and where worn by the rubbing of hands of the passers by, it is situated at a corner, is quite ten* colours attracted our attention, as here a space of red, completely bare, was side by side with the parched and dead grass that had flourished in the rainy season in its bed of lime.

To-day we had a most curious instance of Mexican cowardice: over the broad plain, a few scattered musquit bushes only here and there dotting its uneven surface; our eyes, now in training, could distinguish every object, even the trail of some wolf that had cros-

*Probably this should read (it is situated at a corner), its bright colors attracted, &c. But I give it as in the original. [Ed.]

sed our path, or the squatted hare or partridge, while the deer, or a human form, loomed up quite large over the dancing haze of heat which ever ended our view. Our line of march was just regulated, after our departure from town, when two or three of the party called my attention to a musquit bush a hundred yards or so from the road. Something we saw, but could not say what, and I rode out to it, where crouching and trembling was a Mexican; he was on his way to town to get medicines for his sick wife, when he saw us coming towards him, and, as is customary in that country, where every man you see is considered an enemy till proved the contrary, he had tried to hide himself from our view. The word "Amigos," however, had its usual effect, and his explanation was short, but his strides long, till he rounded a little hillock which he thought would screen him from a shot, when he took to his heels at a gait which would have done credit to the Long Island race course.

A long, steep, zigzag descent, rocky to painfulness to our poor mules, many of them without shoes, brought us into Parral, wild and picturesque in situation; the balconies, so to speak, of its silver-mines, high on the sides of the mountains which surround the town, convey the idea of fortifications, and give a look of respectability to the whole, that we had not seen since leaving Parras, or perhaps even Saltillo. We skirted the town, and eventually encamped on the banks of the river or creek that runs through its centre; our line of tents was soon in its place, guard set, and the comforts of a halt were added to by a little shower, but it did not prevent the visits of at least hundreds of idlers, who came to see what we looked like; among them several Americans.

Next morning, having found a good camping-ground farther out of town, we had nearly all packed, and waited only on a few before giving the order to "go ahead." Lieutenant Browning stood talking to some two or three strangers, Americans and Mexicans, with his bridle over his arm, when turning to mount,

he missed one of his holster pistols; he drew his revolver and bid all to leave the neighbourhood; and the fear that characterised the retreat of these miserable creatures as they skulked away, holding their hats to shield their heads, was a subject of joke to us for many days, for on long trips like this, as at sea, trifles go for double their real value.

Where we now camped, a mile from town, is comparatively a paradise; two rows of cottonwoods give shade, and all the birds of the neighbourhood are in them and the adjoining beautiful garden; a dashing brook passes by us, giving its little roar and noisy bustle to enliven or calm, and we are in real enjoyment of rest from fatigue and dust; we bathe and swim, and with a pleasure that none know but those who have been for weeks without such a luxury, where drouth and heat form the characteristics of the greater part of the country.

At Parral we found some few Americans, and as is always the case when away from home, some friends among them. Mr. Hicks and Mr. Miller were the most prominent, and to them we owe many thanks for their kindness and attention to us all, both sick and well. The quaint narrow streets, the one-story buildings, the squares, which are characteristic of all Mexican towns of any importance, with the churches, Alcalde's office, prisons, &c., were more picturesque than usual. Hinckly, Feller, and Liscomb being ill, our departure was delayed, as we could not think of deserting our companions far from home and friends, and unable from want of health to help themselves. William Feller died here. He was taken by his cousin to town, for better rest and more comfort, but we saw him gradually sinking, unable to save him and scarcely to alleviate his sufferings.

The trail that led towards the mountains, was at times beside beautiful streams, and then over dry parched hills, and we had all the usual troubles of packing and managing our mules after a few

days' rest; for they would trot on, in little races with each other, striving for the track, manifesting their contrary dispositions, and proving all that is said of their obstinacy true. We had made twenty miles at dusk, when we were overtaken by a violent storm; we rode on for a mile or so, in thunder, lightning and rain, to a grass flat, with good grazing for our animals, the first we had had on the whole march, and camped in a thicket of musquit and scrub oaks. Our long practice in pitching our tents, &c. gave such facility to us in our camp routine, that in a few minutes every tent was up, a ditch dug round each to turn off the water, brush and grass gathered to put under our blankets, to keep off the worst of the wet, and though it rained too fast to have a fire to cook with, we had some Parral cheese and hard bread, not bad, I assure you, after fourteen hours' march; and as we washed it down with a tin cup full of good strong Parras brandy, and water, we mooted the question, as to whether brandy was an essential or not? Drenched and cold, with the yellow light of our guard lanthorn shining on our blue faces, we unanimously carried the point in the affirmative, and I have little doubt, could the stockholders have looked on the scene from their comfortable firesides, as the guard, wet and cold as myself, turned out at eight o'clock, they too would have sanctioned the vote. At ten, myself and guard turned in, and Henry C. Mallory and his twelve men out, they being the relief.

Thieves are so abundant hereabout that sentinels must be close enough to see each other's faces even on so dark a night as this was.

Late we started this morning; our blankets and tents had to be dried to save weight to our mules, and the men were many of them stiff and cold, as they had been too tired after the day's work and the guard at night to undress, and had gone to sleep all standing; but when we did start, we wound along a glen that led to our first view of the spurs of the eastern chain of the Rocky

Mountains, and uncontrolled exclamations of delight broke forth from all.

Passing through patches of most beautiful scarlet lilies, that sometimes covered spaces of an acre without interruption, gorgeous and splendid in contrast with an equally abundant blue flowering plant resembling the larkspur, we now came to the most abrupt ascent we had met with, and had we not been told that Lasarca was the highest point of Central Mexico, we should have thought ourselves at least a thousand feet higher than at any previous time on our trip; but still up we went, through scrub, post, and live oak filled with mistletoe, and most beautiful laurels, with stems and branches bright cinnamon orange, looking as gay in proportion to other laurels, as the sycamore does with its new coat on, on contrast with the old bark.

At last we reached the top of the ridge, and came to a jutting point that gave a view of the most magnificent mountain-pass I have ever seen, and the beauties of a little torrent that dashed on to the *west* as fast as I could have wished to go, led me to believe we were on the descent to the great western plains. I gazed in admiration at the picturesque cliffs, volcanic basaltic and sandstone, all discoloured with the iron that was here prominent on the surface, and the broad valley, widening in the distance, gave anticipations of the rich country we were told we should pass through, before reaching Jesus Maria. Down we went, it seemed forever; a most luxuriant forest grew taller as we descended; laurel, pine, oak, a wild cherry, a cedar new to me, a most beautiful species, two feet six inches in diameter, with balls and leaves like those of the arbor vitæ, and bark as furrowed and marked as that of our ash; our common cedar, and many splendid walnut trees closely allied to the black walnut, ornamented the sides of the beautiful gorge we were descending. For one or two miles we had been obliged to dismount and drive or lead our horses, so steep was the declivity, but now we again rode merrily on for an hour or two,

when Maybury was taken with something so nearly resembling the cholera that he could not ride; Simson, Mallory, Pennypacker and Dr. Trask remained behind with him, and we went on ten miles to the edge of a beautiful rolling prairie, when we camped under some post and narrow-leaved swamp oaks. It rained most violently this afternoon, as usual, and as it had done every evening since we left Parral, but our friends from the rear came up to our tents in time to avoid being drenched by it.

We passed next day Huajatita, and camped only two miles beyond; we had abundance of corn at two dollars and a half per cargo, and a calf six months old for five dollars.

I was so enchanted with the wild beauty of this country, that I could have stayed for weeks and months to enjoy it; it was all new, the hills and mountains were differently shaped from any I had ever seen, the plants were new, the trees and rocks all strange, and when we forded the beautiful creeks we had to cross, as our horses stopped to drink, curious fish came to look at their noses rippling the surface of the slowly-gliding pools in each little river.

Our road soon was again up hill, and was most dangerous, so most of us walked up the dividing ridge, which we crossed to save following the circuitous course of the brook we had followed for the last two days; and yet, with all our care, as we ascended, some of our mules missed their steps, that is put the wrong foot foremost, for the narrow passes are so worn by the trains of pack mules which travel here, that, to insure a good footing, each mule which follows this, as well as many other similar trails, must step as his predecessors had, and put each foot in the same worn hole in the rock or hard clay that other mules had trod in for probably fifty years previously; two of our train missing this necessary precaution, rolled over and over sideways some four or five times, and how they ever recovered their feet on the steep sides of these hills, was always a mystery to us; any horse would have gone to the bottom before he could have regained his footing.

The daily showers which now poured their torrents on us as regularly as three o'clock came each afternoon, and the little creeks we crossed, almost hourly, as we wound our way along beautiful glades, after our long parching journey and the disagreeable water (from pond and slough) we had been drinking, were most delightful to us, and we all agreed that, if never before, we now knew the blessing of rain!

After a few days' riding through beautiful valleys and mountain torrents, where new plants and strange notes of birds were enjoyed, we reached a broad plain, that, as far as the eye could see, stretched before us; oh how we all dreaded again the tedious drudgery of travelling over plains! and sickness, too, came to call all our thoughts back to our past troubles and sorrows. Poor young Liscomb was attacked with dysentery, so violent that had we not left the cholera (out-travelled it) some five hundred miles, we should have expected to lose him; two of his mess, Franklin Carrol and John Tone, took him between them, on Tone's mare, the easiest animal in the company, and, by riding on a mile or two and giving him a short rest, and so continuing to proceed we reached after several days, Jesus Maria; not however as rapidly as I have written of his safe arrival, so I'll go back.

Gradually the plain we crossed narrowed, and as we neared a ridge of mountains which bounded one side of the valley of Santa Cruz, a beautiful grassy meadow sent a hundred little tributaries to make the irrigating creek that had once given luxuriance to the grand but dilapidated Mission, which in the distance loomed up, if not as perfect as in its most thriving time, in all the solemnity of decay. Poor Liscomb, when we reached the town, dismounted in the shade of its walls, and lay exhausted, so distressed in his weakness, that my heart was sad for him, and yet I had to be a soldier for the time, and march him on.

All the towns in this district of country had the remains of the

strong walls, that fifty years ago gave safety when the gates were shut from all incursions of the Indians, and though the architecture was plain, its extreme simplicity was pleasing, and I only wondered so rich a valley, with so much already done for its improvement, should be given up; but it ceased to prosper when the Spanish reign on the American continent terminated.

Far in advance of we who remained in the shade of the walls of Santa Cruz, (to rest young Liscomb), now in sight, and now hid by some gentle hill, our company wound its way along the banks, crossing and recrossing this little tributary to the "Conchos," called by natives, of course, "Rio Grande," as every other creek twenty yards wide is called in Mexico.

As the evening cooled, we proceeded along the margin of this beautiful little stream; following the trail of our party, and as we neared the Conchos, high sand-stone bluffs, so picturesque in the light and shade given by the clouds which contained our usual three o'clock showerbath, that I scarcely cared for the ducking I anticipated. On reaching camp, we found Langdon Haven had killed three glossy ibises at a shot; they are most abundant here, also white egrets and green herons, and I was delighted to see the buff-necked cormorant of California; many other birds, strange and new, I saw and heard daily; and the notes of those familiar as my mother's voice, the chat and cat-bird, mocking-bird, and white-crowned sparrow made me quite at home in this strange country, even though they were blended with a variety of songs I did not know.

Our path was most precipitous, alternately descending and ascending to and from the river; and the green hills all smooth and velvety as we reached their tops, but for the want of house or fence in view gave every appearance of the highest cultivation.

Never, in any country, have I seen more beautiful lands; we rode through groves miles in length, of water, post, and willow

oaks, (the latter with minikin acorns still sticking in their cups, as good to eat almost as nuts), besides many pines and cedars.

Antelopes were seen from time to time, but only one or two a day; the black-tailed hare was also observed, but scarce, compared with the numbers we saw after leaving Parras; and new birds tempted me to stop at every thicket.

Leaving this place we rode along a sandy bottom, where in the rainy season a torrent is formed by the waters of the hundreds of gullies that all lead into it. It was just before sunrise, and the heavy dew of this country gave such freshness and beauty to all vegetation, that nature seemed more luxuriant than ever; a splendid stramonium, three times the size of our common jimson weed, sweetwilliams of various species, and most luxuriant nettles six feet high, with their delicate blue flowers almost hiding the rich green of their stinging leaves, extended for, at times, miles along the sand bars. Again we came to a prairie, which was unvarying and flat, we found quantities of mushrooms growing, and for a few days our mess feasted, but a camp soon watches "the commandante's" mess-pan, and we found most true, that "the more the merrier, the fewer the better cheer," and had to content ourselves with the few over-looked by those in advance, and ate them raw. Leaving this plain and valley, as we went up the hills and mountains now beginning to spur off from the Cordilleras, along the water courses, we crossed large beds of slate, and wound through deep cuts and fantastic lumps of conglomerate of boulders, pebbles, and sandstone, and some most beautiful marble, black and white in strata, almost as regular as if laid by hand.

The band-tailed pigeon, Steller's jay, a new woodpecker, which I saw a dozen times but could not get; and, most prized of all, my horse trod on a beautiful jumping mouse, Depodomys Phillipsii, a young one, but this assured me of its habitat, and one of "the boys" gave me two young Mexican marmots.

Concepcion, about the twentieth town of the same name we have passed, is beautifully situated on the east bank of a little creek about two feet deep and twenty or thirty yards wide; it is a dirty little place with dilapidation its mistress. Its inhabitants were just like all the other Mexicans I have seen, some a little whiter than others, but all Indians; their food was of the simplest kind, but good. Beef, fresh or jerked; very fine beans, seventy-five cents the alamo; corn, three dollars a fanega; cattle, nine dollars for three year olds, in good condition; sheep, one dollar and a half; while hogs, strange to say, if fat, are sold expressly for the lard at fifty dollars each as a common price.

The natives are in eternal dread of the Apaches, and if we were to believe half the stories we hear of their prowess in war, we should beat a retreat at once, but not a hostile Indian have we seen so far, and the black-looking fellows we meet are all of the "Taromary" tribe, which our guide, as he shrugged up his shoulders, said, were "no bravo, no vale nada." As we wound along one of the shady groves that we daily pass through, we met a Mexican on foot with a small pack on his back, dressed in the usual style with broad cotton pantaloons split to the hip bones, and tucked up like a clout to save them from the mud of the trail; he was bare-legged, almost running along, and evidently in great fear, as in one hand he carried his knife, and with the other held his rosary and told his beads.

Many of the people of this country took advantage of our party as an escort, and ran along on foot a few hundred yards behind or in advance, as our stoppages enabled them to take their position, and at night they stretched themselves to sleep almost within the lines of our guard.

Two delightful days we passed as we wound along the meanderings of the "Rio Verde," sometimes smooth and glassy, and sometimes a dashing little torrent, until we reached "El Rancho

Arisachi;" from time to time before we came to this old deserted Mexican rancho we saw little groups of Parimari Indians at work, weeding half-grown Indian corn, wherever a bend in the river offered opportunity for irrigation. When at the rancho itself, having had no fresh meat for several days, we asked for the chief, but he was not to be found, and we then tried to buy cattle, which were tolerably abundant, but could find no owners for any of those we pointed out, so I told one of our best shots to pick out the fattest yearling he could and we would pay for it if the owner came forward, and if not, we would take what we could not well do without; but the beast was no sooner brought to the ground by the unerring aim of Van Horn, than at once an owner claimed the prize, and said he must have three dollars, or we were "no Amigos" but "muy malos." I gave his price to him, but found I had only began my compensation according to his ideas, but I satisfied his desires by giving a few percussion caps and a little powder; he had no gun, but no doubt will try to get one from the next party which comes this way; when will that be? All the entrails and head were gathered up and carried off so readily by the tribe, that, by the time we had the four quarters packed on our meat mules, two of our tired animals too weak to be packed regularly, no vestige was to be seen of the dead animal, or where it had been slaughtered, but the undigested mass emptied from its paunch.

Here we had to leave this beautiful stream for a mountain-pass; no complaint can be made that it was not a grand one; the first precipice we ascended cost Watkinson his horse. As we left him behind, we hoped the poor bruised brute, notwithstanding the fall he had sustained, would find his way back to the valley, and be treasured and cared for, not eaten, as among Indians is almost invariably the fate of broken-down horses or mules.

The chasms and granite boulders, giants of their kind, and the deep fissures in the rocks we rode through and over, made the ascent of half a mile nearly half a day's work; and most unusual

here, we found no table-land at the top, but commenced at once a descent to the banks of another little stream that ran east. How picturesque our train is, as it winds up these long mountain trails, in sight for a while, then concealed and again visible; the motley figures of the party enlivening the scene and their shouts of encouragement or reprobation, as they toil up the mountain gorges, reverberating from the surrounding rocks.

We were compelled to leave one mule in this pass, and shifting his pack to two or three others, released him to fatten—or feed buzzards—we scarcely cared which, so hard becomes the heart, when necessity drives one on. Soon after, we made the last ascent, most abrupt and trying of all, but when we reached the summit a magnificent plain, such as I have never seen surpassed, was before us, so broad that the eye could not see to its western termination. Our minds were however immediately diverted from all thought of the beautiful scene by a chase after two elks, undertaken by Jack Black, mounted on a *mule;* and judging from the ride he took, some two miles, I really believe he thought he could run his charger fast enough to get a shot. These two elks were the first we had seen on our route.

Next morning we passed a fortified ranche, with one or two isolated towers within a mile or so of it, like the old Scotch moss-towers, flanking the main building. Towards sunset, up-hills that severely tried the wind of our poor jaded horses and mules, and down-hills, that threatened their necks, were alternately passed, and we camped in another beautiful spot just the contrast of our last night's resting place; so high were the woods and rocks above us on every side. We were in a little glen not more than a quarter of a mile long and a hundred yards wide. At twelve next morning we reached Tomochi, on a little river of the same name. The corral of the old mission, with the adobe sheds built against its walls on every side, and the "jacals" that made a little cluster round it, were occupied by about six hundred individuals of a

splendid race of Indians; and eight or ten girls and women whom I saw bathing, were so beautiful, that, gentleman as I profess to be, I could not turn my head and look the other way; poor Actæon, cruel Diana! I thought, as I impatiently gave old Monterey the spur and dashed on to overtake my party.

The Tomochi runs through miles of sandstone worn into cliffs and fissures, some most picturesque, and by their eccentric forms exciting our admiration at every turn. The beautiful eddies and deep holes in this clear river gave us hopes of fish; but we saw none, except a few very little trout and "suckers." In seven miles we crossed and re-crossed this stream twenty-two times, and at four o'clock camped on its banks in "a bottom" of pines and sparse grass. I saw a Steller's jay and a new fox squirrel; a magnificent black hawk flew over us, but out of shot.

At the foot of some long hills we came to a plain a few miles in width, where we looked in vain for wood enough to make our fires, but finding none, rode on. Our customary shower was later than usual this day, but when it did come it was with a vengeance; neither poncho nor blanket was of any avail in keeping off the rain, driven by the hurricane which accompanied it, and its conclusion was a hail-storm of such force and violence that it drove our mules at full gallop, packs and all, over the plain, seeking for shelter. In vain we tried to guide or check them; it was a regular stampede, but in half an hour, the sun again was seen through the mists and dark clouds of the west, and we came to a halt in one of the magnificent lonely valleys of the Cordilleras.

That half the world should starve for want of land, even poor land, and that more than France, England, and all the densely populated part of Europe could cultivate, here in this beautiful country, feeds perhaps only a deer to every thousand acres, is to be lamented.

Fourth of July! daylight, calm, misty, and silent, stole on our

morning watch and seemed a time for thanksgiving, such as *the day* called forth. The sun threw its red light over all we saw to the west, but was hidden by the eastern range of mountains we had passed, till, mastering at an effort as it seemed, the highest ridge which shut out its warmth from us, it burst forth in all its splendour.

Down at the bottom of my saddle-bags rolled in a pocket-handkerchief was a flag given me by Hamilton Boden, and by the time the haze was gone, it floated in the morning breeze, from the top of the highest tree near our camp; nature was all in a smile, the delicate clouds of morning, sent their shadows to add brilliancy to the light on hill and dale and distant mountain, and birds sang all around us; some of us slept or basked in indolence, some started off with rifle or shot gun, for large or small game, and others who had suffered most from our last night's shower looked to their goods; wet saddle-bags were emptied, blankets spread to receive their contents, guns and pistols loitered over, as their owners cleaned and reloaded them; all was indolence; and a luxury of rest reigned so completely over our whole camp, that I, for the first time, unpacked my lead pencils and paper, and made the sketch I now give you of our "Fourth of July camp." Nature's creatures could not but say, thank God we are allowed to live, and to enjoy all these beauties, wonders and mercies.

Wild cattle were abundant in large herds on the hill sides, in sight, and noon saw our camp in possession of a fine two-year-old heifer, shot by Rhoades; steaks broiled and fried, ribs roasted, and brains stewed in the skull, just sprinkled with salt and a pinch of black pepper, are delicacies, under such circumstances, unequalled by the cuisine of even the palace. A few minutes after this dainty meal, Lieutenant Browning, Simson, Henry Mallory, and myself, were invited by mess No. 1 (Haven, Sloat, Hinckley and Valentine,) to their tent, and saw there a lump of sugar, a *very* small lump of citric acid, (not stolen, from the medicine chest,) and a

Photo by Vogel & Weingartner

From Nature by J. W. Audubon A.R.A.

THE NIGHT WATCH

bottle of brandy. No little party of eight, ever toasted more heartily, "The day we celebrate;" more solemnly "The immortal Washington;" or became more poetic than we, as we looked out on the luxuriant and picturesque hills before us.

When evening came, No. 4 sang some beautiful choruses from operas, kindred tastes brought the men together; as night lent its solemn quiet, and when, as the moon glided its ordained course, "Old Hundred" was sung, the situation was so wild, and man's soul so prepared for worship, that the most solemn feelings of reverence and adoration were felt on this lone prairie, as we gave thanks for the blessings this day had given to half the world.

The duty of our camp, like that of a ship at sea, is done by all in turn; watches of two hours instead of four being the only change, so we each stood guard two hours earlier every succeeding watch; my guard to-night was from two till four. After calling the relief of the guard on duty and the roll of the one dismissed, all is quiet—not a sound disturbs the silent scene; the mules and horses staked out a few feet from our line, are at rest; crossing from guard to guard through the camp by your sleeping companions as they lie on their blankets, the pale moon with its marked shadows, gives almost the semblance of death, and looking up at the grand solemnity of these incomparably glorious skies, without a cloud to interrupt their vastness, if man has a soul, then it wakes within him, and in the rapture of his feelings of romance and astonishment at the effect produced on him, he laments the want of Bryant's poetic truth to describe them; the fatigues of his journey are almost forgotten, as the morning star, from behind the rugged outline of our horizon unexpectedly, like a meteor, rises to become more delicate and attractive as it ascends, till day-light fairly breaking, the cry of "rouse out, muster, four o'clock," breaks the trance one is inclined to fall into, and the bustle of camp, and labour of another long day of travel begins.

After some hours' pleasant ride along the valley, rich in grass, shade trees and beautiful springs, we commenced the steep ascent of rock, with the trail cut in it, much in the manner of the road across "The Isthmus;" most of us had to walk, though some few had strong and sure-footed mules. We lost another mule to-day, but succeeded in getting it on to the table at the top of the gorge we had ascended, the almost invariable end of a steep hill in this country. It was a beautiful grove of pines, and short but green grass was abundant and a most welcome sight; a log house looked so like home, that a dozen of the boys rode off to see "a white woman," even if she was a squatter's wife, but their disappointment was as great as their joy had been; it was the house of a Mexican who had lived in Texas for some years, and had learned a little comfort.

The woods to-day were most luxuriant as we wound along the gorge that commenced again our ascent to some still higher mountains.

Our common robin was abundant, and a large green parrot, with a red head, attracted our attention in every higher than ordinary clump of pines, but its uncouth squalling was distracting. Does any body know a bird of beautiful and splendid plumage, whose voice is sweet, except the cardinal and other grosbeaks?

The raven is from time to time heard, and seen in pairs, but not one for the hundred that we saw at Buena Vista, and in the low country of Mexico.

A second ascent here commenced, and we followed one of the most extraordinary gorges we had seen, crossing and winding along the banks of a beautiful little stream, till between giant precipices, we had almost a sensation that they might tumble in to fill the gap and crush us; one particularly fine cliff, we judged nine hundred feet above us, and topped off with high towers of nearly white sandstone, its sharp lines broken by a straggling scraggy pine or

cedar from its fissures, was so solemnly grand, that we left it with regret, for the deep shade of a hemlock grove, as fine as grows in the "timber counties" of our own state. On our ride up, we passed white and black ash, wild cherry, two species of pines, and a most beautiful oak, with a heavy leaf, glazed on the top so as to look as rich as the magnolia grandiflora of Louisiana, and but for its trunk and the skeleton of its leaf, it would have puzzled me to ascertain even its genus. Raspberries were abundant, but the fruit was only about half ripe; two species of strawberries, one broad round leaf and our common "tree strawberry" of the prairies of Illinois were abundant. I saw to-day the first water ousel I ever saw alive in America. I could not tell his species, but I was enchanted with the beauty of his movements, as he jerked his wren-shaped body about with all the sprightly activity of that genus, with his whirring flight from stone to stone, and as he suddenly plunged, in the most unnatural manner, into the foaming little torrent, and spreading his wings half open the pinions lowest as he headed up stream he kept at the bottom, and went feeding about in the crevices of the rocks, if not as rapidly, as much at ease as birds usually are in the air. I stayed so long to admire and observe, that poor old Monterey, my horse, had a sharp canter of twenty minutes to overtake the train, which I reached just as it came to a camping ground covered with dwarf huckleberries and a species of plantain, which our mules ate freely, but our horses daintily, so that in the morning we found them scattered farther than usual, and did not make our start for at least an hour after the ordinary time.

Custom brings any one to the enjoyment of what he has, and unprepared as we were when we started on this trip for the rough life we lead, I believe not one murmurs, and the joyous voices of our company ring through the tall pines we are camped in. It is five o'clock, I am writing a few yards apart from the rest, and the quaint remarks and jokes often amuse, and as often distract me. No. 12, a queer mess, contains Rhoades, who has crossed the plains

from Fort Independence to Santa Fé eleven times; Barrat, a wagoner of the Mexican war, and, nobody else being able to live with those two, but a philosopher, Dr. Trask our main stay and truly a good man, but most eccentric in his ways, is their captain. "Scena," misty morning, fire more of smoke than warmth, tent wet, blankets too cold and clammy to lie in, besides the roll had been called an hour since, and it was a sort of disgrace to go back to bed again after muster. Trask: impatiently, "Is them plates clean," Rhoades nonchalant, "To be sure they is, didn't we eat off'em last night." I could not see the Doctor's expression, and I doubt if it would have given any pleasure if I could, but I remembered the old story of a company who crossed many years before us, which said a frying-pan was always clean, as long as any one of the mess could recollect what had been cooked last in it, and presumed the Doctor consoled himself with the same idea.

Mess No. Eleven, contained three, and they were all originals, Pennypecker, from Pennsylvania, six feet two, well shaped and handsome, active, willing and deep in all that a man learns as wagon-master on a two years' campaign in Mexico, and withal so good natured, that as he afterwards told me, he joined the company in order to take care of me; the circumstances of our meeting were accidental.

At the time I was giving money to all the invalids of our unfortunate party, who, unable to proceed on the journey, were about returning; S——d amongst them, came to me, for money to take him back to Orleans. Pennypecker was by when S——d came in, and he heard my answer to the request, "S——d, I have nothing for you, you have brought on your illness by your own dissipations and rascalities, and I cannot give you any thing, you must get home on you own means."—Many months after, in the Tulares valley, as Pennypecker and I rode side by side half a mile behind the company, he related all this to me, winding up with his thoughts at the time he joined us, "when I saw you on States' cot, looking as

if you hadn't any blood in you, I said, poor little devil, you'll catch—before you get through Mexico, but when I heard you giving fits to S——d, I thought I'd go along just to take care of you;" and truly he was one of my most useful and kindest friends, throughout the whole journey.

Mitchell was from Illinois, with a temper as violent as his heart, when once gained was true.

The third and last of this mess, also was a good man; but, as an old Delaware Indian I had with me in Texas, used to say of any one he could not understand; "Mighty good man, ugh, know too much."

Numbers ten, nine and eight, each had good men in them, but many of them were from neighbouring states and did not seem to harmonize exactly with the rest of the company. Number seven, was remarkable in its sterling qualities. John Stevens probably the bravest and firmest of our whole company, in his duties was the only man of us all who never give way to violent outbreaks of temper, and no one ever heard an oath from him; George Van Buren, and Wm. Amslie were of the same stamp, the whole mess was a choice one. Number six, were all from Connecticut, and had their own captain and ideas, and but for a positive determination on my part to be captain of the company or my own master, the company would have been broken up by these Connecticut men. But the circumstances of our greatest trouble happened some days after this, and will be told in their turn.

Number five contained two invalids, if any thing was to be done except cooking, and after many months travelling when we were on an allowance these two used after sometimes almost fighting about it, to have one to divide and the other to choose which plate or side of the frying pan he would have, much to the amusement of the whole party.

Number four was a mess of philosophers, it was to them a matter of equal indifference, whether we had made five or twenty-

five miles a day, whether we had muddy or clear, salt or fresh water to drink, and I believe, had our journey lasted till this day, the same nonchalant character would have been kept up that was then manifested.

Number three was a large mess, and composed of men from Harlem and Manhattanville, except Franklin Carrol, of Baltimore, as fine a fellow as ever undertook such a trip; the rest were christened by Lieutenant Browning "The Hail storm mess," from their go-ahead principles, and contained undoubtedly the wag of the company; his practical jokes never seemed to end, even his horse and mules were from time to time his victims, when after any such exploit, his descriptions of the manner in which he had outwitted his mules, were irresistible. On one occasion, when he and two friends were accidentally separated from the company, having no watch, it was agreed to relieve each other during the guards of the night, by the position of the "dipper" as it went round the north star; the first watch was passed, and our friend and his companion, both still awake, arranged that the latter should stand the first guard and be called two hours after, and so lay down for his rest, but he had scarce given the first snore, when he was awakened in the most furious manner, and with superlative gravity, asked if he intended to lay there snoring like a pig all night; after many regrets that he slept so soundly, up he got, and the wag taking his place in the blankets forgot the trick, slept four hours instead of two, till next morning, and after telling his exploit to the company, was forgiven by his victim for his ingenuity.

Number two, David Hudson was the Captain, the very simple solidity of his name bore the impress of his character, and no man received more justly the respect of the company and his companions, my friends, Robert Layton, Frederick Hews, Henry Bachman and John Bloomfield, all were attached to him and in turn he knew the value of those with him, and many is the time when in our hard travelling, with little or no food and broken down mules, that I

have wished every mess was like that.—One was called the "fancy mess." At first their tent looked as if a party were on a pic-nic excursion, instead of a journey of thirty-eight hundred miles; Havens would have "every thing just so," Sloat would take care of the inward man, and Hinckly had no objections to the modes of either, and as for Charley Valentine, everybody said he was the best natured fellow in the camp; the only fault I found with them was, that it took them a few minutes longer than the rest of us at breakfast and supper, and that sometimes was an annoyance, especially to those on guard who had not satisfied nature's urgent calls and waited for relief.

(Here the original ends)

US 13.5.7

THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 42

COMPRISING

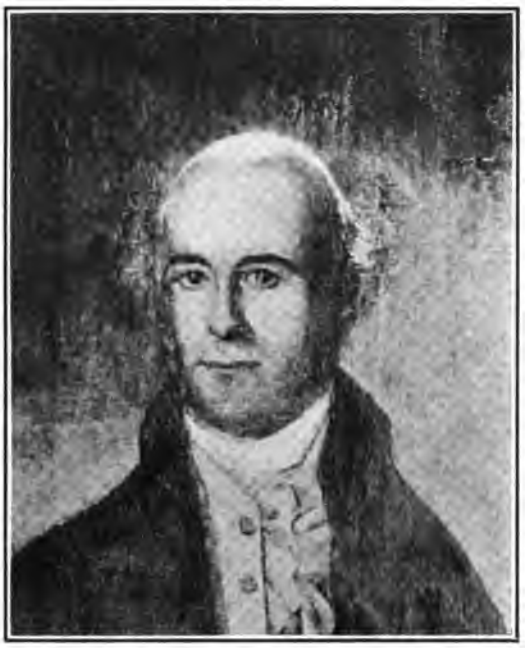
THE JOURNAL OF ISAAC SENTER, M. D., ON A SECRET EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC, 1775.

GENERAL ROGER ENOS . . . . *Horace Edwin Hayden*

WILLIAM ABBATT

TARRYTOWN NEW YORK

1915



I am respectfully yours — J. Sutter

From the original painting owned by Mrs. John Carter Brown, Providence, R. I.

(As near a *fac-simile* possible)

THE

JOURNAL OF ISAAC SENTER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON TO THE TROOPS DETACHED FROM THE AMERICAN ARMY ENCAMPED AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,

ON A SECRET EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC,

UNDER THE COMMAND OF

COL. BENEDICT ARNOLD,

IN SEPTEMBER, 1775.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

1846.

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK

REPRINTED

WILLIAM ABBATT,

1915

Being Extra Number 42 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES.

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1915

Bright.

DR. SENTER AND HIS DESCENDANTS

IT is with great pleasure that I give my readers the fullest account of Dr. Isaac Senter that has yet appeared (or rather, the fullest that is also accurate; for those heretofore printed are full of errors).

Through careful examination of all such, and correspondence with his descendants in Providence and Boston and other persons in New Hampshire, I have compiled the family "tree" which follows: and of the Doctor himself I have to say:

Isaac Senter was born in Londonderry, N. H., in 1753-4-5, according to different "authorities": but as most add that he died at the age of 46, I presume 1753 is the correct date. I have not been able to ascertain anything more definite, nor the names of his parents. He left his native state for Rhode Island at an early age, and began the study of medicine with Dr. Thomas Moffat, a Scotch physician of repute, in Newport, but in 1775 (one "authority" says he began practice in Cranston, before 1775, but as it is glaringly wrong in other details, I doubt it on this point also) joined the Rhode Island troops before Boston, and in September was appointed surgeon to Benedict Arnold's forces, setting out for Quebec—an expedition of which he has left one of the best journals.

At Quebec he was not captured, as stated in most accounts of the siege; but as is proved by his own story, was in attendance at the Recollets' hospital every day—his first patient being Arnold himself. After the return home of the remnant of Arnold's force, he settled in Patuxet (Pawtucket) or Cranston (again the "authorities" differ, but as he was elected in 1778-80, a representative from Cranston to the General Assembly I presume the latter is the true place).

He certainly was a resident there in 1778, for in Arnold's "Vital Records of Rhode Island" occurs this entry: "Dr. Isaac Senter, resident of Cranston, and Betsey Arnold, daughter of Captain Rhodes Arnold of Cranston, were married by Nehemiah Knight, Justice of the Peace, November 8, 1778, in Cranston" (no "authority" mentions his marriage).

In 1780 he removed to Newport, and that was his home for the remainder of his life. His professional reputation must have been grown rapidly: for in 1780 we find him appointed surgeon and physician-general of the State, and afterwards an honorary member of the medical societies of London, Edinburgh and Massachusetts.

He contributed to the medical journals, and his "Remarks on Phthisis Pulmonalis" appeared in the *Transactions* of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, in 1795.

Brown University conferred M.D. on him in 1787, and elected him as a Trustee from 1789 to 1799. Yale gave him M.D. in 1792, and Harvard in 1793, and the Massachusetts Historical Society elected him as a corresponding member, and the American Philosophical Society a full member.

He was the second president of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati, and held the office many years.

In person, he is described as tall, of a firm, dignified and even stately bearing, but of genial and popular manners. In Channing's "Recollections of Newport" we read: "Dr. Senter exerted a sort of enchantment when summoned to a sick-bed; if the case demanded only simples, his smile proved more potent than his prescription."

I regret that the only known portrait of him, owned by his great grand-daughter, Mrs. John Carter Brown of Providence, who has allowed me to photograph and reproduce it, is too much cracked to give an adequate idea of the Doctor's undoubtedly handsome person. His autograph is very rare: I have reproduced the only specimen known to me, owned by the New York Public Library.

Dr. Senter left two *MS.* journals of his experiences—now owned respectively by the Rhode Island Historical Society and Mr. Charles A. Munn, of New York. My two reproductions are made from the latter (which is also the one which was printed by the Pennsylvania Historical Society in 1846), because it is rather fuller than the other, which is probably, as Mr. H. M. Chapin, the R. I. Historical Society's librarian, writes me, "the original notes which Dr. Senter mad eduring the expedition, or possibly a first draft from those notes, which he may have made upon his return home, and that the (Philadelphia) Ms. is probably his second draft, based either on our Ms. or upon his notes written at a later period. This, however, is a supposition."

I regret that I have been unable to obtain any particulars regarding Mrs. Senter: but I am told there is a portrait owned by a descendant, which shows her to have been a very attractive woman.

The list of her children has been variously given by different Rhode Island writers. I have followed the record as given me by Mrs. John Carter Brown, by the Rhode Island and the Newport Historical Societies, from the latter of which I have received various particulars not before published. Her husband died in the prime of life, at Newport, December 20, 1799.

THE SENTER FAMILY

Isaac Senter, *b.* Londonderry, N. H., ——, 1753. *d.* Newport, R. I., December 20, 1799. *m.* Betsey Arnold of Cranston, R. I., November 8, 1778. Mrs. S. died September 5, 1802.

CHILDREN

1 HORACE GATES SENTER, M.D., *b.* 1780. He was mortally wounded at Savannah, Ga., January 12, 1804, in a duel with Barnwell Rhett, a noted duellist, and died January 19.

2 CHARLES CHURCHILL SENTER, *b.* 1782. *d.* at Havana, Cuba, May 12, 1797.

3 ELIZA SENTER, *b.* —
m. Rev. Nathan Bourne Crocker of Providence.

4 EDWARD GIBBON SENTER, M.D., *b.* 1785. *d.* Newport, March 7, 1816.

5 NATHANIEL GREENE SENTER, *b.* —
m. October 4, 1806, at Bristol, R. I., Mary J. Wenwood, of Godfrey. One "authority" says "he was for several years in the East India service."

6 SARAH ANN SENTER, *b.* —
m. Clement L. Hunt, U. S. N. (*d.* 1837).

THE SECOND GENERATION

(*Crocker*)

1 Eliza Antoinette, *b.* —

m. Nathaniel Bloodgood (New York).

2 Sarah S(enter), *b.* —

m. Crawford Allen (Providence).

3 Olivia, *b.* —

m. William Hall (Newport).

4 Isaac S(enter), *b.* —

m. Hepsy Sullivan (Savannah), *d. s. p.*

(*Hunt*)

1 Sarah Ann, *b.* —

m. Butler Price (Philadelphia). (I have not been able to trace her descendants.)

THE THIRD GENERATION

(Bloodgood)

1 Fanny, *b.* —

m. David Duncan (New York).

2 Helen, *b.* —

m. Francis Peabody (Danvers).

3 Horace Seymour, *b.* —

m. Ida Davis (Providence).

(Allen)

1 Crawford, Jr., *b.* —

m. Clara Foster (Providence).

2 Henry Crocker, *b.* —

m. Marguerite DeWolf (Bristol).

3 Anne Crawford, *b.* —

m. John Carter Brown (Providence).

(Hall)

1 Eliza Hall, *b.* —

m. Morris Rutgers Barnewall (New York).

THE FOURTH GENERATION

(*Allen*)

1 Crawford (2d), Jr., *b.* —

2 Churchill S(enter), *b.* —

3 Sarah S(enter), *b.* —

m. Dr. A. W. Calder (Providence).

4 Ella Foster, *b.* —

m. Harris D. Eaton (Calais, Me.).

(*Barnewall*)

1 Eliza, *b.* —

m. Alfred M. Coats (New York).

2 Rutgers, *b.* —

3 Alexander V. R., *b.* —

4 William, *b.* —

(*Duncan*)

1 William B., *b.* —

(*Peabody*)

1 Fannie, *b.* —

m. Rev. Endicott Peabody (Groton, Mass.).

Postscript.

December 1, 1915.

Just after publishing this EXTRA, I received from unexpected sources some additional information regarding Dr. Senter's descendants, and have therefore printed it in this form to make the record as nearly complete as possible.—[ED.]

1. It has proved impossible to determine whether Dr. H. G. Senter was killed by Barnwell Rhett, or John Rutledge, of S. C. (His brother Nathaniel says the latter).

2. Of Dr. E. G. Senter I have been unable to secure any particulars.

3. Of Nathaniel Greene M. Senter I can trace no descendants, nor find the date of his death. He was apparently living as late as 1815, as in that year there was published (at Hallowell, Me.) a pamphlet by himself in which he shows that he was an officer in the British (or East India Co's) service from 1802 to 1805, and subsequently a Captain in the U. S. Army (25th Infantry) 1812-13 and was unjustly suspected of British sympathies.

4. The name of Sarah Ann Senter's husband should be spelled *Huntt*. He was a Paymaster in our Navy.

5. Her daughter, who *m.* R. Butler Price, was Elizabeth, not Sarah Ann.

THE SECOND GENERATION

(Huntt)

1 Fanny *d. s. p.*
2 Elizabeth, *m.* (1842) Richard Butler Price, Phila.
3 Anna Matilda *d. s. p.*
4 Senter *d. s. p.*
5 Virginia, *m.* T. Barclay (Phila.) *d. s. p.*
6 Anna, *m.* W. Cook Siter (Phila.)

THE THIRD GENERATION

(Price)

1 Fanny *d. s. p.*
2 Butler Delaplaine,* *m.* 1866 Clara Agnes Gilmore (Phila.)
3 Ella *d. s. p.*
4 Chandler *d. s. p.*

*After 42 years' service, in 2d Penn. Cav. 1861-65, 4th and 16th U. S. Infantry, 1866-1905 was retired 1905 as Brigadier General.

(Siter)

1 William Arthur
2 Henry, *m.*
3 Virginia *m.* Roger Clark, New York

THE FOURTH GENERATION

(Price)

1 Elizabeth Senter, *m* (1899) Major Carver Howland, U. S. A.
2 Gilmore Delaplaine, *m* (1902) Elizabeth Arnold Whaling
3 Ethel Hunt, *d. y.*—

(Clark)

1 Roger

THE FIFTH GENERATION

(Howland)

1 Joannette

(Price)

1 Mary Gwynne
2 Barbara *d. y.*

EDITOR'S PREFACE

IN the Preface to his remarkably interesting book "*Arnold's Expedition to Quebec,*" the author, Mr. John Codman, 2d, justly says:

"There are several reasons why the Quebec expedition has never been given the place in history which it deserves. The rank and file who returned to tell the tale were few in number, weak in influence and widely scattered. Many of them re-enlisted, and perished during the war. Most of the surviving officers gained a wider reputation by brilliant exploits in more conspicuous fields, and continued to live the active lives which make history but afford little time to write it. Moreover, this was one of the first military movements of importance in the war, and records at that time were not preserved with much care, so that a great deal of valuable information has only recently become accessible, while perhaps still more has been destroyed or lost forever. The young nation was not likely to dwell with pride on the failure of the invasion of Canada, and gladly allowed everything connected with it to fall into oblivion. Doubtless, also, a campaign which was so closely associated with the name of the traitor Arnold, the truthful account of which could not fail to reflect credit on that evil genius, was willingly slighted.

Most of the journals are brief and in the form of diaries * * * the most valuable American are those of Arnold, Senter, and Thayer."

I may add that Dr. Senter's has only once before been published (in 1846) and that in such a form as not to be accessible to the general public. I have added to the present edition some notes

from my edition of Mr. Codman's work, the portrait of Dr. Senter from the same (not found elsewhere) and all the details of his life which I have been able to secure from his descendants, and Rev. Horace E. Hayden's defence of Colonel Enos, taken from the *Magazine of American History* for May 1885.

As a rare item of our Revolutionary history, I believe Dr. Senter's Journal eminently worthy of inclusion in the series of rarities I have published, and which I hope to enlarge by the Diaries of some of his companions.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

THE following journal presents an interesting account of the sufferings and privations which were endured by a detachment of troops under the command of Arnold, on their march from Cambridge to Quebec, in the autumn of the year 1775, by the route of the Kennebec and Chaudière rivers. It is well known that the object of the expedition was to co-operate with the army under the command of General Montgomery, which had previously entered Canada by the way of Lake Champlain, reduced St. John's and Montreal, and was preparing to march against Quebec. When it is recollected that the country through which this detachment then passed was almost entirely a wilderness, affording no resources to the troops, it may be safely asserted that no portion of our Revolutionary history presents more interesting features than the incidents of this expedition. The patient endurance of this small body of men, under the pressure of extraordinary hardships, and the zeal manifested by those who persevered in the undertaking, entitle this part of our annals to a more conspicuous place in history than it has yet obtained. To perpetuate the remembrance of it is the motive which has induced this publication. Many of the facts related by the writer are corroborated in the interesting narrative of the late Judge Henry, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who bore a part in the expedition, and which was published by his family after his decease. Dr. Isaac Senter was a native of Londonderry, in the State of New Hampshire. He was descended from a respectable family, and was born in the year 1753. He studied medicine at Newport, Rhode Island, with Dr. Thomas Moffat, a Scotch physician of eminence. While pursuing his studies, the news of the battle of Lexington arrived. He immediately joined the Rhode Island troops, and accompanied them to the camp of the American army at Cambridge, in the capacity of

surgeon. When the organization of the army took place his appointment was confirmed, and he was ordered to the detachment under Arnold. He retired from the army in the year 1779, and established himself as a physician in the town of Cranston, Rhode Island. About this time he was elected a Representative to the General Assembly from that town, and afterwards appointed Surgeon and Physician General to the State. Subsequently he removed to Newport, where he continued the practice of his profession under the most favorable circumstances, as almost all of the old physicians had either died or emigrated during the war. He became eminent not only as an industrious and successful practitioner, but also as the author of several essays on professional subjects, which appeared in the medical publications of the day, and added greatly to his reputation at home and in Europe. He was elected an honorary member of the Medical and Chirurgical Societies of Edinburgh and London, and an honorary member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. For several years he was President of the Society of the Cincinnati of Rhode Island. In person he was tall and well proportioned, in address dignified and popular. In the height of his reputation and usefulness he was attacked with a disorder, caused by the severity of his professional labors, which terminated his life, to the great regret of his fellow citizens, on the 21st day of December, 1799, at the age of 46 years.

NOTICE

THE desire to possess the autographs and portraits of distinguished individuals has led to discoveries of great value to history and letters, and helped to preserve, particularly in a country where the past has had too little reverence, the materials of history itself. It is not known how, or why the original manuscript Journal of Dr. Senter was left in Philadelphia, nor how it came to the hands of its possessor—its existence became known in consequence of inquiries made by Dr. Lewis Roper, of this city, who wished to add to his collection of autographs a good specimen of the handwriting of General Arnold. It was given to him that he might extract from it an original note of that officer, which the reader will find printed at page 32.* His perception of the value of the Journal induced him to communicate it to the Society by which it is published, with permission to print it. It is now given entire, and some few references have been added, to other collections, which form the scanty materials for a history of events in which the troops of Pennsylvania and Virginia maintained their well-earned reputation for endurance and valor. The circumstances connected with the desertion of the expedition by Colonel Enos, and the return of most of the men of his command, are very little known, and light of some importance is shed on the subject for the first time, it is believed. It is proper to add that the words in brackets [ ] are not in the original manuscript, but have been added to complete the sense wherever omissions were palpable.

Philadelphia, April, 1846.

*In this edition this appears at page 50.

The
Journal of Isaac Senter,

Physician & Surgeon, To an Elect Number of Troops, Detached from his Excellency General WASHINGTON's Army, then Encamp'd at Cambridge N. E. — On a Secret Expedition to the Province of Quebec, Commanded by the Benedict Arnold Esq.r —
September the 13 - 1775 —

— In the first Year of the American War with Great Britain — A.D. 1775

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL TITLE PAGE

(From the MS. Journal of Dr. Senter, by permission of the present owner, Mr. Charles A. Munn, N. Y.)

A JOURNAL, &c.

Cambridge, Tuesday, September 13, 1775.

THE detachment under the command of Commandant Arnold had now been under marching orders from the 11th, during which time most of the troops had quitted this place by different detached parties for the more convenient marching and lodging.

At 5 o'clock, P. M., I left this in company with Mr. Greene (my mate) Mr. Barr, and Mr. Jackson,[1] when we marched, distance from Cambridge, seven miles, on our way to Newbury Port. Came up with some part of the army at this place, and being pretty well tired with seven miles' foot-padding in two hours, we concluded to compose ourselves, though with very indifferent fare.

Wednesday, 14th.—Finding the fleas and other Tory insects not a little free with our property, we thought best to decamp very early this morn, and proceeded as far as Salem, where we dined; from thence to Old Ipswich, where we found very agreeable lodgings, &c. By this time our feet began to be very sensible of our undertaking, and threatened an immediate excoriation; however, being all in the same predicament, afforded a seeming alleviation.

Thursday, 15th.—We renewed our march this morning by sunrise, and continued it till half after one P. M., when we arrived in the town of Newbury, where I, with my company, took lodgings at Mr. Devenport's, an Innholder. The rear of the army was

—Henry's Campaign, p. 16. Meigs' Journal, vol. 2. Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc. p. 227 (2d series).

1. Barr and Jackson were apparently junior assistants. Greene being senior ("mate" is used in all histories of the time, for assistant surgeon).

now coming up, while the transports were fitting with all possible despatch for our reception. This being a very agreeable place, I spent my time in a routine of pleasure; however our residence was only temporary, and all things being ready for our embarcation, we left a most beautiful town and its brave generous inhabitants the 19th.

Tuesday, 19th.—Transports being now in readiness, we were ordered to embark this morning by 9 o'clock. Our fleet consisted of 11 sail of shipping, sloops and schooners, containing, upon an average, 100 troops, as our army consisted of 1,100 men, officers included. Got under way immediately, and all got safe over the bar at the mouth of the river, except one of the transports, which was brought up on the shoals, and detained us till nigh three in the afternoon. Tide making in her favor, she got under way, and enabled us all to proceed to Cenebec R. The vessel I was desired to go on board of was the *Broad Bay*, a topsail schooner, in company of our colonel commandant, Mr. Spring,[2] [the] Chaplain, and a number of other gentlemen, several of which were volunteers of distinction. Our commandant now became Commodore of the Squadron, and after preparing signals and distributing them to each captain of the respective transports, we pushed for Cenebec River. Nothing extraordinary occurred during our passage; had that evening heavy wind with considerable rain, this bringing on a swell, occasioned most of the troops to disgorge themselves of their luxuries so plentifully laid in ere we embarked.

—Henry's Campaign, p. 17. Ten companies of musketmen, and three companies of riflemen. Meigs' Journal vol. 2 (2d ser.) Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc. p. 228. Allen's Journal 1 vol. Coll. Maine Hist. Soc., vol. 1. p. 388, contains a statement of the officers and volunteers of the expedition. Arnold's instructions are to be found in Wash. Writings vol. 3, p. 86.

2. Rev. Samuel Spring died in 1819, at the age of seventy-three. On his return from Quebec he left the army, and was pastor at Newburyport for many years. He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Missionary Society, the Andover Theological Seminary, and the A. B. C. F. M.

The famous pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, N. Y., Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, was his son.

Wednesday 20.—This morning brought the mouth of the Cenebec River in sight half an hour after sunrise. The wind and rain continued exceeding hard, and with much difficulty we entered the river; however, we finally got in and came to an anchor about a mile up the river. Went on shore with the gentlemen, got some fresh beef, &c. Here we waited till five in the afternoon for the other transports to arrive, but being separated the preceding night in the gale of wind, many fell much to leeward. We now proceeded up the river to Parker's flats, where we came to an anchor this night.

Thursday 21.—Several of the transports that were missing came up with us last night, and early this morning. Weighed and proceeded up the river, distance unknown.

Friday 22.—No extraordinary occurrence this day, except our pilot's running us on the shoals, which detained us a considerable time. Passed through a very narrow part of the river which was very rapid, called Hell Gate. Passed Pownalborough[3] ere we arrived at Gardner's Town, where a number of battoes were preparing for our reception after the transports became useless. These were not quite finished. Came to an anchor, where we tarried till the remainder of the transports came up. Two of which were drove to leeward down to Sheeps-Gup[4] River, so called, and came up to us by way of Townsend. The *Broad Bay* now weighed, and proceeded up to Fort Western,[5] leaving a number of men behind to bring up the batteaux.

Saturday 23.—Wind being unfavourable, we were not able to arrive at Fort Western last evening. This morn I quitted the *B. Bay*, and proceeded up the river by land. The distance being only five miles to F. W., though most of the way was destitute of any road. Arrived at F. Western at 10 o'clock in the morning.

3. Pownalborough is Dresden.
4. Sheepscot.
5. Fort Western is now the city of Augusta.

We were now come to a Rapid in the river, beyond which our transports could not pass, nor could they all get up as far as this. Most of them were left at Garden's Town,* where the batteaux were built, and the troops disembarked from them into the batteaux, except those who were obliged to take land carriage. The batteaux were made of green pine boards, which rendered them somewhat heavy. The troops were now coming up to this fast, with the batteaux, provisions, &c. Head Quarters were at Esq. Howard's, an exceeding hospitable, opulent, polite family.

Sunday 24.—Early this morning was called to attend a wounded soldier, who was shot through the body last night by a malicious drunken fellow belonging to the army.[6] The hemorrhage was great inwardly, which soon occasioned his death. From the mouth of Cennebec river to F. Western 46 computed miles.

Monday 25.—This morning search being made for the fellow who was imagined to be the murderer—found and condemned by a courtmartial to hang.† This evening Capt. Morgan marched up the river with a division of the riflemen. The rest of the army had now got very nigh in readiness to march. The number of batteaux were about one hundred. To each of them a select number of batteaux men were ordered, in general about 5 per boat. In these all the provisions were put, tents and camp equipage, &c., all excepting what was necessary for that party who went by land. This number (as nigh as I could guess,) amounted to about 600. Among which watermen I had the honor to command one batteaux, in care of all the medical stores, &c. My mate, Mr. Greene, being sick of a dysentery, was obliged to leave him behind.

*Gardinerstown.

6. James McCormick of Goodrich's Company, killed Sergeant Reuben Bishop, of Williams'. He was sent back to Cambridge under guard, and died in prison on the day set for his execution.

†See Arnold's Letter, Coll. Maine Hist. Soc., vol. 1, p 357, for an account of this occurrence.

Tuesday 26.—This morning at 10, left F. Western in company with Lieut. Col. Greene, Mr. Burr[7] and several other gentlemen, and intrusted [m]y batteaux in the care of my hands. Lodged within five miles of Fort Halifax, at Mr. Hobby's; nothing material transpiring this day. All the army was in motion by land and water, though somewhat scattering, the better to facilitate our march.

Wednesday 27.—Quit our lodgings at 10 in the morn, and arrived at Fort Halifax at 12. This appeared a very pleasant prospect; some few inhabitants, though not many, are settled round this place. Was invited by Mr. Howard, an inhabitant who lived up a small river which emptied into Cennebec, close by the fort, forming a point between the two rivers which the fort stood upon. According to invitation went up the little river called Sabasticuck, distance from the fort four miles. From Fort Western to Fort Halifax, 18 computed miles. At this time several of our army were much troubled with the dysentery, diarrhea, &c.

Thursday 28.—This morning I returned to the fort from my lodgings up the little river, but finding the rear of the army not yet arrived, I betook myself back to my last night's lodging, where I fared exceeding well. Col. Arnold was now in the rear of the army.

Friday 29.—In search of the army I again came down to the fort, but the rear not coming up, I returned again to my hospitable lodgings. During all this time the batteaux were coming up and going over the falls. These falls are called Tacunnick.[8] The rapid water is the distance of about half a mile, past which all our batteaux, camp equipage, &c., was carried by hand. By this time several of our batteaux began to leak profusely, [being] made of green pine, and that in the most slight manner. Water being

7. Aaron Burr.
8. Ticonic Falls.

shoal and rocks plenty, with a very swift current most of the way, soon ground out many of the bottoms.

Saturday 30.—Ere this my batteaux had arrived at the fort, in such a shattered condition that I was obliged to purchase another, or not proceed by water without destroying my medicines, stores, &c. I purchased a more portable well-built one, seasoned &c., fit for the business, for which I gave four dollars. This day I received orders to proceed, as the rear of the army had arrived at the fort. I accordingly engaged Mr. Howard's team, put my bark, freight, &c., on board his cart, and carried it from his house over across the land to Cenebec.

Sunday, Oct. 1.—I was now seven miles above Fort Halifax, and for the first time encamped upon the ground, the last evening. Morgan's division were still forward. Here in my little rural hut I received orders this morning to tarry till Col. Enos' division came up. Col. Greene commanded one battalion and Col. Enos the other, both Lieut. Cols. Boats were now continually passing by us when I impatiently waited the coming of the last division. My boat's crew consisted of three Englishmen, sailors, one old Swiss, and a young Scotchman, a deserter from the British army at Boston; as indeed all the rest were deserters from them at different places. This day I spent in marching up and down the river to see the progress of the army passing the rapids. The river for about two miles was exceeding swift, water shoal, &c. Every batteaux crew were obliged to take to the water. Some to the painter, and others heaving at the stern. In these rapids the water was in general waistband high. With their united efforts, the stream was so violent as many times to drive them back after ten or twelve fruitless attempts in pulling and heaving with the whole boat's crew.*

Monday 2.—Yet was I in possession of my little hut, waiting for the rear division. When an express came from up the river

*Henry's campaign, p. 31.

about nine miles in quest of my going to see a sick soldier. Upon which I concluded to quit my habitation and proceed up along. Rapids obliged us to fall short about 4 miles, where we lodged at one McCrackt's.

Tuesday 3.—Proceeded early this morning up to my patient; found him at one Mr. Howard's, where were numbers of the army. The water now grew very rapid, three miles above was the falls called by the name of Wassarunskieg. Ere we came to these falls the river formed an elbow, across which there was a carrying place.

This I passed over, to view the falls, though did not move my baggage, &c., till next day. The rear division was still behind.

Wednesday 4.—As the rapids afforded but a tedious route of three miles by water round, I chose rather to take the advantage of the carrying places which was two and a half miles only; accordingly I had boat and baggage carried over by land to the foot of the falls, where we were obliged to put in and cross over the opposite side, ere we could carry by the falls. These were a very high water fall, and exceeding difficult carrying by. After backing all the boats, provisions, camp equipage, &c., over, we again advanced up the river. Not far had we advanced ere we came to a fall called Scunkhegon.[9] With a great deal of difficulty we passed this, but not without coming very nigh losing one of my hands. After passing these, I proceeded about half a mile and tented.

Thursday 5.—We were now within about four and a half miles of Norrigewalk,[10] where I left the charge of my batteaux to my lads, and proceeded up the river by land till within about half a mile, where I contracted with a couple of savages who followed the army, to take charge of the boat, in consequence of the water growing exceeding rapid. They conducted her safe to the foot of the Norrigewalk fall, where they were (that is the batteauxs) all

9. Skowhegan Falls.
10. Norridgewock.

haul'd up. We had now a number of teams employed in conveying the batteaux, provisions, camp equipage, &c., over this carrying place. By this time, many of our batteaux were nothing but wrecks, some stove to pieces, &c. The carpenters were employed in repairing them, while the rest of the army were busy in carrying over the provisions, &c. A quantity of dry codfish by this time was received, as likewise a number of barrels of dry bread. The fish lying loose in the batteaux, and being continually washed with the fresh water running into the batteaux. The bread casks not being water-proof, admitted the water in plenty, swelled the bread, burst the casks, as well as soured the whole bread. The same fate attended a number of fine casks of peas. These with the others were condemned. We were now curtailed of a very valuable and large part of our provisions, ere we had entered the wilderness, or left the inhabitants. Our fare was now reduced to salt pork and flour. Beef we had once now and then, when we could purchase a fat creature, but that was seldom. A few barrels of salt beef remained on hand, but of so indifferent quality as scarce to be eaten, being killed in the heat of summer [it] took much damage after salting, that rendered it not only very unwholesome, but very unpalatable.

Friday, 6th—Several of our army continued to be troubled with the dysentery, of which disease Capt. Williams, a gentleman from Connecticut, came nigh to lose his life. Continued getting over provisions, &c. Weather mostly cloudy and considerable reign.

Saturday, 7th.—We were still at Norrigewalk, where was now most of the army. By a council of the officers, it was thought advisable to send letters into Quebec, informing some gentlemen of that city of our movements, &c. After the despatches were wrote it was concluded to send one Mr. Jackquith, inhabitant of this river and native of Germany, who spoke the French language,

in company with two Penobscot Indians, by name Sabattis and Enneos,* who were well acquainted with the wilderness through, as well as the inhabitants of the country where they were going. Accordingly they were dispatched in a bark canoe, taking a sufficient quantity of provisions for the purpose.

Sunday, 8th.—Our provisions were now all over, and had it not been for the inclemency of the weather, we should [have] decampt. No occurrences of note this day.

Monday. 9th.—Early this morn we were all in motion, and bid good bye to old Norrigewalk. I ordered my lads on board of the batteaux, and took foot bail. We proceeded up the river to the 7 mile stream, so called, which was about six miles from our last stage. Swift current—made but poor speed—exceeding load. After coming to the 7 mile stream, I betook myself to my boat, and continued our progress about three miles further, where we encamped. Much indisposed this day.

Tuesday, 10th.—We were under way early this morning. Sometimes was in my boat, at others on the land. Arrived at the very high waterfall called Caratuncah,[11] between 2 and 3 o'clock P. M. Thirteen miles from Norrigewalk. Past these by land carriage; only about forty-six rood. Then came to our encampment a mile above them. Rapid water all this day, with exceeding fine soil and a beautiful growth of timber.

Wednesday, 11th.—Decamped at our usual time, viz., at the rising sun. Continued my march mostly by land this day. The water still continued very rapid. Our army were now scattered up and down the road at the distance of ten or twelve miles. At 7 in the evening we quit the water and with the greatest difficulty

*Henry's Campaign, p. 32 to 35.

—Arnold's Journ., p. 211; Knapp's Life of Burr. The letter is to be found, 1 Maine Hist. Soc. Coll., p. 359. The person to whom it was addressed delivered it to the Lieut. Governor, and the English had notice of the approach of the Americans.

11. Carritunk Falls.

procured a fire. Sprung our tents and made an exceeding luxurious bed with the blue-joint grass, which this river land produces in great plenty, not less than five or six feet high.

Thursday, 12th.—Our next stage we had in view was the Great Carrying Place[12] where with the greatest difficulty we arrived half after four P. M. The distance of this day's march we judged at twelve miles. The water mostly very rapid. Here I found most of the army, who had chiefly crossed the carrying place. We were now three days' march into the wilderness, from any improvements whatsoever. I left my lads in care of my boat, baggage &c., and proceeded over the land in quest of our Commander. Came to the first pond or lake, and found he had crossed that. I then continued my course after him, when I found him encamped just over the lake, and found he had crossed that. I then continued my course after him, where I continued with him that night.

Friday, 13th.—This morning returned immediately back to my boat, and only got part of my baggage over. The pioneers, who had made the road as it was through the woods to the first pond, were now gone forward in their business. Brought over part of my things, where I took up my lodgings again at the same place as last night.

Saturday, 14th.—Returned again to my boat, and continued carrying over the remainder with all possible speed. The army was now much fatigued, being obliged to carry all the batteaux, barrels of provisions, warlike stores, &c., over on their backs through a most terrible piece of woods conceivable. Sometimes in the mud knee-deep, then over ledgy hills, &c. The distance was three and three-quarter miles. Was obliged to encamp between the river and pond, not being able to get quite over with the last load†

12. The Twelve Mile Carrying-Place; really four distinct portages.
†Arnold's Journ., p. 213 Knapp's Life of Burr.

Sunday, 15th.—This day I got over all my affairs to the second portage, where I was obliged to tarry till the rear of the army came up. Many of us were now in a sad plight with the diarrhea. Our water was of the worst quality. The lake was low, surrounded with mountains, situate in a low morass. Water was quite yellow. With this we were obliged not only to do all our cooking, but use it as our constant drink. Nor would a little of it suffice, as we were obliged to eat our meat exceeding salt. This with our constant fatigue called for large quantities of drink. No sooner had it got down than it was puked up by many of the poor fellows.

Monday, 16th.—We now found it necessary to erect a building for the reception of our sick, who had now increased to a very formidable number, A block house was erected and christened by the name of Arnold's Hospital, and no sooner finished than filled. Not far from this was a small bush hut provisionally constructed by Morgan's division of riflemen, who were gone forward. In this they left a young gentleman by name Irvin,[13] a native of Pennsylvania, brought up a physician in that city,* and serving as an ensign in the company under Capt. Morgan. The case of this young gentleman was truly deplorable. In the first of our march from Cambridge, he was tormented with a disentery, for which he never paid any medical attention. When he came to wading in the water every day, then lodging on the ground at night, it kept him in a most violent rheumatism I ever saw, not able to help himself any more than a new-born infant, every joint in his extremities inflexible and swelled to an enormous size. Much in the same condition was Mr. Jackson of the same company, and Mr. Greene, my mate. The last of whom was left at Fort Western. All these three gentlemen were afflicted with the same disease during the beginning of our march, nor would arguments prevail

13. Matthew Irvine, of Pennsylvania, Surgeon's mate of Thompson's Rifles. He appears as an ensign in Morgan's Company, and was afterwards Surgeon of Lee's Dragoons.

*Sic, orig.

on them to use any medicine. Flattered as they were that nature would relieve them, yet they for once were mistaken.

Tuesday, 17th.—By this, the remainder of the army had now come up, in consequence of which I quit my hospital business and proceeded with them where I left poor Dr. Irvin, with all the necessaries of life I could impart to him. He was allowed 4 men of his company to wait upon him, but as they'd nothing to do with, they could be of little service, except keeping him a good fire, turning him when weary, &c. His situation was most wretched, overrun with vermin, unable to help [himself] in the least thing, attended constantly with the most violent pain. And in fine, laboured under every inconvenience possible.

Wednesday, 18th.—In our course yesterday we had got to the third pond, where we encamped, and early this morning we pursued the army and crossed the third and last pond. These abound with excellent large trout in great plenty, of which we caught several, which was no small help to us. This day Major Bigelow with 27 men returned from an advanced party in quest of provisions, and informed us that they were destitute in the front. Crossed this lake, leaving my boat, &c., behind. This was a very beautiful situation for the wilderness, a large mountain bordering boldly on the N. W., with more at a greater distance in the South, and S. W. The computed distance over this lake was four miles.

Thursday, 19th.—The rear of the army were now busily engaged in coming up,* and crossing this lake. Maj. Bigelow returned to the front with obtaining only a sufficiency to reconcile the foremost detachment, till the rear could get up with them. After getting my boat, baggage, &c., to this great carrying place, which was late in the afternoon, I with my lads took a load and went over in search of a small rivulet which would conduct us to

*Henry's campaign, p. 58.

the Dead River. This river is so called from its almost seeming stagnant water. This carrying place was four miles, as computed, two and a half miles of which ascending till we rose to a great height, then a sudden descent into a tedious spruce and cedar swamp, bog mire half knee-high, which completed the other mile and half. Not being able to bring the whole of my equipage over this day, I sent my lads back to the remainder and continued at the small rivulet myself, making the [best] harbor possible under the lee of my batteau, without any other covering although [in] a severe rain storm. This was a small serpentine, coming undoubtedly out of some heighth of land we had just passed, running a northerly course. Much deeper than wide, in most places the width did not exceed twelve feet. Surrounded with low meadow whose grass was very plenty.

Friday, 20th.—My lads with the remainder of the baggage arrived early this morning. I crawled out from under my topsy-turned boat, ordered her launched, and boarded, proceeding down our water labyrinth into the Dead River, which was distant from this about three quarters of a mile. Still continued to rain exceeding hard. I had almost forgot to mention the sufferings of a poor ox, who had continued the march with us, through all our difficulty to this day. He was drove by two men whose business it was to get him along as fast as the army marched. That whenever we came to a pond or lake he was drove round it. Rivers and small streams he swam and forded without any difficulty. Being in the front of the army, he was ordered to fall a victim two miles up the Dead River, and each man to receive a pound as they passed. This was a very agreeable repast, as we had been principally upon salt for twelve days, and that scanty. After drawing the rations for myself and boats' crews, we proceeded up a small distance; sprung our tent upon the bank and went to cooking. As the storm of rain and wind continued to increase, and being forward of the main body of the army, I concluded to fix there for the

day. In the meantime we prepared our fishing apparatus and made search for the trout, which we found in plenty of a large size, and excellent quality. With these we made a most luxurious supper, having received a few potatoes and carrots which I procured of my benefactor, Mr. Howard, up the little river Sebasticuck aforesaid, and to complete the dish, I was obliged to draw forth my small butter-box containing about half a dozen pounds, which I kept closely concealed in my medicine chest, anticipating in some measure the condition were coming to. Many of the army passed us this day.

Saturday, 21st.—Found it necessary this morning to decamp as early as possible. Wind S. S. W. The storm had increased excessively, and had now raised the river to a quick running current.* However, all made very good way against it, and as the storm and stream augmented, we thought it best not to quit the boat for any repast till we put up for the night. Carried by one waterfall only this day. The wind increased to an almost hurricane the latter part of the day. The trees tumbling on all quarters that rendered our passage, not only exceeding difficult, but very dangerous. At sunset we arrived at the encampment of Col. Greene and his division, who were waiting for provisions ere they could proceed. As the wind continued very heavy, the danger of encamping among the trees was thought great. However, we selected the most open place we could find, and then pitched our tent, and with a great deal of difficulty procured a fire by about [8] in the evening, which however was of little use to us, as not desiring to be in the tent on account of the continued fall of trees. Storm abated about 12 o'clock, and the weather became fair, after which I obtained a little rest, though in *Balneum Frigidum.*†

Sunday, 22d.—We were in motion this morning by light. Several of our batteaux were now under water almost out of sight,

*Arnold's Journal, Knapp's Life of Burr, p. 215.

†A cold bath.

in consequence of the river's rising. From a Dead river it had now become live enough. The rise of the water in this storm was computed at 10 feet. This sudden alteration in the river not only impeded our water carriage, but rendered the marching of the party by land of the utmost difficulty, as the river was no longer confined to her banks, but extended in many low, flat places, a mile or more each way upon the upland. Added to this, all the small rivulets (and they were not few) were swelled to an enormous size, as obliged the land party to trace them up for many miles till a narrow part offered, and then could only cross by felling large trees over them. This day for the first time I was obliged to come on half-allowance, as the advanced party had been for several days. Our progression was exceeding gradual on account of the rapidity of the waters, that in many places we could only advance by one lying on the bow of the boat, pulling with his hands by the small bushes, while others proceeded upon the bank, holding on by the painter. Lieut. Humphreys with his whole boat's crew were overturned, lost everything except their lives, with which they escaped very unexpectedly.

Monday, 23d.—The number of batteaux were now much decreased. Some stove to pieces against the banks, while others became so excessive leaky as obliged us to condemn them. This increased our number by load, as well as their burdens. In this situation we exerted every nerve to the best advantage possible, so as not to lose a minute of daylight. The better to faciliate this salutary measure, we were ordered to cook our small pittance every night, to last us through the day, and this in the most frugal manner by boiling only. Passed two water-falls where we were obliged to cut roads and carry by land, of about twenty roads each. Several of our men were excessively exhausted with the diarrhea.

Tuesday, 24th.—Approaching necessity now obliged us to double our diligence. Three miles only had we proceeded ere we came to a troublesome water-fall in the river, distant half a mile. Not

more than the last mentioned distance before we were brought up by another, distance the same. As the number of falls increased, the water became consequently more rapid. The heights of land upon each side of the river which had hitherto been inconsiderable, now became prodigiously mountainous, closing as it were up the river with an aspect of an immense heighth. The river was now become very narrow, and such a horrid current as rendered it impossible to proceed in any other method than by hauling the batteaux up by the bushes, painters, &c. Here we met several boats returning loaded with invalids, and lamentable stories of the inaccessibleness of the river, and the impracticability of any further progress into the country. Among which was Mr. Jackson before mentioned, complaining of the gout most severely, joined to all the terrors of approaching famine. I was now exhorted in the most pathetic terms to return, on pain of famishing upon contrary conduct, and the army were all returning except a few who were many miles forward with Col. Arnold. However his elocution did not prevail, I therefore bid him adieu and proceeded. Not far had I proceeded before I discovered several wrecks of batteaux belonging to the front division of riflemen, &c., with an increased velocity of the water. A direful howling wilderness, not describable. With much labour and difficulty I arrived with the principal part of my baggage (leaving the batteaux made fast) to the encampment. Two miles from thence I met the informants last mentioned, where were Col. Greene's division, &c., waiting for the remainder of the army to come up, that they might get some provisions, ere they advanced any further. Upon enquiry I found them almost destitute of any eatable whatever, except a few *candles*, which were used for supper, and breakfast the next morning, by boiling them in water gruel, &c.

Wednesday, 25.—Every prospect of distress now came thundering on with a two fold rapidity. A storm of snow had covered the ground of nigh six inches deep, attended with very severe

weather. We now waited in anxious expectation for Col. Enos' division to come up, in order that we might have a recruit of provisions ere we could start off the ground. An express was ordered both up and down the river, the one up the river in quest of Col. Arnold, that he might be informed of the state of the army, many of whom were now entirely destitute of any sustenance. The Col. had left previous orders* for the two divisions, viz: Greene's and Enos' to come to an adjustment of the provisions—send back any who were indisposed, either in body or mind, and pursue him with the others immediately. The other express went down the river to desire Col. Enos and officers to attend in consultation. They accordingly came up before noon, when a council of war was ordered. Here sat a number of grimacers—melancholy aspects who had been preaching to their men the doctrine of impenetrability and non-perseverance. Col. Enos in the chair. The matter was debated upon the expediency of proceeding on for Quebec. The party against going urging the impossibility, averring the whole provisions, when averaged, would not support the army five days.

The arrangements of men and provisions being made at Fort Western, in such a manner as to proceed with the greater expedition. For this end it was thought necessary that Capt. Morgan's company with a few pioneers should advance in the first division, Col. Greene's in the second, and Enos, with Capt. Colbourn's company of artificers, to bring up the rear. The advantage of the arrangement was very conspicuous, as the rear division would not only have the roads cut, rivers cleared passible for boats, &c., but stages or encampments formed and the bough huts remaining for the rear. The men being thus arranged, the provisions were distributed according to the supposed difficulty or facility attending the different dispositions. Many of the first companies took only two or three barrels of flour with several of bread, most in a

*Arnold's Journal, Knapp's Life of Burr, p. 217. Henry's campaign.

small proportion. While the companies in the last division had not less than fourteen of flour and ten of bread. The bread as mentioned before, was condemned in consequence of the leaky casks, therefore the proportion of bread being much greater in the first division, their loss was consequently the greater. These hints being premised, I now proceed to the determination of the council of war. After debating upon the state of the army with respect to provisions, there was found very little in the division then encamped at the falls (which I shall name *Hydrophobus.*) The other companies not being come up, either through fear that they should be obliged to come to a divider, or to shew their disapprobation of proceeding any further. The question being put whether all to return, or only part, the majority were for part only returning. Part only of the officers of those detachments were in this council. The number and opinions of those present were as follows:

For proceeding.	*For returning.*
Lieut. Col. Greene,	Capt. Williams,
Major Bigelow,	——McCobb,
Capt. Topham,	——Scott,
——Thayer,	Adjutant Hide,
——Ward,	Lieut. Peters.
Lieut. Col. Enos.	

According to Col. Arnold's recommendation the invalids were allowed to return, as also the timorous. One batteau only for each company to proceed, in order to carry the military stores, medicines, &c. Expresses returned, but no word from Col. Arnold, as he was now in the advanced part of Morgan's division, equipped in the best manner to go in to the inhabitants as soon as possible. He carried no other stores except a small quantity of specie, attended with a good pilot in a British canoe, hands sufficient to carry every thing over the various carrying places, and proceeded by water with great expedition. But to return: the

officers who were for going forward requested a division of the provisions, and that it was necessary they should have the far greater quantity in proportion to the number of men, as the supposed distance that they had to go ere they arrived into the inhabitants was greater than what they had come, after leaving the Cenebec inhabitants. To this the returning party (being predetermined) would not consent, alledging that they would either go back with what provisions they had, or if they must go forward they'd not impart any. Col. Enos though [he] voted for proceeding, yet had undoubtedly pre-engaged to the contrary, as every action demonstrated. To compel them to a just division we were not in a situation, as being the weakest party. Expostulations and entreaties had hitherto been fruitless. Col. Enos, who more immediately commanded the division of *returners*, was called upon to give positive orders for a small quantity, if no more. He replied that his men were out of his power, and that they had determined to keep their possessed quantity whether they went back or forward. They finally concluded to spare [us] 2½ barrels of flour, if determined to pursue our destination; adding that we never should be able to bring [in] any inhabitants. Thus circumstanced, we were left the alternative of accepting their small pittance, and proceed or return. The former was adopted, with a determined resolution to go through or die. Received it, put it on board of our boats, quit the few tents we were in possession of, with all other camp equipage, took each man to his duds on his back, bid them adieu, and away—passed the river, passed over falls and encamped.

Thursday, 26th.—We were now within 154 computed miles of the Canadian inhabitants; every man made the best of his way to the Chaudière pond, the place of rendezvous for all the forward party except Col. Arnold. Passed three carrying places on the river. Passed over several rocky mountains and monstrous precipices, to appearance inaccessible; fired with more than Hanni-

balian enthusiasm, American Alps, nor Pyrenees were obstacles. Passed a pond which the river ran through, lodged on a promontory of another. Only Jack Wright was in company. Came to us in the night Maj. Ogden, volunteer, who being lost spied our fire, and came on shore in his boat in which were military stores, &c.

Friday, 27th.—Our bill of fare for last night and this morning consisted of the jawbone of a swine destitute of any covering. This we boiled in a quantity of water, that with a little thickening constituted our sumptuous eating.* For covering, the atmosphere only, except a blanket. Took the first advantage of the morning twilight, and proceeded over the pond in the boat with Mr. Ogden, and with much difficulty found the river where it emptied into this pond. It was now [so] very small, serpentine and intricate that it soon induced me to quit the boat for the land carriage, which to my grief soon found more perplexing. The detachment who were before us had chiefly marched by land. I therefore concluded to take a course by the river which I thought would certainly bring me upon it. But alas, to no purpose. After wandering upon an easterly course for half the day, I took a W. S. W. one, and in the afternoon accidentally hit upon the [t] rack scarcely perceptible. Pursued this river till it was reduced to nothing more than a small brook, incapable of floating the batteaux any further in this. I came up with some of the advanced party, who were making ready to quit the stream and carry over to the pond or small lake, N. W. course. Passed over four ponds this day, the last of which was a beautiful one upon the Height of Land or Apallachian mountains, from where the Dead River takes its rise. This same Dead river is only a continuation of Cenebec, or at least one branch of it. So that when we quit the Cenebec at the great carrying place, we left the river to the northward and eastward, crossing an elbow of land, and thereby miss-

*Henry's campaign, p. 63.

ing about 18 miles of the river Cenebec, said to be but little else but continued falls and rapids, as undoubtedly is the case, as the land was an almost endless ascent during our whole march from lake to lake, till arrived to the fall which led us to the Dead river. I return [ed] to our camp. After crossing the last lake, we carried our baggage over a mountain of about 2½ miles ascent; from this chain of mountains proceeds the chief of the streams of any considerable note in New England, and falling into the Atlantic Ocean. All the streams rising from the westermost and the northermost side of these mountains fall into the river St. Lawrence, and lakes which empty themselves therein. The distance of our last carrying place was 4½ miles. We were now in quest of a small stream called the Seven Mile stream. This from its course seemed to proceed from a chain of mountains just mentioned, a little to the southward of where we crossed them, and emptied itself into the Chaudière or Amagunta* lake, after running about 7 miles from the place where we fell in with it. Our provisions were now a [so] very inconsiderable part of our burthen, that we got over this portage much easier than when they were plenty. At 4 o'clock, P. M. we arrived at this small but beautiful stream, whose course was about N. E. and by N. Here were waiting Capt. Morgan with all the advanced party, saving Col. Arnold, &c. This place was not a little delightsome, considering its situation in the midst of an amazing wilderness, unfrequented by any except the savages, and them rarely. This stream is environed all along for a very considerable distance on the south side by fine meadows. Joint grass, to a very great growth, seemed the natural, and indeed the only production of the soil, except a very few large elms scattered up and down it. Here were also fine trout.

Saturday, 28th.—Were now waiting for the rear of our little detachment to come up, in order to all proceed from this together. Last night imagined that a smoke was discovered to the westward

*Ammaguntic.

of us, in consequence of which a scouting party were ordered out for examination, but no discovery could be made of any enemy. A letter per express from General Arnold, at 4 o'clock, P. M., requesting as speedy a procedure as possible. That one of his expresses (Jackquith,) had returned from the Canadian inhabitants, informing of their amicable disposition towards us, that he had received their pledge of friendship in a loaf of bread, &c. By this time our men were all arrived, embodied, and the glad tidings promulgated among them, to the unspeakable joy of the whole camp. In consequence of this news we were ordered to be in motion immediately.. The provisions were ordered into one fund, in order that every man might be acquainted with what he had to depend upon to carry him into the inhabitants, computed at about a hundred miles. Upon a division of the provisions there [were] five pints per man. Pork, though the only meat, was not properly divisible, as the whole amount would not have been an ounce per man. The officers in general were generous enough to dispense with [it] for the better satisfaction and encouragement of the soldiers. Decamped this evening and marched a mile and a half.

Sunday, 29th.—Not less than 14 days had our detachment been upon half allowance ere yesterday's division took place. That several of the men devoured the whole of their flour the last evening, determined (as they expressed it,) to have a full meal, letting the morrow look out for itself. The ground being overflowed with water before the little stream emptied into the Chaudière, it was thought best by the majority to go to the southeast of the stream upon the higher land and so pass round the lake; however, there were three or four companies proceeded down the stream as far as they could, then leaving it to the southward, and taking the north-westerly shore round the lake. While Col. Greene and most of his officers including myself took our course N. E. and by E. for the Chaudière. Deluded by a pretended pilot, we found our error ere night closed upon us.

From the first appearance of daylight this morn we picked up our small affairs and beat a march. Not long had we marched this course before we came into a spruce and cedar swamp and arrived at a small pond at 11 o'clock, through the most execrable bogmire, impenetrable *Pluxus* of shrubs, imaginable. This pond we pursued till coming to an outlet rivulet, we followed to a lake much larger than the first, and notwithstanding the most confident assertions of our pilot, we pursued this pond the most of the day, but no Chaudière. We did not reach out of the spruce and cedar territory this day, but was obliged to encamp in the swamp, as we thought within half a mile of the Chaudière River, (a river, so called from its making out of the great Chaudière Lake,) which, according to Montezare's[14] map, we were sure to find the way into the country without difficulty, leading us directly to the river St. Lawrence. This day's march was computed at eighteen miles. Capt. Morgan's company, with seven batteaux, followed the 7 mile stream, with a purpose of passing the south lake, which they effected. These old woodsmen had resolutely persevered in carrying that number of boats over the mountains, with an intent to still preserve a certain quantity of the military stores, which by no other means could be conveyed any further than the Chaudière.

Monday, 30th.—Cooking being very much out of fashion, we had little else to do than march as quick as light permitted; half an hour only brought us to a water which we imagined to be a creek formed by the lake; laid our course more southwardly, endeavouring to go round it, but three miles' march evinced our mistake; our creek proved to be a river of four rods wide. The depth and width of this river rendered it unfordable, nor [was] it possible to form a bridge, as nothing of any bigness grew on its banks. It was now conjectured this river made out of the Allegeny chain of mountains, which we had therefore the marching round it impracticable. We therefore concluded to proceed up it

14. The map made by Col. John Montresor, of the British Army.

till it was fordable. We had not gone far before we came to a place about four feet deep, which we immediately forded, although much frozen on each side. This *Balneum Frigidum* served to exercise our motion in order to keep from freezing. Our main course was W. N. W., and only varied to escape the bogs, mountains, small ponds, water streams, &c., of which we met with many. This was the third day we had been in search of the Chaudière, who were only seven computed miles distant the 28th inst. Nor were we possessed of any certainty that our course would bring us either to the lake or river, not knowing the point it lay from where we started. However we came to a resolution to continue it. In this state of uncertainty we wandered through hideous swamps and mountainous precipices, with the conjoint addition of cold, wet and hunger, not to mention our fatigue—with the terrible apprehension of famishing in this desert. The pretended pilot was not less frightened than many of the rest; added to that the severe execrations he received from the front of the army to the rear, made his office not a little disagreeable. Several of the men towards evening were ready to give up any thoughts of ever arriving at the desired haven. Hunger and fatigue had so much the ascendancy over many of the poor fellows, added to their despair of arrival, that some of them were left in the river, nor were heard of afterwards. In turn with Col. Greene, I carried the compass the greater part of this day. In this condition we proceeded with as little knowledge of where we were or where we should get to, as if we had been in the unknown interior of Africa, or the deserts of Arabia. Just as the sun was departing, we brought a pond or lake, which finally proved to be Chaudière, and soon the small footpath made by the other division of the army, whose choice turned to their account. Our arrival here was succeeded with three huzzas, and then came to our encampment.

Tuesday, 31.—The appearance of daylight roused us as usual, and we had advanced with all possible speed till about 11 o'clock,

ere we saw the Chaudière river, which we last night imagined within a mile. Animated afresh with the sight of a stream, which we very well knew would conduct us into the inhabitants if our strength continued, we proceeded with renewed vigour. The emptying of the Chaudière is beautiful, and formed a very agreeable ascent, though the stream is somewhat rapid. The land was now much descending, yet very difficult travelling. The spruce, cedar and hemlock were the chief growth of the earth, and these were in tolerable plenty, almost impenetrably so in many places. We now began to discover the wrecked batteaux of those who conducted the ammunition, &c. These were seven in number, who followed the seven mile stream into the Chaudière lake, river, &c., and soon came to an encampment, where I found Capt. Morgan and most of the boatmen who were wrecked upon a fall in the river, losing every thing except their lives, which they all saved by swimming, except one of Morgan's riflemen. This was the first man drowned in all the dangers we were exposed to, and the third [lost] by casualties, except some lost in the wilderness, the number unknown. At this encampment was Lieut. McCleland,[15] of Morgan's company, almost expiring with a violent *peripneumonia.* Necessaries were distributed as much as possible, with two lads of the company in charge of him.* Nor was this poor fellow the only one left sick upon this river. Life depending upon a vigorous push for the inhabitants, and that did not admit of any stay for any person; nor could the two lads have been prevailed upon had not provisions been dealt out sufficient to conduct them to the inhabitants, with the promising to send them relief as soon as possible from the settlements. In this general wreck my medicine box suffered the fate of the rest, with a set of capital instruments, &c. Though little was to be feared from either my chirurgical apparatus or physical portions, I had, however, a few necessaries in that way in my knapsack, &c., with a lancet in my

15. Lieut. McClelland reached Sartigan, but died and was buried there.
*Henry's Campaign, p. 68.

pocket, which enabled me at least to comply with the Sangradoine method. Continued our march about five miles further.

Wednesday, Nov. 1st.—Our greatest luxuries now consisted in a little water, stiffened with flour, in imitation of shoemakers' paste, which was christened with the name of Lillipu. Instead of the diarrhea, which tried our men most shockingly in the former part of our march, the reverse was now the complaint, which continued for many days. We had now arrived as we thought to almost the zenith of distress. Several had been entirely destitute of either meat or bread for many days. These chiefly consisted of those who devoured their provision immediately, and a number who were in the boats. The voracious disposition many of us had now arrived at, rendered almost any thing admissible. Clean and unclean were forms now little in use. In company was a poor dog, [who had] hitherto lived through all the tribulations, became a prey for the sustenance of the assassinators. This poor animal was instantly devoured, without leaving any vestige of the sacrifice. Nor did the shaving soap, pomatum, and even the lip salve, leather of their shoes, cartridge boxes, &c., share any better fate; passed several poor fellows, truly commiserating [them.]

Tuesday, 2d.—Long ere this necessity had obliged us to dismiss all our encamping equipage, excepting a small light tin kettle among a number; but nothing to cut our wood, &c. According to our strength and spirits, we were scattered up and down the river at the distance of perhaps twenty miles. Not more than eight miles had we marched, when a vision of horned cattle, four-footed beasts, &c., rode and drove by animals resembling Plato's two footed featherless ones. Upon a nigher approach our vision proved real! Exclamations of joy.—Echoes of gladness resounded from front to rear with a [*Te Deum*]. Three horned cattle, two horses, eighteen Canadians and one American. A heifer was chosen as victim to our wants; slain and divided accordingly. Each man was restricted to one pound of beef. Soon arrived two more Cana-

dians in B [irch] Canoes, ladened with a coarse kind of meal, mutton, tobacco, &c. Each man drew likewise a pint of this provender. The mutton was destined for the sick. They proceeded up the river in order to the rear's partaking of the same benediction. We sat down, eat our rations, blessed our stars, and thought it luxury. Upon a general computation we marched from 20 to 30 miles per day. Twenty miles only from this to the settlements. Lodged at the great falls this night.

Friday, 3rd.—Last night's lodging was nature's bed without any covering. Every moment expecting to bring the inhabitants in view. Forded a very considerable river, emptying itself into the Chaudière upon the S. W. side. Half after 10 o'clock, A. M. we arrived at the first town, principally inhabited by the Aborigines. Just ere we entered the town we came to another river much larger than any we'd crossed, which emptied into the Chaudière in the first settlements. Here was an old native stationed under a hut built with blankets, in wait for us with his boiled potatoes, bread, &c., offering them for sale, he was also ferryman. We trafficked to some small amount with him, and hired his assistance with his little bark over the river, and bid him adieu. The politeness and civility with which the poor Canadian peasants received us, added to our joy when we were conducted to the place of rendezvous, and served out firkin butter and hot bread, which we attacked with great spirit. This place is called Sartigan, naturally excellent soil, beautifully situated. Inhabited with part Canadian French, the other natives. Proceeded five miles.

Sartigan, Saturday, 4th.—The five miles' march last evening brought us to the Colonel's quarters, and this morning the savages assembled in *statu quo*, and waited on the Colonel to know our reasons for coming among them in a hostile manner, pretending they were unacquainted with our intentions, among which was the two expresses despatched from Norrigewalk with letters to Quebec. In the assembly the savages were prepared with an inter-

preter. They addressed the colonel in great pomp, and one of their chiefs delivered an oration with all the air and gesture of an accomplished orator. After this being explained or translated, the colonel returned the following answer: "Friends and brethren: I feel myself very happy in meeting with so many of my brethren from the different quarters of the great country, and more so as I find we meet as friends, and that we are equally concerned in this expedition. Brethren, we are the children of those people who have now taken up the hatchet against us. More than one hundred years ago, we were all as one family. We then differed in our religion, and came over to this great country by consent of the king. Our fathers bought lands of the savages, and have grown a great people. even as the stars in the sky. We have planted the ground, and by our labour grown rich. Now a new king and his wicked great men want to take our lands and money without our consent. This we think unjust, and all our great men from the river St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, met together at Philadelphia, where they all talked together, and sent a prayer to the king, that they would be brothers and fight for him, but would not give up their lands and money. The king would not hear our prayer, but sent a great army to Boston and endeavoured to set our brethren against us in Canada. The King's army at Boston came out into the fields and houses, killed a great many women and children, while they were peaceably at work. The Bostonians sent to their brethren in the country, and they came in unto their relief, and in six days raised an army of fifty thousand men and drove the king's troops on board their ships, killed and wounded fifteen hundred of their men. Since that they durst not come out of Boston. Now we hear the French and Indians in Canada have sent to us, that the king's troops oppress them and make them pay a great price for their rum, &c.; press them to take up arms against the Bostonians, their brethren, who have done them no hurt. By the desire of the French and Indians, our brothers, we have come to their assistance, with an intent to drive out the king's soldiers;

when drove off we will return to our own country, and leave this to the peaceable enjoyment of its proper inhabitants. Now if the Indians, our brethren, will join us, we will be very much obliged to them, and will give them one Portuguese per month, two dollars bounty, and find them their provisions, and they [shall have] liberty to *chuse* their own officers."

This declaration had the desired effect, about fifty of them embodied according to agreement, took their canoes and proceeded. From our last lodgings hired a peasant, and proceeded down the river in a canoe five miles to a victualling house or other place of rendezvous. This village, St. Josephs, made a further agreement, and continued down the river about four miles further, as we found nothing agreeable since our arrival, except one quart of New England rum, (if that was to be allowed so) for which I paid one hard dollar. We were making enquiry at every likely stage, for this purpose visited an old peasant's house, where was a merry old woman at her loom, and two or three fine young girls. They were exceedingly rejoiced with our company. Bought some eggs, rum, sugar, sweetmeats, &c., where we made ourselves very happy. Upon the old woman being acquainted from whence we came, immediately fell singing and dancing "Yankee Doodle" with the greatest air of good humour. After making the old woman satisfied for her kickshaws, saluted her for her civilities, &c., marched. The distance computed from the Chaudière Lake to the inhabitants, one hundred miles. From thence to Quebec, ninety.

Sunday, 5th.—Our army was in a very scattered condition, expresses were sent to hurry them on as fast as possible. The colonel had an express arrived this day, informing of Mr. Robbisho's[16] being taken prisoner, an express sent by colonel from Sartigan. This put the people in a great panic, as they heard the English were determined to burn and destroy all the inhabitants in the vicinity of Quebec, unless they came in and took up arms

16. Probably should be Robichaud.

in defence of the garrison. Arrived at St. Mary's Chapel, where we had very good entertainment. Good roast turkey, Spanish wine, &c.

Monday, 6th.—This morning orders were given for every captain to get his company on as fast as possible, and not to leave a man behind unless unfit for duty. Had thirty computed miles yet to go ere we came to Point Levi.

Tuesday, 7th.—Water carriage now failing, was either obliged to foot-pad it, or hire a horse—chose the latter. Chaplain Spring hired another in the same village, for which we were to pay three hard dollars. After being equipped in the Hudibrastic taste, (except a spur.) In lieu of a saddle, we had an old piece of cushion, across which was a rope, which served as stirrups. Arrived within four leagues of Quebec. Terrible road, mud and mire to the horses' belly.

Wednesday, 8th.—Were within four leagues of Quebec this morning, all possible despatch was used to arrive ere the enemy got any reinforcements of either men or provisions. Arrived at Point Levi 11 o'clock A. M. Snow over shoes. In open sight of the enemy nought but the river divided us. Few of the army arrived this day. Provisions buying up. Canadian mechanicks at work making scaling ladders, lannuts,* &c., as many of the men being destitute of shoes, as fast as the beefs were killed, the hides were made into savage shoes. Nothing of great moment while we lay here. We were daily preparing to cross the river St. Lawrence. The enemy had destroyed all the boats, canoes, &c., for many miles up and down the river upon the side we were, ere our arrival. The confusion in Quebec was very great but if we had been in a situation to have crossed the river immediately upon our arrival, they would have fallen an easy prey. Our army daily coming up, our preparations for crossing, the enemy's for repelling us, were the chief occurrences for this four days past.

*No encyclopedia known to us explains this word.

Saturday, 11th.—Two of the enemy's vessels quit the harbour and went down the river this morning, imagined with valuable effects. I had forgot to mention the arrival of one Mr. Haulstead, into our camp the 9th inst. He was formerly from the Jerseys, followed merchandize in Quebec, had been suspected by the enemy of holding a correspondence with the Bostonians, and previous to our arrival sent down the river about fourteen miles to the Isle d'Orleans. This gentleman could give us no fresh intelligence from the city, not having been there for several days. Our situation was in view of the enemy, who were exerting all their power in furnishing their magazines for their support in the siege. Arrived to their relief this evening Colonel McClean[17] and crew from Montreal in a vessel. We captured Mr. McKenzie,[18] one of their midshipmen, who came ashore on the Point Levi side.* This was acted in sight of two of their ships of war, which occasioned heavy fire from one of them upon the party, but no damage. Log and bark canoes were daily carrying down the river Chaudière, which emptied into the St. Lawrence but four miles above Point Levi.

Sunday, 12th.—On the chapel door at Point Levi, I found the following pompous proclamation to ensnare the ignorant:

Quebec, Aug. 3, 1775.

"Conditions to be given to such soldiers as shall engage in the Royal Highland Emigrants. They are to engage during the present troubles in America only. Each soldier is to have 200 acres of land in any province in North America he shall think proper. The king to pay the patent fees, secretary's fees and surveyor general, besides twenty years free of quit rent. Each married man gets fifty acres for his wife, and fifty for each child, on the same terms, and as a gratuity besides the above great terms, one guinea levy money.

ALLAN MCLEAN, LT. Col.
Commandt."

Monday, 13th.—The report from the lower guard mentions three vessels passing down the river from Quebec, this morning

17. Allan McLean in 1779 defended successfully the fort at Penobscot, Maine, against Saltonstall. He was promoted to the rank of Colonel in 1780. To him and Carleton the saving of Quebec is clearly due.

18. This was a boy of fifteen, brother of Captain Mackenzie, commander of the frigate *Pearl* (or *Humber*—authorities differ).

*Meigs' Journal, Coll. Mass. Histo. Soc. vol. 2, p. 236 (2d ser.), Henry's campaign, 81.

early, supposed to be laden with more valuable effects. Two savages from the suburbs of Montreal arrived with an express from General Montgomery, that he was on the point of entering the city. This gave us new spirits, being in hopes to have as good intelligence to communicate to the General. Things were now hurried with all possible speed. The enemy had advantageously posted two vessels of war in the river, in order to obstruct our passing the river to the Plains of Abraham. The mechanicks had now finished their works. Ladders, lannuts, &c., were in readiness for crossing, when we had orders to be ready at a minute's warning. 2 o'clock at night, assembled at a certain place, where we had for shelter some mills, when the boats were to be drawn from the cave of the Chaudière to receive us. Mr. Haulstead,[19] the gentleman before mentioned, served as Pilot. The canoes were but few in number; therefore were obliged to cross and return three times ere the army got over. The night being exceeding dark, every thing was conducted with the utmost secrecy, no lights, no noise. Captain Hanchett and company were left as a guard at Point Levi, to some effects left behind there. It was proposed to cross immediately into Wolfe's Cove, the distance a league. I went in the first division, and in the Pilot boat, in which was General Arnold, Captain Morgan with some riflemen, and one boat-load of savages, with others to the amount of six boats. Crossed between the two vessels, notwithstanding the armed barges were plying every hour from ship to ship. We had nigh come in contact with one of them in the midst of the stream, but luckily passed her undiscovered. Landed above the Cove without being discovered, and contrary to our expectation where there were no sentinels. Guards were detached immediately up and down the river as security, while the canoes returned for the remainder, till all completely made their landing, though in a very scattered condition, by reason of the darkness of the night, distance and rapid ebb tide,

19. I cannot identify the man (Halstead is the correct spelling). He is not mentioned in any other "Journal," to my knowledge. [Ed.]

&c. However at daylight we were all in the Cove, without any accident except one of the birch canoes bursting asunder in the midst of the St. Lawrence, but happily saved them all, by dragging them ashore. [They] lost all their guns, &c.

The enemy were not yet [seen]—a large fire was built in a house in Wolfe's Cove, where were the castaways a-drying themselves, &c. Spies were sent down the river, on the Plains, &c., to discover the movements of the enemy (if any.) The fire was spied by one of the patrolling barges, who came towards the shore, when fired upon by the riflemen, though contrary to orders. Wounded some of them, when they thought proper to put off. They did not yet believe that we had crossed, imagining it impossible on account of their destroying the boats &c., nor were they alarmed in the city, as we could hear the watch very often. Captain Smith with a detachment were ordered to reconnoitre the enemies lines, but could discover no movements. The idea of storming the city was now inadmissible, our plight being so bad, and the enemy's much better after the arrival of Colonel McLean. The city gates were all closed, cannon in order, &c. We marched upon the Plains, took possession of Major Caldwell's[20] house at St. Foys, where we detected some teams loaded with beef, vegetables, &c., going into the city. We surrounded the house [and] took a servant of the Major's.

Tuesday, 14th.—Had a general alarm at 12 o'clock, by reason of their taking one of our advanced sentinels, with the report of their coming out to give us battle. The army turned out, marched within fifty yards of the walls, gave them three cheers, upon which they gave us as many cannon shot.* Took several loads of provisions going into the enemy. Attempted to send in a flag of truce by Major Ogden, but they would not receive it.

20. Major Henry Caldwell occupied a large house, a mile and a half from Wolfe's Cove, and about the same distance from Quebec. He died in Quebec, 1810.

*Meigs' Journal, Coll, Mass. Hist. Soc. Vol. 2, p. 237. (2d Ser.) Henry's Campaign, 87.

Wednesday, 15th.—Nothing of consequence transpired this day. Attempted sending by flag again, but was fired upon. Had a false alarm.

Thursday, 16th.—A brisk cannonade the most of the day upon a party of Captain Morgan's riflemen, who were stationed upon St. Charles River by the Nunnery. Wounded one Sergeant Dixon[21] that his leg was amputated.* No other harm.

Friday, 17th.—No extraordinary occurrence this day. A Canadian in McLean's regiment came from the enemy, brought intelligence advantageous.

Saturday, 18th.—Another deserter from the city, by which we were informed they were preparing their field pieces in order to pay us a visit. A council was called, an examination of our arms, ammunition, &c. The former were found much deficient in numbers, much in disorder. No bayonets, no field pieces and upon an average of the ammunition there amounted only to about four rounds per man. Under these circumstances it was thought proper to raise the siege, and proceed up the river St. Lawrence, 8 leagues to "Point Aux Tremble".[22] In the mean time dispatched an express to General Montgomery, informing him of our situation, &c. Orders were given accordingly, and at eight in the morn we decamped, leaving the old Abraham Plains to the Britons. Orders were likewise dispatched over the river to Point Levi, informing of our determination, and they marched upon the south side. Arrived there the night ensuing.

Sunday, 19th.—The main of this day's occurrences under yesterday's head. Met with a large brig coming down from Montreal, in which was General Carleton, as we afterwards heard.

Monday, 20th.—The post arrived in our camp this morning,

21. Dixon was from West Hanover, Pa. He died from the wound.
*Henry's Campaign, 92, 93.
22. Point aux Trembles, or Aspen Point, twenty miles above Quebec.

brings certain news of the City of Moutreal being in the hands of General Montgomery, and that he was on his march down to our assistance. An express was sent back again to the General.

Tuesday, 21st.—Intelligence from Montreal informs of the capture, of 11 sail, 800 barrels of pork, a large quantity of flour, &c. Till now our army had been tolerably healthy since our arrival over the river, but free eating, more than usually cold weather, &c., produced inflammations, &c. Nothing material from this to the 25th. Some severe "Peripneumias," "Anginas," &c. Upon the 25th three up of the enemies ships of war came up the river, and lay off opposite us, undoubtedly to intercept our shipping, as we every day expected them from Montreal.

Sunday, 26th. A proclamation came to hand issued by General Carleton, commanding all the citizens of Quebec that would not take arms to defend the city, to disappear within four days; that if found after that they would be treated as spies. In consequence of this order several came out to our army.

Monday, 27th.—As the General now approached, a detachment of 60 men were sent to escort him, while Captain Morgan and company was ordered down the river to the suburbs of Quebec to blockade the enemy. From this to the 1st of December no occurrences of note. The Ministerial ships returned to the city.

Friday, Dec. 1st.—Still at Point Aux Tremble, arrived some of the ammunition from General Montgomery's army. At 12 o'clock two of our ships appeared from Montreal with soldiers on board. Anchored off Point Le Chapple. On board the topsail schooner was the General.* A division from our little army was ordered out to receive him.

Saturday, 2d.—Weather very rainy. This day and Sunday we were busily employed in making ready to proceed down the

*Henry's Campaign, 98. Meigs' Journal, Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll. Vol. 2 p. 289. (2d Ser.)

river to Quebec. A division of men, cannon, &c., were sent down the river.

Monday, 4th—General orders for all to decamp, and I hired a Frenchman with his charrioll,* and proceeded to St. Foy's,[23] from thence to St. Charles, and took lodgings at Mr. Burroughs'.

Tuesday, 5th.—I had now orders to take possession of the General Hospital for the reception of our sick and wounded. This was an elegant building situate upon St. Charles river, half a mile from St. Roque's gate. A chapel, nunnery, and hospital were all under one roof. This building was every way fit for the purpose, a fine spacious ward, capable of containing fifty patients, with one fire-place, stoves, &c. The number of sick were not very considerable at this time, however they soon grew more numerous. The Hospital being in an advanced part of the army, I did not think it expedient to assume a residence therein as yet, in consequence of which I was obliged to visit it daily in open view of the enemy's walls, who seldom failed to give me a few shots every time.

Wednesday, 6th.—The disposition of our army was such now as to environ the enemy as much as possible, thereby to prevent any further supplies arriving to them, with other necessary preparations as facines, gabions, &c. Nothing extraordinary from this to the 9th, except two prisoners being caught and brought into camp from St. L. R., purchasing up provisions for the enemy. They had 300 dollars in specie.

Saturday, 9th.—General order for a number of fatigue men for erecting a battery on the heights of the plain, distant from the walls of the city 200 yards. This was all done in the night time when the enemy were not apprised of it. In the mean time Captain Wool[24] of the artillery was ordered to proceed into St. Roque's

23. St. Foy's is about three miles from Quebec.

*Cariole.

24. This was Lieut. Isaiah Wool, of Lamb's artillery. He was the father of Major General John Ellis Wool, U. S. A.

in an advantageous place to heave bombs in the city. This was complied with, and I attended the affair. The enemy immediately gave us a fire from the ramparts, whenever they could bring their cannons to bear upon us. What effect our fire had we were never able exactly to ascertain, but I believe nothing considerable, as the bombs were very small. The enemy's fire did us no harm, except killing an old Frenchwoman in her *brodel* administering a spirituous potion to one of our lads.

Sunday, 10th.—The enemy spying our battery, opened a brisk cannonade of their heavy cannon, in order to demolish it; likewise rushed out of St. John's gate in the cover of their cannons, burnt a number of houses, in one of which was a sick woman consumed. This was a distressing circumstance to the poor inhabitants, who were obliged to abandon their houses, notwithstanding the dire inclement season, and seek a shelter in the different parts of the country, where the humanity of the people would admit them. The view of the enemy in this *incineration* was to prevent our troops making a lodgment in them, and facilitating the operation of a general storm upon the city, which they had too much reason to apprehend.

Monday, 11th.—Agreeable to prescription, fifty-five more of the fire pills were given to the Carletonians last evening. Operated with manifest perturbation, as they were (as usual) alarmed. Bells beating, dogs barking, &c. Their cannonade still continued on the battery but to no advantage. Forty-five more pills as cathartic last night.

Thursday, 14th.—The snow or ice battery was finished last night; it chiefly consisted of first a laying of fascines, then snow to fill the interstices. The gabions were filled with earth and snow little, however, of the former, as it was almost impossible to procure any, as the ground was very hard frozen. After the fabric was sufficient in magnificence to cement firm, large quantities of

water were poured thereon. This freezing, soon formed into a heterogeneous body, not, however, sufficient to repel the monstrous force of their 32s and 42s, as sad experience soon proved. While mounting the cannon this morn, a shot came through the battery, killed and wounded five* of the train. In all killed and wounded ten this day, four of whom were Frenchmen.

Friday, 15th.—At the dawn of day our battery opened upon them, in which was mounted five guns, none larger than 12s. The enemy soon followed suit, and the fire and refire was almost incessant for several hours. In the afternoon a flag of truce attempted to go in, but was ordered back immediately, or be fired upon.

Saturday, 16th.—Quit my old lodgings at Monsieur Dorroughs' and took a room in the nunnery by consent of the Lady Superior, Monks, &c. The sacredness by which this place was esteemed even by Milion's[25] heterogeneous banditti, seemed to put me out of the power of their shot much more than when I visited every day. However, I seldom failed to have a shot every time I went from this to any of the officers' quarters. Cannonade from both sides, not so severe as yesterday. A brave soldier by the name of Morgan received a grape-shot under the lower edge of the left scapula close to the axilla, and went obliquely through both lobes of the lungs. Walked more than a mile, with the assistance of a messmate, into the Hospital. A superficial dressing was all that could be done, as violent *henoptoi*** ensued; concluded his residence was not long.

Sunday, 17th.—Had a very heavy snow storm. Cannonade not very heavy. From this to the 23d no occurrences of consequence, except the small-pox broke out in the army, and on the 18th five were brought into the hospital.

Saturday, 23d.—Not only the small-pox but the pleurisy, peripneumonia, with the other species of pulmonic complaints,

*Meigs' Journal. Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll. vol. 2, p. 241, (2d. Ser.)

25. Milion's banditti? I cannot identify this name.

**The English equivalent is "hemorrhage". [Ed.]

were now very prevalent in the army. However, the issue of in all general favourable.

Sunday, 24th.—By this time the artillery were pretty generally sick of their ice battery, which they fatally experienced to be too feeble for the purpose for which it was erected. The enemy's cannon being very heavy as well as numerous, and as nigh as necessary, our soldiers were obliged to quit the battery. From this time the enemy began their bombarding our barracks, mostly under the shelving precipices of St. Roque, out of the range of most of their cannon, but no considerable damage was done.

Monday, 25th.—The enemy's bombardment still continuing day and night, that the glass of the Hospital was much damaged, but nothing considerable to the soldiery. Had the varioloid matter transfused into my arm this day.

Wednesday, 26th.—Nothing extraordinary transpired this day. The enemy continuing their discharge of bombs, &c.

Thursday, 27th.—Preparations were made in a manner as secret as possible for the storming the city in the night. After all things were arranged accordingly, the weather cleared away serene and bright, which foiled our undertaking. For a mark of distinction each soldier was ordered to procure a fir sprig, and fix it in the front of their caps, whereby they might be discriminated. Of this the enemy were advised by some unaccountable incident. At this assemblage there were three captains of companies who were averse to storming, though urged by the general. Their men were willing, but they obstinately determined. Their names I have omitted in consequence of their better behaviour. Upon their declining, the general said he would not compel them, that he wanted no persons with him who went with reluctance. Several of the men signifying their earnest desire of going with the rest of their fellows who went through the woods. Upon which I wrote a billet to Colonel Arnold, desiring his permission to head one of the Com-

panies which we then thought would tarry behind in consequence [of the absence] of their commander. Upon which I received this upon the opposite side, which I have preserved in "perpetuam rei memoriam" for future posterity:

"DEAR SIR:—I am much obliged to you for your offer, and glad to see you so spirited, but cannot consent you should take up arms, as you will be wanted in the way of your profession. You will please to prepare dressings, &c., and repair to the main guard house at 2 o'clock in the morning with an assistant.

I am in haste, yours,
B. ARNOLD, Col.

DOCT. CENTER.
27 Dec. 1775."

The undertaking was postponed in hopes of a night by its darkness more favourable. The enemy were daily cleaning out their ditch round the city walls, in order to obstruct our ascending the fortification. From intelligence the enemy undoubtedly expected us every night, especially if thick and cloudy, for which we were now waiting. In this situation we held ourselves in readiness 'till Saturday the 31st,[26] which was stormy, and increased towards evening. The troops from the advanced post were ordered to Head-Quarters in the night. The storm increased most violently, wind northeast, what fell mostly consisted of hail in the night though it snowed the preceeding day. The disposition of the army being, made they were ordered to proceed at four in the morning.

Sunday, 31st.—Head-Quarters was at St. Foy's. Here General Montgomery kept Colonel Arnold, with several more of the field officers. The arrangements of the army was as follows, viz., General Montgomery on the right wing, with the majority of the troops from Montreal, &c. Colonel Arnold on the left, with his division of "Famine proof Veterans." Colonel Livingston's Canadian Regiment, to assault the walls at St. John's gate, with combustibles for firing the gate, and thereby to draw the attention of the enemy that way, and at the same time attempt the walls a

26. Should be Saturday 30th.

little distance with scaling ladders, &c. The place where the General was to assault was on the bank of the St. Lawrence, at the termination of the city walls, and where large piquets were substituted. For this purpose instruments were carried to make the breach. Arnold was to attack at the other extremity of the town, where he first expected to be opposed by some small batteries before he arrived in the lower town, where the two extremes were to form a junction. To discriminate our troops from the enemy in action, they were ordered each officer and soldier to make fast a piece of white paper across their caps from the front to the acme of them. Thus matters being arranged in the evening, upon their arms they lay till 4 o'clock in the morn, during which time the General was noticed to be extremely anxious, as if anticipating the fatal catastrophe.

Ruminating in this despondency, back and forth he traversed his room till the limited time bade him go forth!

> "The dawn is overcast, the morning lowr's
> And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
> The great, the important day big with the fate
> Of [Montgomery,] and his host."

The decree being fixed, and the assailants determined, though gloomy the prospect in this tremendous storm—snow not less than six feet deep, while yet a heavy darkness pervaded the earth almost to be felt. Thus went they on,

> "Through winds and storms, and mountains of snow,
> Impatient for the battle. But, alas!
> Think what anxious moments pass between
> The birth of enterprises, and their last fatal periods.
> Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
> Filled up with honor all, and big with death."

No sooner had they crossed that bloody plain, American Pharsalia, than the fiery signal was given for the attack. Montgomery at the front of his division forced his way through the strong piquets upon the precipice of the river bank.

> "Greatly unfortunate, he fought the cause,
> Of honor, virtue, liberty and his Country."

But a little way had they entered ere a dire display from the whole extent of their lines illuminated the air, and shocked the environs of the city by the tremendous explosion. The discharge was kept up from the whole extent of the city walls incessantly. While fire balls were kept out beyond where they supposed our troops were, thereby to discover them between the walls and their ball, which burnt notwithstanding the depth of snow with amazing advantage to the enemy. Not more than an hour had the action continued before the wounded came tumbling in [so] that the grand ward was directly filled. They continued coming until the enemy rushed out at St. John's Gate and St. Roque's suburbs, and captured the horses and carriages, [the men escaping] which were employed in that service. Few of the wounded escaping from their hands, after the capture of the horses, &., except those wounded slightly. Daylight had scarce made its appearance ere Colonel Arnold was brought in, supported by two soldiers, wounded in the leg with a piece of a musket ball. The ball had probable come in contact with a cannon, rock, stone or the like, [ere it entered the leg] which had cleft off nigh a third. The other two-thirds entered the outer side of the leg, about midway, and in an oblique course passed between the tibia and fibula, lodged in the gastroennemea muscle at the rise of the tendon Achilles, where upon examination I easily discovered and extracted it. Before the Colonel was done with, Major Ogden came in wounded through the left shoulder, which proved only a flesh wound. The Major gave it as his opinion that we should not be successful. The fire and re-fire continued incessant. No news from the General and his party yet, which gave us doubtful apprehensions of their success. Not long had we remained in an anxious suspense ere an express came down from the plain informing of the fatal news of the death, and that the remainder of his division had retreated precipitately back to Head-Quarters. We were also immediately advised of the fall of Captain Cheesman, and Mr. McPherson, two gallant young officers, the former commanding one of the New York Companies, the latter

few of the Wounded escaped from their hands after the capture of the Horse, &c. except those wounded slightly.

Daylight had scarce made its appearance ere Col. Arnold was brought in, supported by two Soldiers — Wounded in the Leg, with a piece of a Musquet Ball — The Ball had probably come in contact with a Cannon Rack, Stone, or the like ere it enter'd the leg, which had Cleft off nigh a third — The other two thirds enter'd the outer side of the leg about midway, & in an oblique course passed between the Tibia & Fibula, lodg'd and in the Gastroenemea Muscle at the rise of the Tendo Achilles, where upon examine on Scarcely Discovered & extracted it — Before the Col. was done with, Major Ogden came in Wounded through the left Shoulder, which proved only a flesh wound —

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FAC-SIMILE OF PAGE 69 OF THE ORIGINAL JOURNAL. WITH THE DESCRIPTION OF ARNOLD'S WOUND

Also by permission of Mr. Munn

his Aid-de-Camp. To this melancholy news was immediately added the capture of Captain Darby* and company, by a sortie of the enemy from St. Roque's Gate, and that the enemy were still without the walls advancing towards the Hospital. We soon perceived this to be true, in consequence of which all the invalids, stragglers and some few of the artillery that were left behind were ordered to march immediately into St. Roque street with a couple of field pieces under command of Lieut. Captain Wool, who much distinguished himself on this occasion. He took the advantage of a turn in the street, and gave the enemy so well directed a fire as put them to flight immediately. Notwithstanding this, we were momentarily expecting them out upon us, as we concluded Arnold's division, then under the command of Lieut. Col. Greene, were all killed, captured, &c. Under these circumstances we entreated Colonel Arnold for his own safety to be carried back into the country where they would not readily find him when out, but to no purpose. He would neither be removed, nor suffer a man from the Hospital to retreat. He ordered his pistols loaded, with a sword on his bed &c., adding that he was determined to kill as many as possible if they came into the room. We were now all soldiers, even to the wounded in their beds were ordered a gun by their side. That if they did attack the Hospital to make the most vigorous defence possible. Orders were sent out into the villages round the city, to the Captains of the militia to immediately assemble to our assistance. The peasants, however friendly disposed, thought it too precarious a juncture to shew themselves in that capacity, and those nigh rather retreated back into the country, than give any assistance. The storm still continued tremendously. Colonel Livingston's Regiment, who were employed in firing St. John's Gate, made the best of their way off soon after the heavy fire began. Orders were dispatched up to St. Foy's for assistance from the party who were retreated, who assisted but little. An express was sent off to Congress informing of our situa-

*Dearborn.

tion, and requesting immediate assistance. No news from Greene's division to be depended on. The prospect was gloomy on every side. The loss of the bravest of Generals, with other amiable officers smote the breasts of all around with inexpressible grief. "Oh, Liberty! Oh, virtue! Oh, my country!" seemed the language of all.

January 1, 1776.—All in obscurity; no intelligence from the troops in the lower town. Some suggesting they were all prisoners, &c., while others imagined they were in possession of the lower town, and waiting for assistance to enter the upper town. While in this suspense, Mr. Duncan, a young gentleman volunteer, desired the Colonel would give him liberty to attempt passing into the lower town in quest of the little detachment; received orders, went, but no return.

Tuesday, 2d.—Major Meigs came out of the city on parole, by whom we obtained a history of the affair. That they forced their way into the lower town, captured one captain and company. That for some time before they got into the city, their guns were so foul, by reason of the inclement weather, as scarcely one of them could be discharged. That they were obliged, for a considerable time, to fight their way almost entirely with their lannuts, gun breeches, &c. That under every disadvantage, they kept the lower town till nigh 11 o'clock A. M., in hopes of General Montgomery's assistance, but not finding [it] were obliged to capitulate, and surrender themselves prisoners of war, &c. Said further, they were used very well. Carried in the officers' clothing, &c. Informed of Captain Hendricks, Lieut. Humphreys, and sundry others being slain. Returned the same day.*

Wednesday, 3d.—Colonel Reine, a French gentleman, brevetted in commission by Arnold, and desired to go down the River St. Lawrence in order to bring in Canadians to our assistance, was

*Meigs' Journal, Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., vol. 2, p. 243 to 247. Henry's Campaign, 111 to 123.

promised by the militia officers to come in as soon as possible. No movements of the enemy this day.

Thursday, 4th.—The enemy very still—nothing of moment transpiring relative to the troops on either side. Had a heavy rain, unknown almost to the country at this season.

Friday, 5th.—Thaw continuing. Snow six feet deep. No occurrences of moment.

Saturday, 6th.—The troops were stationed in the most advantageous position for preventing the enemy making any descent upon us. The number I cannot exactly ascertain, but imagine them to be about 400. We had now relinquished the idea of taking the city by force till a reinforcement should arrive. Contented ourselves with barely keeping up the blockade, and found ourselves very happy and undisturbed. We were, however, alarmed often by their coming out into the suburbs, pillaging after firewood, &c. They took down any building they could come at for that purpose. This occasioned the Colonel to give orders to our troops to burn and destroy as many of the houses as they would be likely to obtain, in order to distress them, in hopes they would be obliged to capitulate for want of fire-wood, &c. We however came short in our expectations to reduce them in this way, notwithstanding every house was burnt in the city suburbs where our troops could come nigh enough. From this to the 18th of March nothing extraordinary happening. Burning the houses to prevent the enemy's getting them often occasioned slight skirmishing, with various success, but nothing capital. About this time arrived troops from Montreal to our assistance. Several deserters coming out, but never able to obtain a true state of their army. From this to April the 3d, no occurrences of moment. Troops coming up to our relief. A battery opened from Point Levi upon the city, but being scanty of ammunition were allowanced only a few round per day, just to keep the enemy in a continual alarm. About this time an insurrection happened down the river St. Lawrence, about

six leagues from Quebec, in consequence of some of the enemy's emissaries, joined to the envious instigations of some of their priests. They collected a number of Canadians, and were marching up in form to take possesssion of our troops at Point Levi. Of this the General obtained intelligence, and immediately detached Major Dubois, a very brave officer, with a number of men to oppose them. The major fell in with their party upon surprise, killed some, wounded others, (among the last was a priest) and captured a number more and brought them to Head Quarters. Arnold had some time since received a Brigadier's commission, but being a younger officer than General Wooster, then commanding at Montreal, the former was superseded by the latter. General Arnold had so far recovered of his wound ere General Wooster's arrival, as to be able to ride a horseback. This aspiring genius, so much disgusted at being superseded at a time when he had not only nearly recovered of his wound, but was in daily expectation of the enemies surrendering for lack of necessaries. His tarry after this was short. He repaired to Montreal, and took the command there. The 22d of this month a battery opened from the bank of Charles river, by the name of Smith's battery. From this was discharged red hot shot, in hopes of firing the town. They returned the fire exceeding heavy, but no considerable harm from either side. Two of our artillery men were wounded very much, by the cartridges taking fire while ramming them home, but recovered again. The enemy continued their cannonade and bombardment excessive heavy, while we were restricted to a certain number per day, in consequence of very little ammunition. There was very little damage from either cannon or bombs. Some wounded, but very few of our men killed. The reign of Wooster was but short, and about the 5th of May he was superseded by Gen. Thomas. About this time a plot was formed to burn the shipping in the harbour. A fire ship was completed in charge of Adjutant Anderson, a very brave officer, but proved abortive, by reason of the tide ebbing before he could get up to the shipping. The combustibles took

fire before he intended, by which accident he was much burnt. He was, however, got on shore, and no lives lost. The small-pox still continued in the army. Numbers of the soldiers inoculated themselves, and indeed several officers, tho' contrary to orders at this time. Scarce any of the New England recruits had ever had the disorder, and coming into the army when it was very brief, gave apprehensions of taking it in the natural way, which many did. From this to the sixth of May, no momentous occurrences from either side, except a report from down the river, brought us by some of the honest peasants, that a fleet was coming up. To this there was not sufficient credit given, imagining it impossible for any arrival so early in the spring. General Wooster being superseded gave him great distress, and General Thomas being an utter stranger in the country, and much terrified with the small-pox. Strongly neglecting the reports of the approach of the enemy's fleet, tho' repeatedly attested to by several of the good inhabitants, till the morning of the sixth, when we were alarmed by the discharge of cannon down the river. These were immediately answered from the city, and at half an hour by sun, four ships arrived in the harbour. Immediately upon landing their marines, soldiers, &c., they rushed out in parties, the one for Head Quarters upon the plains of Abraham, and the other for the General Hospital.

The army was in such a scattered condition as rendered it impossible to collect them either for a regular retreat, or to bring them into action. In this dilemma, orders were given to as many of the troops to retreat as the time would permit, and in the most irregular, *helter skelter* manner we raised the siege, leaving every thing. All the camp equipage, ammunition, and even our clothing, except what little we happened to have on us. Two of their frigates proceeded immediately up the river, not only to annoy us in marching, but in quest of several vessels of the fleet which General Montgomery brought from Montreal. Wind and tide favouring the enemy's frigates, they were very nigh within cannon

shot of ours before they could get under way. They hauled upon our shipping so rapidly as obliged the captains to run them ashore, and put fire to them. They still kept in chase of us up the river both by land and water, and in the most disorderly manner we were obliged to escape as we could. The detachment stationed at Point Levi, as well as those at Chairlebore, were not apprised of a retreat till they saw our troops quitting the ground, and then they were between the army of us and the enemy. That obliged them to escape through the woods a very great distance before they fell in with the St. Lawrence. The most of our sick fell into their hands, with all hospital stores, &c. The first stand we endeavoured to make was at Point De Shombo, [Chambaud] 45 miles from Quebec, but not being able to collect provisions sufficient, were obliged to abandon it and proceed up along. The poor inhabitants seeing we were abandoning their country, were in the utmost dilemma, expecting as many as had been aiding us every way to be sacrificed to the barbarity of those, whose severity they had long felt, though under the specious pretence of civil government, which, in fact, had been in essence nothing but an arrogant military one. No provisions could be obtained but by the force of arms. No conveniences for ferrying our troops over the rivers emptying in upon either side of the St. Lawrence, except a canoe or two, and these were rare. By reason of the spring flood which in this country is amazing in many low places, the army were obliged to travel a great distance round them, as the river had overflowed its banks in many places to the distance of several miles. In this perplexed situation we however arrived at Sorel, about forty miles below Montreal, where we made a stand and collected our whole force, which was not very formidable, notwithstanding several new recruits had by this time arrived. The small-pox still very rife in the army—new troops few of them who had had it. I was ordered by Gen. Thomas who commanded, to repair to Montreal and erect an hospital for their reception, as well by the nat-

ural way as inoculation. I accordingly made application to General Arnold, then commanding in the city, and obtained a fine capacious house belonging to the East India Company. It was convenient for nigh six hundred. I generally inoculated a regiment at a class, who had it so favourable as to be able to do garrison duty during the whole time. About this time an action happened up above Montreal at the Cedars, nine miles from hence, between Major Shereburne and party, and a number of savages, with one company of regular troops. Shereburne and the chief of his party were taken, some few killed, &c. We were now betwixt the two armies of the foe, under every embarrassment possible, no quantity of ammunition, no provisions but obtained by force of arms. Sorel, a low, unhealthy place at the entrance of the river Chamblee into the St. Lawrence, flat and almost upon a water level. Land the highest some distance back of our fortifications. Works might easily be raised entirely overlooking ours. A number of men about this time detached to attack the advanced guard at the "Three Rivers." These proved unsuccessful, and Gen. Thompson with the chief of the division were killed and captured. Fortune and the country seemed jointly against us. Our principal fortifications not tenable against an equal number if attacked by land. Our prospect was still gloomy. A committee from Congress had been in Montreal for some time with a view of giving the money currency, but it answered no purpose. Gen. Thomas caught the natural small pox, sickened at Sorel, was carried to Chamblee and died. Soon after this General Sullivan arrived and took the command. Wooster went to Montreal, and Arnold to Chamblee. Enemy drawing upon us from every quarter, assimilating the savages. Our army, weakened by the small-pox, and in fine every movement against the enemy unsuccessful, a retreat was ordered to St. John's. The troops accordingly evacuated Montreal the 9th of June. Soon after our arrival here, it was judged requisite to send the heavy artillery with all the sick and invalids, &c., over the lakes as soon as possible. I left St. Johns the 11th of June,

and proceeded off over the lakes in an open row-boat. The remainder of the army did not tarry long before they entirely evacuated the country, and though necessitated under the circumstances we then were, yet it seemed upon reflection, a strange series of unaccountable misfortunes, the product of various causes, but from none more than an unpardonable neglect either in our commanders, in not giving Congress a true representation of the state of the army from time to time, or if so represented by them, the fault may be sought for in the non-attention of the latter. Thus ended an expedition of nine months' continuance, the ill success of which in any other cause would have induced us to have renounced the principles. A hetero-general concatenation of the most peculiar and unparalleled rebuffs and sufferings that are perhaps to be found in the annals of any nation, with so much magnanimity, intrepidity, &c., urged by the powerful motives of the expiring liberties of a once happy, but now convulsed and tottering country!

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we've done more—we've deserved it."

FINIS

GENERAL ROGER ENOS

BY

HORACE EDWIN HAYDEN

GENERAL ROGER ENOS

A LOST CHAPTER OF ARNOLD'S EXPEDITION TO CANADA, 1775

IT is doubtful if any officer of the Revolutionary Army, always excepting Benedict Arnold, has so excited the ire, or called forth the prejudices of historical writers as Roger Enos, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the rear division of the memorable expedition to Canada under Arnold in 1775. It is a fact, familiar to readers of American history, that Colonel Enos returned from that expedition with his division before the army reached Canada. Judge Henry, in his journal of the march, speaks of that return as a "desertion;" B. J. Lossing, Hon. I. N. Arnold, and others have adopted Henry's word. Bancroft, in his History of the United States, stigmatizes Enos as "a craven." Mr. Mills, in the February Number of the MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY (1885), refers to his conduct as "cowardice," and thus the charges are repeated by modern writers "ad libitum." So far however, none have accused Enos with being a "*traitor*." This one more depth remains to which coming writers may consign him.

Correspondence with several authors, who have adopted Henry's language, shows that Colonel Enos' case has received from no one an exhaustive or impartial investigation. If he *was* guilty of cowardice, or desertion, his name should be placed, in the history of his times, just below that of Arnold. If he was *not* guilty of either crime, where should we place the names of those who have so maligned him? It is remarkable how very difficult it is for the present age to view calmly and with an even balance the characters who acted on either side of the struggle during the seven years' war for American Independence. The iconoclasts of the past twenty years have done much to bring about a more judicious examination of that period. Sabine's Loyalists was a manifesta-

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tion of fairness that at the time almost "took our breath." Lowell's work on the "Hessians and other German Auxiliaries" has corrected many very one-sided opinions of that unfortunate class of British troops. Parkman's last most charming volume, "Montcalm and Wolfe," has finally toned down materially the glory of martyrdom with which we have always surrounded the sad history of the Acadians. Possibly ere the present century has expired the student of American history, not the mere book-maker, may have reached that large-hearted point of view expressed in the words "audi alteram partem." With this invaluable motto, so very important in judging of events in which we were not factors, it may be worth while to ask

I. Who was Roger Enos?

He was the son of David and Mary (Gillet) Eno or Enos of Simsbury, Connecticut, and great grandson of James Eno, who came from England and settled at Windsor, Conn., 1646. He was born at Simsbury, Conn., 1729, and died, Colchester, Conn., October 6, 1808, æt. 79. He was forty-six years of age when the march to Canada occurred. He entered at an early age into the military service of the Crown during the French War. From 1759 to the close of the war he was actively engaged in the field. Nor was this military service of constraint. His name heads the list of volunteers from his own town—then Windsor—for the Canada Campaign of 1759 and 1760. The Assembly of Connecticut successively promoted him for his services in the field as follows: Ensign of the First Company, Colonel Phineas Lyman's Regiment, March, 1760; Lieutenant of the same company at Montreal, Canada, September, 1760; Adjutant of the Regiment 1761, during which year he also acted as Captain-Lieutenant of the First Company; First Lieutenant and of the same company, 1762; Captain of the Fifth Company, Colonel Israel Putnam's Regiment, 1764, in the expedition sent that year against the Indians. He accompanied his command on the expedition to the West Indies in 1762, which

laid siege to and captured the city of Havanna; an enterprise as successful to the arms of Great Britain as it was disastrous to her army, which was decimated by the climate. In 1773 he was appointed on a commission composed of Colonels Israel Putnam, Rufus Putnam, Phineas Lyman, and Captain Roger Enos, sent to the Mississippi Valley to survey the lands granted by the Crown to the provincial troops engaged in the French War and the Havanna Campaign. An unpublished journal of this commission, kept by General Rufus Putnam, is now owned by Marietta College, Ohio. The principal outcome of this commission was the colony settled at Natchez, Mississippi, by Colonel Lyman. In 1775 Enos entered the Continental Army as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 22d Regiment in Arnold's expedition to Canada. He returned from that expedition with his command October 25, 1775, and on December 1, 1775, he was tried by court-martial on the charge of "quitting his commanding officer without leave," and was "*honorably acquitted.*"

He resigned his commission in the army, then Lieutenant-Colonel 16th Connecticut Regiment, January 18, 1776. In May, 1777, he served in a committee of Windsor citizens to secure a bounty of £30 to each man who should enlist in the Continental service. He afterward commanded one of the Connecticut regiments thus raised, and stationed in the southwest corner of the State. Late in 1779 he left the Connecticut service and moved to Vermont, where, with others, he settled the town of Enosburg, March, 1780. In 1781 he was appointed Brigadier-General, and placed in command of all the Vermont troops then in service. In that year he wrote to General Washington announcing his return to active service in the field. In 1787 he was elected Major- General of the 1st Division of the State of Vermont, holding this position until 1791, when he resigned. Thus he was for over thirty years almost continuously in the military service of his country. From 1781 to 1792 he was a member of the Vermont Board of War; of the State Assembly; of the House Committee to settle the New

Hampshire and Vermont controversy, and a Trustee of the University of Vermont, elected by the Assembly. He was also one of the House Committee to consider the Vermont resolutions passed by the Continental Congress. From his entrance into the State in 1779 until 1792, a period of twelve years, he was one of the most prominent actors and most honored figures in the history of Vermont, where none ever doubted his loyalty to the United Colonies, his military capacity, or his moral courage, and where no one at this day believes one word of the charges made against him in regard to the Canada campaign. In 1792, worn out, at the age of 63, with his long and active service, he resigned all his public offices and retired to Connecticut, where with his daughter, Mrs. General Ira Allen, he passed his remaining days. He married, March 10, 1763, Jerusha Hayden, of Windsor, Connecticut, daughter of Daniel and Esther (Mone) Hayden, and had five children, one of whom, Jerusha Hayden Enos, married General Ira Allen of Vermont, and one married Pascal Paoli, who was one of the four proprietors of Springfield, Illinois, 1823, where his descendants still reside. Such an honored record of civil and military services, drawn from the published archives of Connecticut and Vermont, should cause the historian to hesitate before accepting the second-hand statements made against General Enos, or at least prevent a one-sided judgment of his conduct in the expedition of 1775.

II. What are the real facts of Enos' conduct in the Canada expedition?

This important venture for the possession of Canada was planned by Washington, the preparations made with as much secrecy and dispatch as possible, and placed under the command of Benedict Arnold. The little army consisted of 1,080 men in two battalions; Arnold, in his letter of October 13, says 950 men. The first battalion was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Greene; the second by Lieutenant-Colonel Roger Enos. The command was again sub-divided into three divisions, of which the

third, or rear division, was placed in charge of Colonel Enos, and numbered 350 men. The march was begun September 11, 1775. At Fort Western Arnold sent in advance a party of eleven men under Lieutenant Steele, to open the way as far as possible. In this party was Henry, who wrote of Enos only from hearsay. The rest of the army, with Arnold's division in advance, followed as rapidly as the almost insurmountable difficulties of the way would permit, frequently making only two or three miles a day. Each division was supplied with forty-five days' provisions. The various accounts of the hardships of this march seem almost incredible. They are vividly portrayed in the journals of Henry, Thayer, Senter, Melvin, Meigs, Ward, and others, all of whose records are accessible to the student of history. It is doubtful if the terrible sufferings which they have recounted have ever been equaled in the history of military adventures. The army met with heavy rains, swollen streams, and deep morasses in an almost unknown and trackless wilderness. Their boats were dashed to pieces in the torrents, and their provisions lost or spoiled. They dug up roots and ate them, made soup out of moccasins and raw hide, and vainly sought to find nourishment in such a diet; dog meat, including the hide, and "the entrails broiled on the coals, were luxuries, and death by starvation stared them in the face."

Arnold started with his division with forty-five days' provisions. Two-fifths of this was lost by the wrecking of batteaux before October 15. To such terrible straits was this division subsequently reduced that Arnold left it and pushed ahead day and night, to reach the French settlements and send back supplies.

General Dearborn, then a Captain in the first division, says: "My dog was very large and a great favourite. I gave him up to several men of Captain Goodrich's company, who killed him and divided him among those who were suffering most severely with hunger. They ate every part of him, not excepting his entrails; and after finishing their meal, they collected the bones and carried

them to be pounded up and to make broth for another meal. Old moose hide breeches were boiled and then broiled on the coals and eaten. A barber's powder bag made a soup in the course of the last three or four days before we reached the first settlements in Canada. Many died with hunger and fatigue, frequently four or five minutes after making their last effort and sitting down."

Thayer, who was a Captain in the second division, Colonel Greene, says of their sufferings a week after Enos had divided his scanty store with them, reserving only three days' supplies for a march back of 100 miles: "Nov. 1, we observed a sergeant and 10 or 12 men round a fire and saw with astonishment that they were devouring a dog between them, and eating paunch, guts and skin. We pushed on * * * and after marching 2 days and 2 nights without the least nourishment,"—discovered the party sent back by Arnold with a supply of provision, at four o'clock on the evening of November 3. The vicissitudes of the advance party up to October 24, were not unknown to Enos, whom Arnold kept advised by letter and courier until Enos' return. Thus Arnold wrote him from the Third Carrying Place, October 15, "The three first divisions have twenty-five days' provisions, which will carry them to Chaudiere Pond and back, where we shall doubtless have intelligence, and shall be able to proceed or return as shall be thought best." Two days later, October 17, he writes in a different strain from Dead River: "I arrived here last night late and find Col. Greene's division very short of provisions, the whole having only *four* barrels of flour and *ten* barrels of pork." He ordered back Major Bigelow with a lieutenant and thirty-one men out of each company to meet Enos, "and bring up as much as you (Enos) can spare." Thus Greene's division had met with such reverses in the loss of provisions that at that date, October 16, they had less than 800 lbs. of flour and 10 barrels of pork to sustain a body of 350 men for seventeen days, that is from October 16 to November 4, when they met the provisions which Arnold had sent back from the settlements. As to his own division, Arnold wrote Enos,

October 24, that, instead of twenty-five days' provision in hand, his party was reduced to fifteen days' provision when four days' march from Chaudiere, and that a council of war had decided "to send back all sick and feeble with 3 days' provision * * * and that on receipt of this you should proceed with as many of the best men of your division *as you can furnish with* 15 *days' provisions*, and that the remainder *whether sick or well* should be immediately sent back to the Commissary." To Colonel Farnsworth he wrote the same day, "I find it necessary for the safety of the detachment to send back the sick, and to reduce the detachment so as to have fifteen days' provision for the whole. Those who are sent back you will supply with provisions and send back to Cambridge as soon as possible." This letter he repeated to Colonel Greene the same day. On the 27th he wrote to General Washington that he had left the principal part of the detachment eight leagues below the Great Carrying Place, short of provisions by reason of the loss of many batteaux at the falls and rapid waters; that he had ordered all the sick and feeble to return, "and wrote Colonels Enos and Greene to bring on in their divisions no more men than they could furnish with 15 days' provisions, and send back the remainder to the Commissary." November 8 he repeats this order in his letter to the Commander in Chief: "I had ordered Col. Enos to send back the sick and feeble, *and those of his division who could not be supplied* with fifteen days' provisions."

Colonel Enos, under date of November 9th, wrote Washington, from "Brunswick, near Kennebunk," thus:

"SIR, I am on my return from Col. Arnold's detachment. I brought up the rear of the whole. Captains McCobb's, Williams' and Scott's companies were assigned to my division. We proceeded as far as 50 miles up the Dead River, & then were obliged to return for want of provisions. When we arrived at the Great Carrying Place, by what I could learn from the division forward that provisions were like to be short, I wrote to Col. Arnold & desired him to take account of the provisions forward. He wrote me that there were 25 days' provisions for all the divisions ahead, but to my surprise before we got over the Great Carrying Place, Major Bigelow with 90 men were sent back from Col. Greene's division to mine for provisions. I let them have all I could spare. I continued my march with all expedition, & when about 50 miles up the Dead River overtook Col. Greene with his division, entirely out of provisions, &

by reason of men being sent back with orders from Col. Arnold for me to furnish them with provisions to carry them to the inhabitants my division was reduced to 4 days' provisions. Col. Arnold was gone ahead; the Chief of the Officers of Col. Greene's division and mine were together when we took the situation of our division into consideration, and upon the whole it was thought best for my whole division to return & furnish those that proceeded with all our provisions except 3 days to bring us back, which I did without loss of time. A more particular account shall be able to give when I return to Cambridge. Shall lose no time if able to ride. I have for many days been unwell. Expect the whole of my division at this place to-morrow, when shall set out on our march to Cambridge.

"I am your most obedient humble servant,

"ROGER ENOS."

From the various journals of this Expedition, it is easy to see the position in which Colonel Enos was placed, and which forced him to the course he pursued. Of the 1,080 men who composed the army, Enos commanded, in his division, and according to Marshall, only one-third, or 350 men. Arnold reached Canada with 550 men. Deducting Enos' 350, leaves nearly 200 unaccounted for, who doubtless returned sick, or fell exhausted and expired by the way. Of Enos' 350, at least 150 were simply "*attached*" to his division, and were not a part of his proper command. Henry speaks without knowledge when he says that "Enos had returned with 500 men and a large stock of provisions." Into this even Mr. Mills falls, and displays a lack of careful examination of the subject. Such an estimate places Arnold's army beyond the number reported by the best authorities. Stone, in his issue of Thayer's Journal," says:

"In the then crude state of military authority, the control held by officers over their men was more the result of personal regard than of deference to position. Every man had an opinion and was free to express it. Among a portion of Arnold's troops the views of officers and men coincided. Disaffection had extended to three companies, and it became advisable to hold a council of war for decisive measures, and this took place October 25, on reaching Dead River." Meigs says in his journal of that date that instead of there then being fifteen days' rations for the command, "the provisions were so reduced that the men were on the allowance

of ¾th pound of pork and ¾th pound of flour per day for each." And a careful examination of the various journals will show that on this day the rations of the entire command, including the two divisions of Greene and Enos, did not exceed four days' supply. On this meager provision the men were to subsist for nine days. Thayer records that during the last forty-eight hours of those nine days, and just before the command met Arnold's provisions, "they were without the least nourishment." The council of war held at Dead River is recorded by three journalists, Meigs, Senter and Thayer. Of these Thayer *alone* was one of the council and present during its session.

Dr. Senter says: "Col. Arnold had left previous orders for Greene & Enos' divisions to come to an *adjustment* of the provisions, send back any who were indisposed either in body or mind and pursue him with the rest." This is not a correct statement and does not agree with Arnold's letters which the two lieutenant-colonels had received. At the council of war eleven officers were present; Colonel Enos presided. Greene, Bigelow, Topham, Thayer, Ward, voted to proceed; Williams, McCobb, Scott, Hide, Peters, voted against proceeding. Colonel Enos cast the deciding vote in favor of proceeding. Senter, who was then a young man of twenty-two years, says: "Col. Enos, though he voted for proceeding, yet had undoubtedly pre-engaged to the contrary, as every action demonstrated." Thayer, a man of thirty-eight years, who had already seen much severe service with Enos in the French war, and had suffered some of its vicissitudes at the surrender of Fort William Henry, who was second to no soldier of the Revolution as to his gallantry and integrity, and who was present in the council of war, says just the reverse about Enos. On the 24th of October, when Arnold supposed the two divisions to be well supplied with fifteen days' rations from Enos' bountiful store, Thayer says of Greene's division: "Had intelligence of its being 25 miles to the Great Carrying Place, where the height of land is, and in the meantime destitute of provisions, for the 2 barrels we brought gave

2 pounds each man, and we had only ½ pint left to deliver out."

"Oct. 25. We staid for Col. Greene to consult about our situation & what to do for provisions. We sent back 48 men & 1 subaltern in 3 batteaux. The men are much disheartened, and eagerly wish to return; however, I am certain if their bellies were full they would be willing enough to proceed."

The Council of War having decided to go forward, he says: "It was resolved that Col. Enos should not return back. His party who were 6 in number, & by one inferior to ours observed with regret that we voted to proceed, on which they held a council of war amongst themselves, of which were the Captains McCobb, Williams & Scott, & unanimously declared that they would return & not rush into such imminent danger. * * * Col. Enos declared to us that he was willing to go & take his boat, in which there was some provision, and share the same fate with us, but was obliged to tarry through the means of his effeminate officers who rather pass their time in tippling than turn it to the profit & advantage of their country who stands in need of their assistance. Capt. Williams stept towards me & wished me success, but told me he never expected to see me or any of us (again), he was so conscious of the imminent danger we were to go through. In the meantime Col. Enos advanced with tears in his eyes, wishing me & mine success, & took as he then supposed & absolutely thought, his last farewell of me, demonstrating to me that it was with the utmost reluctance he remained behind, though being certain he would never survive the attempt."

And so they parted. Greene had near 400 men with three days' provisions to traverse 75 miles through a route that occupied nearly the whole of nine days before a supply of food could be had. On the 28th Thayer says: "We divided our flour equally in 10 companies, the quantity amounting to seven Pints each man for 7 Days." Enos had 350 men and three days' provisions to travel 100 miles to the first settlement. This distance had already oc-

cupied the detachment twenty-two days, from October 2 to October 24, to pass over. As Thayer says: "Oct. 2. * * * at the last inhabitants now, & meet no other until we come to Canada." Enos' command was fifteen days in reaching Brunswick.

To recapitulate: Arnold started on his march September 11th with 1,080 men and forty-five days' provision, his detachment reaching the French settlements November 4th. Within thirty days, October 14th, the first division was reduced to twenty-five days' supplies. Two days later, October 17th, the second, or Greene's division, was reduced to four barrels flour and ten barrels pork for 350 men for seventeen days' march. Ten days later, October 24th, Greene's division having received through Major Bigelow all that Enos could supply, on the 18th had only half a pint of flour left to deliver out to each man: and Arnold's first division was on the allowance of three-quarters of a pound of flour and three-quarters of a pound of pork per day, for each man. Greene and Enos met on the 25th. Enos divided his rations with Greene. They parted, October 26, each with three days' supply. Nine days later, November 3, Arnold's party were eating dog-meat, moccasin soup, broiled hide, etc.: Greene's party had been forty-eight hours without the least food, and Enos' men, on the return march, were saved from similar suffering by having killed a large moose. Enos' position, October 25th, was certainly one of extreme difficulty. He could take no action that would not be, in part, a disobedience of Arnold's orders. He pursued what seemed to him the best course when he voted to proceed. His officers took what really proved to be the best course when they refused to proceed. Arnold's orders were imperative: "Provide Greene's division with supplies, forward all of the best men of his own party that he could furnish with 15 days' rations, & send back the rest, sick or well, immediately." There was no discretionary power left to Enos. On the 18th he supplied Greene's party with all he could spare. On the 25th, when Arnold's orders of the 24th reached him, he divided his provisions with Greene giving him two barrels of flour

and two barrels of pork. On the 26th he began his return march with 300 men and three days' provision. Here was Enos' dilemma (he had 900 rations): 1st. To forward such of his best men as he could furnish with fifteen days' rations would have added thirty men to the advance march, and have left 270 men to tread the way back, one hundred miles, utterly destitute of food. Such a disobedience of orders could not be considered for a moment. 2d. To proceed with his 300 men and three days' rations would have imperilled the whole detachment, and probably, as General Sullivan says, have caused them to perish with hunger. This would have been equally a disobedience of orders.

To return home with all whom he could not furnish with fifteen days' provisions was also a disobedience of orders, as it took away from Arnold this entire division, forwarding none to the assistance of his commanding officer. Each of these lines of action, he could easily see, terminated in court-martial. Without doubt the course Enos did take saved the lives of his own division, if not of the others: preserved the *morale* of his troops, and was declared by the court-martial as necessary and wise.

Of course Enos' return was a surprise to Washington, who was entirely in ignorance of the cause. He placed him immediately under arrest, not because his time of service was nearly expired, for it had only just begun: and ordered a court of inquiry to he held November 29, 1775. This court was composed of Major-General Charles Lee, President; Brigadier-Generals Greene and Heath; Colonels (afterwards Generals) John Stark and John Nixon, and Majors Durkee and Sherburne. Their examination of the charges resulted in the expressed "opinion, that Col. Enos' misconduct, if he has been guilty of misconduct, is not of so heinous a nature as was at first supposed; but it is necessary for the satisfaction of the world, and for his own honour, that a court-martial should be immediately held for his trial."

The court-martial was held December 1, 1775. President Brigadier-General John Sullivan and twelve field officers. "The court being duly sworn," proceeded to try Colonel Enos for "leaving the detachment under Colonel Arnold, and returning home without permission from his commanding officer." To this Enos replied that it was true he did return without permission from his commanding officer, "but the circumstances of the case were such as obliged him so to do." The witnesses for the defense were the officers of Enos' division, Captains Williams, McCobb and Scott, and Lieutenants Hide and Buckmaster. These entirely concurred in their testimony, that to go forward with only three days' supply of food was impossible; that Colonel Enos was for going forward without his division, but that his presence was absolutely so necessary to secure the harmony and safe retreat of the men that they had each protested against his leaving them. The full testimony of these witnesses can be found in Force's "Archives," Vol. III., p. 1709, and Munsell's edition of Henry's "Journal," p. 52, where the result of the trial is recorded as follows:

"The Court being cleared, after mature consideration, are unanimously of opinion that Colonel Enos was under a necessity of returning with the division under his command, and therefore acquit him with honour.

John Sullivan, President. A true copy of the proceedings attest. W. Tudor, Judge Advocate."

The subsequent testimony of General Sullivan is most explicit in confirmation of this decision, and entirely disarms of its force Munsell's intimation that the witnesses in the trial perjured themselves in Enos' defense.

"New-York, April 28, 1776.

"I hereby certify that I was President of a Court-Martial, in *Cambridge*, when Colonel *Enos* was tried for leaving Colonel *Arnold*, with the rear division of the detachment under his command, bound for *Quebeck*; and, upon the trial, it clearly appeared to me, as well to all the other members of the Court, that Colonel *Enos* was perfectly justifiable in returning with the division, being clearly proved, by the testimony of witnesses of undoubted veracity (some of whom I have been personally acquainted with for a number of years, and know them to be

persons of truth), that so much provision had been sent forward, to support the other divisions, as left them so small a quantity that their men were almost famished with hunger on their return; and some would undoubtedly have starved, had they not, by accident, come across and killed a large moose. Upon their evidence, there remained no doubt in the mind of myself, or any of the members, that the return of the division was prudent and reasonable; being well convinced that they had not provision sufficient to carry them half way to *Quebeck*, and that their going forward would only have deprived the other division of a part of theirs, which, as the event has since shown, was not enough to keep them all from perishing; we therefore unanimously acquitted Colonel *Enos* with honour.

"I further certify, that by a strict inquiry into the matter since, from persons who were in the divisions that went forward, I am convinced that had Colonel *Enos*, with his division, proceeded, it would have been a means of causing the whole detachment to have perished in the woods, for want of sustenance.

"I further, add that I have been well informed, by persons acquainted with Colonel *Enos*, that he has ever conducted as a good and faithful officer. JOHN SULLIVAN."

The estimation in which Enos was held by the officers of the army, and the light in which his course in the present instance was held is seen in this additional testimony.

TO THE IMPARTIAL PUBLICK.

"The case of Lieutenant-Colonel *Enos* having engaged the attention of many officers of the Army, as well as others, and as we are informed he is much censured by many persons, for returning back from the expedition to *Canada*, under the command of Colonel *Arnold*, by which Colonel *Enos's* character greatly suffers, we think it our duty to certify, that some of us, from our own personal knowledge of the military abilities of Colonel *Enos*, and others of us from information, are fully convinced that he is a gentleman fully acquainted with his duty as an officer, a man of fortitude and prudence, and, in our opinion, well calculated to sustain, with honour, any military character; and, from the fullest inquiry, we are satisfied that (whatsoever different representations may be made) in returning to camp, with the division under his command, he is justifiable, and conducted as an understanding, prudent, faithful officer, and deserves applause rather than censure; and we can safely recommend him as a person worthy to be employed in any military department.

WILLIAM HEATH, *Brigadier-General.*
JAMES REED, *Colonel.*
J. BREWER, *Colonel.*
SAMUEL H. PARSONS, *Colonel.*
JOSEPH REED, *Colonel.*
JONATHAN NIXON, *Colonel.*
CHARLES WEBB, *Colonel.*
DANIEL HITCHCOCK, *Colonel.*
JOHN STARK, *Colonel.*
LEVI WELLS, *Major.*
SAMUEL WYLLYS, *Colonel.*
WILLIAM SHEPARD, *Lieutenant-Colonel.*
ANDREW COLBURN, *Major.*
JOEL CLARK, *Lieutenant-Colonel.*
EBENEZER SPROUT, *Major.*
EBENEZER CLAP, *Lieutenant-Colonel.*
SAMUEL PRENTICE, *Major.*
CALVIN SMITH, *Major.*
JOSIAH HAYDEN, *Major.*
JOHN BAILY, *Colonel.*
JOHN TYLER, *Lieutenant-Colonel.*
THOMAS NIXON, *Lieutenant-Colonel.*
LOAMMI BALDWIN, *Colonel.*
JAMES WESSON, *Lieutenant-Colonel.*
ISAAC SHERMAN, *Major.*"

Now, supposing Enos to have been guilty of either "desertion" or "cowardice," in his return from the expedition, one of the most remarkable phases of the case is the silence of both Washington and Arnold about his conduct. Neither of these ever applied such terms to his action. The strongest language that Washington used in referring to him was in his letter to Congress, November 19, in which he says, "notwithstanding the great *defection*, I do not despair of Col. Arnold's success." To Arnold he wrote December 5: "You could not be more surprised than I was at Enos' return, with the division under his command. I immediately put him under arrest, etc., etc. He is acquitted on the score of provisions."

Arnold, with his hot blood and impetuosity, so far from "depicting the cowardice and shame of Enos," simply says, in his letter to Washington, November 8, "all are happily arrived, except * * * Colonel Enos's division, who I am surprised to hear are *all gone back*." To General Montgomery he writes same day: "The other part with Col. *Enos returned* from Dead River contrary to my expectation, he having orders to send back only the sick and those who could not be furnished with provisions." Again to General Schuyler he wrote, November 7, "near one-third of the detachment *returned* from the Dead River *short of provisions*." Again, describing his difficulties in reaching Canada, he writes, "short of provisions, part of the detachment *disheartened and gone back*, famine staring us in the face." Beyond this not one word is found in all the writings of either Washington or Arnold that casts the least reflection on Colonel Enos, or on the opinion of the court-martial. There can be but little doubt that had Arnold known one-half the difficulties that awaited him he would never have undertaken the expedition furnished as he was. He wrote Washington, October 27th: "I have been much deceived in every account of our route, which is much longer, and has been attended with a thousand difficulties I never apprehended." He was evidently surprised at the almost insurmountable hindrances he met with; owing to which he fully expected that a part at least of his detachment would

be obliged to return, for want of provisions. Hence his orders of the 24th to Enos, Greene and Farnsworth. But knowing nothing of the destitution in Greene's and Enos' command on that date, he naturally expressed surprise that Enos' command "are *all* gone back." From the marked absence of all complaint or censure, especially after he had become acquainted with the reasons for the return of so many, the conclusion is inevitable that he recognized the necessity for Enos' course, and accepted the opinion of the court-martial as final.

It was so accepted also by the early historians of the Revolutionary war. President William Allen, whose "Account of the Expedition of Arnold" published in the Maine Historical Society Collections, Vol. I., prepared his paper during the life of and in correspondence with General Dearborn, one of the captains immediately under Arnold. He fully accepts the finding of the court as a justification of Enos. So does Marshall in his "Life of Washington," in both the first and last editions. Also Colonel Carrington, U. S. A., in his "Battles of the Revolution"; Drake in his "Biographical Dictionary," and many other impartial writers. The venerable Governor Hiland Hall, one of the historians of Vermont, writes me September, 1879: "I have always believed that Enos' return from Arnold's expedition against Quebec was fully justified by the circumstances in which he was placed, and that the verdict of the court-martial of distinguished officers which investigated his conduct at the time, and which unanimously acquitted him '*with honour*,' ought to be received by posterity as his complete and perfect vindication. Recent examination of original authorities has served to confirm my previous opinion and to make it very clear to me that the censures of modern writers must have been made without sufficient and proper consideration, and that they are entirely unjustifiable."

The letters of Arnold quoted in this paper, with the action of the court-martial and the testimony of the Continental officers,

are all preserved in the State Department at Washington, and are published in Force's "Archives" and the Maine Historical Society Collections. They show most conclusively that the entire charge against Enos was fully adjudicated at the time—adjudicated by his peers; by a court of inquiry of seven officers of high rank; a court-martial of fourteen officers of the Continental line, among them some of the ablest and brightest military men of the Revolution; with all the evidence before them; Enos' own acknowledgment of his return and his reasons therefor; the evidence of five officers of his command testifying on oath, not themselves on trial or to be affected by the issue of the trial; officers known personally to members of the court, and whose veracity is vouched for by the president of the court, and, therefore, cannot be impeached simply to make up a case against Enos. The decision of the court-martial, Washington, who had the power to reject, approved in general orders, intensifying the language of the decision thus: "The court, after mature consideration of the evidence, are unanimously of the opinion that the prisoner was, by *absolute* necessity, obliged to return with his division," etc., etc. The President of the Court, and twenty-five officers of the army, including three of the Court of Inquiry, and Colonel Joseph Reed, the Adjutant-General of the Army, on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, after subsequent and careful inquiry of those who went forward with Greene to join Arnold, in the most positive language reconfirmed the action of the court. Compare those eminent men, sitting in court-martial, "the court being duly sworn," and the five witnesses testifying on oath and the honorable acquittal on oath, with the modern historian sitting in his study, one hundred years after the events of which he writes, repeating old calumnies from second-hand authorities, charging "*desertion*" and "cowardice," where he cannot prove either, and say if this last be history? The Honorable Isaac N. Arnold, shortly after publishing his life of Benedict Arnold, addressed to me this letter: "* * * I have not yet found time to give the case of Col. Enos an exhaustive investigation,

but in my late readings & reflections I have not forgotten your suggestions, & I am inclined to think my language in regard to him in my 'Life of Arnold' needs some modification. I do not think Col. Enos meant to '*desert*' the Canada Expedition in the odious sense of that term. I know of no evidence that he acted from '*cowardice*,' and do not think he could be just called '*a craven*.' I shall in my next edition, p. 69, say '*the return of Enos*,' instead of '*the desertion of Enos*.' It was probably an error of judgment; an error which a man like *Morgan* would not have committed, but which a very prudent, cautious man might make without any but good motives."

Against such an estimate of Enos' conduct there is no need to protest, since it accepts the judgment of the court-martial as final, and casting no reflections on either the honor or courage of Enos. The purpose of this paper is simply to show the reading public that Enos was neither a "deserter" nor a "coward," and to enable future writers to accord to him simple justice, no more.

HORACE EDWIN HAYDEN

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THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 43

RARE LINCOLNIANA No. 8

COMPRISING

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1860) - - - - - - - - - - *E. B. Washburne*
THE LESSON OF THE HOUR - - - - - - *Rev. Edward J. Young*
LOOKING BACK ACROSS THE WAR-GULF - - *Robert Dale Owen*

WILLIAM ABBATT

TARRYTOWN NEW YORK

1915

LINCOLN TELLING A STORY

From original pencil sketch from life, by Pierre Morand

In June, 1864, Mr. Lincoln, seated in an arm-chair, in a private room of the old Willard's Hotel, Washington, was telling stories to the late J. B. Blair, Representative from West Virginia. The artist changed the accessories, so as to make the scene an outdoor one.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

HIS PERSONAL HISTORY AND PUBLIC RECORD.

SPEECH

OF

HON. E. B. WASHBURNE,

OF ILLINOIS.

DELIVERED IN THE U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
MAY 29, 1860.

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK
REPRINTED
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

HIS PERSONAL HISTORY AND PUBLIC RECORD.

SPEECH

OF

E. B. WASHBURNE.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

ON May 19, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President by the Republican party, at the great meeting held at the Wigwam, Chicago, and ten days thereafter, Representative Washburne made in the House of Representatives, the famous speech—now one of the rare items of Lincolniana—which we now reproduce.

It is a document interesting in itself and particularly valuable as being the first full account of Lincoln's life, political experience, and personal character, given to the public.

As such, it proved an invaluable campaign document, and had much to do with the election of the candidate.

It contains the first detailed account of the "rail splitting" incident in the Illinois Republican Convention, which made Lincoln universally known as the "Railsplitter Candidate"

Of Mr. Washburne himself we need only add that he was the second of five distinguished brothers, served in Congress from 1853 to 1869, was Secretary of State during part of General Grant's first administration, and Ambassador to France in 1870-77 (an interesting account of his experience is found in his "Recollections", N. Y. 1887) He was president of the Chicago Historical Society from 1884 until his death in 1887.

Of our second item, the "Lesson of the Hour" it may be said that it, also, is a scarce item, The magazine in which it appeared has long been dead, and when the article itself was issued in pamphlet form, it was in an edition of only fifty copies.

Like it, our third item appeared in a now dead magazine: but was not published separately, and is if anything, scarcer yet than the other.

SPEECH

OF

HON. E. B. WASHBURNE OF ILLINOIS

The House being in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union—

MR. WASHBURNE, of Illinois, said:

MR. CHAIRMAN: The Republican party, through its proper organization, has placed in nomination for President of the United States ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois. The people, who will be called upon to pass upon that nomination, have a right to inquire into the life, the character, and the political opinions, of the man who is commended to their suffrages for the highest office in their gift. The State which I in part represent on this floor, having been honored by this nomination, I come here to-day to speak of the personal and political history of the candidate. I have known Mr. Lincoln well for twenty years. I have known him in private life, I have known him at the bar, and have been associated with him in every political contest in our State since the advent of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," in 1840. While I may speak with the accents of a strong personal friendship, I shall speak with the frankness of conscious truth, and, I trust, without exaggeration.

Springing from the humblest ranks in life, and unaided by the adventitious supports of family or wealth, Mr. Lincoln has reached his present exalted position by the strength of his will, the power of his intellect, and the honesty of his heart. He was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1808;* his family removed to Spencer county, Indiana, in 1816, where he passed his boyhood amid the roughest hardships and the most trying experiences of a frontier life. Without schools, and almost without books, he spent his time amid the wild and romantic scenes of the border, alleviating

*Mr. Washburne should have said 1809.—[ED.]

the hard labors of the farm by the sport of the huntsman. Of fine physical development, with a vigorous intellect, quick intelligence, ready wit, and genial character, he gave early evidences of the superiority he has since attained. His first advent into the great world, from the comparative seclusion of his frontier home, was down the Wabash and Ohio rivers in charge of a *flat-boat*, of a class known to all the old river men of the West as "*broadhorns*." These boats, laden with the productions of the farmers, floated down stream until a market was found for the cargo; and when that was disposed of, the boat itself was sold, and those in charge made their way back, in the best manner they could, to their homes. A great many persons have heard Mr. Lincoln relate, with inimitable effect, the anecdotes of his experience of that portion of his life.

In 1830, Mr. Lincoln emigrated to that State, with which his great name has now become historically connected. He passed the first year in Macon county, and actively labored on a farm, where he and a fellow-laborer, by the name of John Hanks, *split three thousand rails*. This portion of the history of Mr. Lincoln's life gave rise to the incident in the late Republican State Convention at Decatur, in Macon county, which awakened the intensest enthusiasm of that vast concourse of citizens from all parts of the State. Mr. Lincoln was present as a spectator in that Convention, and was invited to take a seat upon the platform. When he had taken his seat, it was announced to the Convention that John Hanks, an old Democrat, who had grown gray in the service of that party, desired to make a contribution to the Convention; and the offer being accepted, forthwith two old-time fence rails, decorated with flags and streamers, were borne through the crowd into the Convention, bearing the inscription:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
THE RAIL CANDIDATE
FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860.

Two rails from a lot of 3,000 made in
1830 by John Hanks and Abe Lincoln.

The effect was electrical. One spontaneous burst of applause went up from all parts of the "wigwam." Of course, Mr. Lincoln was called out, and made an explanation of the matter. He stated that, some thirty years ago, then just emigrating to the State, he stopped with his mother's family, for one season, in what is now Macon county; that be built a cabin, *split rails*, and cultivated a small farm down on the Sangamon river, some six or eight miles from Decatur. These, he was informed, were taken from that fence; but, whether they were or not, he had mauled many, and better ones, since he had grown to manhood.

From Macon county he removed to a settlement called New Salem, which was then in Sangamon, but now in Menard county. It was at New Salem that Judge Douglas says he first knew Lincoln, and I cannot do better than to read here an extract from one of his speeches, made in the Illinois campaign in 1858, at Ottawa:

"In the remarks I have made on this platform, and the position of Mr. Lincoln upon it, I mean nothing personally disrespectful or unkind to that gentleman. I have known him for nearly twenty-five years. There were many points of sympathy between us when we first got acquainted. We were both comparatively boys, and both struggling with poverty in a strange land. I was a school-teacher in the town of Winchester, and he a flourishing grocery-keeper in the town of Salem. He was more successful in his occupation than I was in mine, and hence more fortunate in this world's goods. *Lincoln is one of those peculiar men who perform with admirable skill everything which they undertake."—Lincoln and Douglas Debates, page 69.*

The last sentence in the above extract is worthy of especial note. Such a compliment extorted from his bitterest adversary has a greatly enhanced value. When Mr. Lincoln shall have undertaken the administration of the Government of this great country, the people will agree with Mr. Douglas that

"Lincoln is one of those peculiar men who perform with admirable skill everything which they undertake."

Again: Mr. Douglas, in a speech in the Senate of the United States, January 23, 1860, refers to Mr. Lincoln as one of "*the ablest and most clearheaded men*" of the Republican party.

It may be proper, however, here, to let the following reply of

Mr. Lincoln be heard in regard to his being a "flourishing grocery-keeper:"

"The Judge is wofully at fault about his early friend Lincoln being a 'grocery-keeper.' I don't know as it would be a great sin, if I had been; but he is mistaken. Lincoln never kept a grocery anywhere in the world. It is true that Lincoln did work the latter part of one winter in a little still-house, up at the head of a hollow."

Now it is proposed, that as Lincoln spent a "part of one winter in a little *still*-house, up at the head of a hollow," he shall spend the whole of four winters, at least, in a large *white* house at the head of Pennsylvania avenue.

The Black Hawk war having broken out, Mr. Lincoln was among the first to raise a company of volunteers for that service, and he acquitted himself with credit. Returning from that campaign, he began in earnest to devote the energies of his great intellect and superior will to the acquisition of knowledge. He first acquired a knowledge of the art of surveying, but the demand for his services in that line of business was not sufficient to support him, and he was compelled to surrender up his mathematical and surveying instruments to the sheriff, to be sold on execution.

Nothing daunted by his misfortune, then it was he commenced the study of that profession upon which he has conferred so much honor, and in which he has attained so great a distinction. Borrowing a few elementary law books, he learned the rudiments of the profession by the dim light thrown out from the fireplace of a log cabin.

In 1836 he was placed in nomination, by the Whigs of Sangamon county, for a seat in the lower branch of the Legislature, which then met at Vandalia. He was elected, and gave early evidence of the superior qualities of his mind, and his skill and power as a debater. He was elected, and served two subsequent sessions. Wider avenues were now opened to him in the acquisition of general knowledge, and of the knowledge of the law, which he improved to the utmost. Changing his residence from a precinct in the county to Springfield, which had then become the capital of the

State, and where he has ever since resided, he was admitted to the bar, and embarked in his profession. His success was immediate. He displayed a knowledge of the principles of the law almost intuitive, and his arguments were marked by strength of reasoning, keenness of logic, a rough eloquence, and a flow of wit and humor. His fairness to his adversary, his disdain of all the little tricks which sometimes disgrace the profession, his entire candor and truthfulness, his original and easy mode of illustration, made him all powerful before a jury. He now ranks as the ablest and most successful lawyer in the State.

My first knowledge of Mr. Lincoln was in the great campaign of 1840. He was then an elector on the Harrison electoral ticket. He stumped all the middle and lower part of the State with great effect, travelling from the Wabash to the Mississippi in the hot months of July and August, shaking with the ague one day, and addressing the people the next, and establishing a reputation as one of the most effective and popular speakers in the State, a reputation which he has ever since maintained.

From 1840 to 1844 Mr. Lincoln devoted himself entirely to the active pursuit of his profession. The Clay campaign of 1844 brought him again into the political arena, and he headed the Whig electoral ticket in that canvass. He stumped the State, speaking to immense audiences everywhere he went, winning the applause of his friends, and extorting the admiration of his enemies, for his eloquent and masterly expositions of the principles of his party. After the defeat of Mr. Clay, and up to 1846, he was found devoted to his profession. In August of 1846 he was elected to Congress, by the Whigs of the Springfield district, to succeed Col. E. D. Baker.

In December, 1847, Mr. Lincoln took his seat in Congress. It is but proper that his recorded opinions, while a member of Congress, upon the questions then agitating the country, should be known, and I now propose to briefly review the record made by him in the Thirtieth Congress.

In the House of Representatives, on the 3d of January, 1848, Mr. Evans, of Maryland, offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the capitulation of Monterey meets with the entire sanction and approbation of this Congress, and that the terms of that capitulation were as creditable to the humanity and skill of the gallant Taylor, as the achievement of the victory of Monterey was glorious to our arms."

Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, moved to amend by adding the words· "in a war unnecessarily and unconstitutionally begun by the President of the United States." The yeas and nays were ordered upon this amendment, and it was agreed to—yeas 85, nays 81. (*Congressional Globe, vol.* 18, *page* 95.) It was a strict party vote, every Whig member of the House voting in the affirmative. Among the distinguished names of those who voted for this amendment I find that of Abraham Lincoln. I find also that he voted in what would now be called good Democratic company, and with men who are at the present time bright and shining lights in the Democratic party, and who have never been denounced as traitors, taking sides with the enemy in time of war. Hon. Thomas L. Clingman, at present a Democratic Senator from North Carolina; Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, a leader of the Democratic party in the House of Representatives for several Congresses prior to the present one; Hon. Thomas Butler King, of Georgia, now a Democratic member of the Senate of that State; Hon. Daniel M. Barringer, of North Carolina, late Minister to Spain, now a Democrat; and Hon. Robert Toombs, the present able and distinguished Senator from Georgia, all of whom served with Mr. Lincoln in the Thirtieth Congress—with whom Mr. Toombs says, in a late speech, he had an "agreeable acquaintance," and all of whom voted precisely as Lincoln did, for this amendment of Mr. Ashmun.

In regard to this vote, I prefer to let Mr. Lincoln speak for himself. In replying to a speech of Judge Douglas, in the celebrated campaign in our State in 1858, Mr. Lincoln said:

"And so I think my friend, the Judge, is equally at fault, when he charges me, at the time

when I was in Congress, of having opposed our soldiers who were fighting in the Mexican war. The Judge did not make his charge very distinctly; but I can tell you what he can prove by referring to the record. You remember I was an old Whig, and whenever the Democratic party tried to get me to vote that the war had been righteously begun by the President, I would not do it. But whenever they asked for any money, or land warrants, or anything to pay the soldiers there, during all that time, I gave the same vote that Judge Douglas did. You can think as you please as to whether that was consistent. Such is the truth; and the Judge has the right to make all he can out of it. But when he by a general charge conveys the idea that I withheld supplies from the soldiers who were fighting in the Mexican war, or did anything else to hinder the soldiers, he is, to say the least, grossly and altogether mistaken, as a consultation of the records will prove to him."—*Lincoln and Douglas Debates, page* 75.

In a speech in this House, on the 27th day of July, 1848, Mr. Lincoln, referring to the same matter, spoke in the following language of truth, eloquence, and patriotism:

"If, when the war had begun, and had become the cause of the country, the giving of our money and our blood, in common with yours, was support of the war, then it is not true that we have always opposed the war. With few individual exceptions, you have constantly had our votes here for all the necessary supplies. And, more than this, you have had the services, the blood, and the lives, of our political brethren, in every trial, and on every field. The beardless boy and the mature man, the humble and the distinguished—you have had them. Through suffering and death, by disease and in battle, they have endured and fought and fell with you. Clay and Webster each gave a son, never to be returned. From the State of my own residence, besides other worthy but less known Whig names, we sent Marshall, Morrison, Baker, and Hardin; they all fought, and one fell, and in the fall of that one we lost our best Whig man.

Nor were the Whigs few in number, or laggard in the day of danger. In that fearful, bloody, breathless struggle at Buena Vista, where each man's hard task was to beat back five foes or die himself, of the five high officers who perished, four were Whigs.

In speaking of this, I mean no odious comparison between the lion-hearted Whigs and Democrats who fought there. On other occasions, and among the lower officers and privates on *that* occasion, I doubt not the proportion was different. I wish to do justice to all. I think of all those brave men as Americans, in whose proud fame, as an American, I too have a share. Many of them, Whigs and Democrats, are my constituents and personal friends; and I thank them—more than thank them—one and all, for the high, imperishable honor they have conferred on our common State."—*Congressional Globe, vol.* 19, *page* 1042.

Such being the patriotic and consistent position of Mr. Lincoln on the war, when the bill for supplies for our army in Mexico came up on the 8th day of March, 1848, his vote is of course found recorded *in favor of the bill.* (*Congressional Globe, vol.* 18, *page* 445.)

Following this up, we find Mr. Lincoln ever watchful of the interests of the soldier, proposing to extend the bounty land act,

not only so far as regarded the volunteers to Mexico, but to the war-worn veterans of 1812; thus putting in motion that great measure of public justice which was finally meted out to those brave and patriotic men. On the proposition to amend the bounty land law of February 11, 1847, which was passed before Mr. Lincoln became a member of Congress, Mr. Lincoln spoke as follows:

"If there was a general desire on the part of the House to pass the bill now, he should be glad to have it done—concurring as he did generally with the gentleman from Arkansas, [Mr. Johnson] that the postponement might jeopard the safety of the proposition. If, however, a reference was to be made, he wished to make a very few remarks in relation to the several subjects desired by gentlemen to be embraced in amendments to the ninth section of the act of the last session of Congress. The first amendment desired by members of this House had for its only object to give bounty lands to such persons as had served for a time as privates, but had never been discharged as such, because promoted to office. That subject, and no other, was embraced in this bill. There were some others who desired, while they were legislating on this subject, that they should also give bounty lands to the volunteers of the war of 1812. His friend from Maryland [Mr. Evans] said there were no such men. He [Mr. L.] did not say there were many, but he was very confident there were some. His friend from Kentucky near him [Mr. Gaines] told him he himself was one.

"There was still another proposition touching this matter: that was, that persons entitled to bounty land should by law be entitled to locate these lands in parcels, and not be required to locate them in one body, as was provided by the existing law.

"Now, he had carefully drawn up a bill embracing these separate propositions, which he intended to propose as a substitute for all these bills in the House, or in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, at some suitable time. If there was a disposition on the part of the House to act at once on this separate proposition, he repeated that, with the gentleman from Arkansas, he should prefer it, lest they should lose all. But if there was to be a reference, he desired to introduce his bill embracing the three propositions—thus enabling the Committee and the House to act at the same time, whether favorably or unfavorably, upon all."—*Congressional Globe, vol.* 18, *page* 550.

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Lincoln not only favored the bill before the House, but he proposed embracing the soldiers of the war of 1812, and also to authorize the soldier to locate his land in parcels, and not be obliged to locate it in one body; a most just and liberal proposition.

On the great question of rivers and harbors, Mr. Lincoln is eminently sound and practical, and his views must meet with the approbation of the country. On the 22d day of June, 1848, he made a speech in the House of Representatives, on the message of

President Polk vetoing the river and harbor bill. In reply to that part of the message of Mr. Polk touching the suggestion of a change of the Constitution, he made the following observations, which should sink deep into the hearts of the American people:

"As a general rule, I think we would do much better to let it alone. No slight occasion should tempt us to touch it. Better not take the first step, which may lead to a habit of altering it. Better rather habituate ourselves to think of it as unalterable. It can scarcely be made better than it is. New provisions would introduce new difficulties, and thus create and increase appetite for still further change. No, sir; let it stand as it is. New hands have never touched it. The men who made it have done their work, and have passed away. Who shall improve on what *they* did?"

After conclusively replying to the arguments of the message, Mr. Lincoln proceeds with the following eminently practical suggestions:

"Determine that the thing can and shall be done, and then we shall find the way. The tendency to undue expansion is unquestionably the chief difficulty. How to do *something*, and still not to do *too much*, is the desideratum. Let each contribute his mite in the way of suggestion. The late Silas Wright, in a letter to the Chicago Convention, contributed his, which was worth something; and I now contribute mine, which may be worth nothing. At all events, it will mislead nobody, and therefore will do no harm. I would not borrow money. I am against an overwhelming, crushing system. Suppose that, at each session, Congress shall first determine *how much* money can, for that year, be spared for improvements; then apportion that sum to the most *important* objects. So far, all is easy; but how shall we determine which *are* the most important? On this question comes the collision of interests. I shall be slow to acknowledge that *your* harbor or *your* river is more important than *mine*, and *vice versa*. To clear this difficulty, let us have that same statistical information which the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Vinton] suggested at the beginning of this session. In that information we shall have a stern, unbending basis of *facts*—a basis in no wise subject to whim, caprice, or local interest. The prelimited amount of means will save us from doing *too much*, and the statistics will save us from doing what we do in *wrong places*. Adopt and adhere to this course, and, it seems to me, the difficulty is cleared."—*Congressional Globe, vol.* 19, *page* 709.

On the passage of the river and harbor bill by the House, August 11, 1848, Mr. Lincoln's name is found in the affirmative. (*Congressional Globe, vol.* 18, *page* 1062.)

The tariff question was not up in Congress during Mr. Lincoln's term of service, but he nevertheless had an opportunity of putting himself upon the record in favor of protecting the great interests of American labor.

Hon. Andrew Stewart, of Pennsylvania, called "Tariff Andy," on the 19th day of June, 1848, asked leave to introduce the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the Committee of Ways and Means be instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill increasing the duties on foreign luxuries of all kinds, and on such foreign manufactures as are now coming into ruinous competition with American labor."

Upon the question being taken, Mr. Lincoln *voted in the affirmative.* (*Congressional Globe, vol.* 18, *page* 852.)

Mr. Lincoln was an early and consistent advocate of the doctrine of slavery prohibition in the Territories, and of the power of Congress over them. He voted for the amendment to the Oregon bill, which extended the ordinance of 1787 over Oregon Territory, and for the bill thus amended. (*Congressional Globe, vol.* 18, *page* 1027.)

Such is the record made by Mr. Lincoln on all the important matters before Congress while he was a member. Though serving his constituents with ability and fidelity, and to the entire satisfaction of his friends, he declined a renomination, preferring the quiet pursuit of his profession, and the enjoyments of private life, to the blandishments of office and the turmoil of political strife. Yet, such was his interest in political matters, and so deeply did he feel the importance to the country of the success of the principles he upheld, that he actively participated in the Presidential contest of 1852.

The repeal of the Missouri compromise, in 1854, called Mr. Lincoln again into the field of politics, and he threw himself into the great contest of that year, with all the energy of his character and the power of his will. Stumping the State in all directions, and speaking to immense audiences, he awakened the people to the aggressive character of that legislation, and called on them to rebuke that "ruthless hand" which dared to break down that sacred compromise, and which, in the words of Senator Douglas, "was akin to the Constitution, and canonized in the hearts of the American people."

Upon the Legislature elected that year devolved the duty of electing an United States Senator, in the place of General Shields, who had voted for the Kansas-Nebraska bill. The Whigs and Anti-Nebraska Democrats constituted a majority of both branches of that Legislature, but five-sixths of this majority had been Whigs, and Mr. Lincoln was their first choice for Senator. The Anti-Nebraska Democrats presented Judge Trumbull as a candidate, and Mr. Lincoln finding after the balloting commenced that the continuance of his name before the joint Convention might result in the election of the Nebraska Democratic candidate, magnanimously withdrew from the contest, and earnestly entreated his friends to elect Judge Trumbull, an Anti-Nebraska Democrat, whose subsequent career in the Senate has been marked by great ability, and by strict fidelity to the convictions of those who elected him.

In 1856, the Republican party in Illinois was fully inaugurated as a State organization at the Bloomington Convention, held in May of that year. Mr. Lincoln was present at that Convention, and gave the weight and influence of his great name to the establishment of that party, and to a bold and emphatic declaration of principles. His speech upon that occasion was one of the most masterly efforts of his life, and carried conviction to all minds, stirring up the Convention to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and nerving every man with resolute determination. He was placed on the Republican electoral ticket as an elector at large, associated with FREDERIC HECKER, the German patriot and orator, who had fought for liberty in his native land, and whose eloquence awakened in the hearts of his countrymen the highest emotions of patriotism.

In that campaign Mr. Lincoln again canvassed that State, laboring with great earnestness and zeal; and it could truly be said of him,

"No dangers daunted, and no labors tired."

Though Mr. Buchanan carried the State, yet the entire Republican State ticket was elected.

Great interest centred in the election of 1858—the Legislature to be elected was to name a successor to Judge Douglas in the Senate of the United States. The Republican State Convention for that year, to nominate candidates for State officers, with entire unanimity and amid unbounded enthusiasm designated Mr. Lincoln as the choice of the Republicans of the State for United States Senator, to succeed Judge Douglas. Of all the able and distinguished Republicans in the State, such was the hold of Mr. Lincoln on the party, such was the devotion of the masses to his interests, that no other name was suggested or thought of in connection with the candidacy for Senator.

I will now allude to some of the incidents of the great campaign of 1858, between Lincoln and Douglas which assumed national proportions, and attracted the attention of all parts of the country, by the ability and vigor of the discussions and the intense excitement which attended the canvass. All the great questions that now agitate the country were fully and elaborately discussed in their debates, and Mr. Lincoln's position on those questions can be most fully and satisfactorily understood by a reference thereto.

In a discussion at Freeport, in my own district, at which I was present, Mr. Douglas submitted to Mr. Lincoln a series of interrogatories, embracing all the various propositions involved in the question of slavery. I cannot do better here than to extract the questions and answers from a recent speech of the distinguished Senator from Louisiana [MR. BENJAMIN], in the United States Senate, together with his comment thereon. Speaking of that canvass, Mr. Benjamin says:

"In that contest, the two candidates for the Senate of the United States, in the State of Illinois, went before their people. They agreed to discuss the issues; they put questions to each other for answer; and I must say here, for I must be just to all, that I have been surprised in the examination that I made again within the last few days of this discussion between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas, to find that Mr. Lincoln is a far more conservative man, unless he

has since changed his opinions, than I had supposed him to be. There was no dodging on his part. Mr. Douglas started with his questions. Here they are, with Mr. Lincoln's answers:

"*Question* 1. I desire to know whether Lincoln to-day stands, as he did in 1854, in favor of the unconditional repeal of the fugitive slave law?

"*Answer*. I do not now, nor ever did, stand in favor of the unconditional repeal of the fugitive slave law.

"*Question* 2. I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to-day, as he did in 1854, against the admission of any more slave States into the Union, even if the people want them?

"*Answer*. I do not now, nor ever did, stand pledged against the admission of any more slave States into the Union.

"*Question* 3. I want to know whether he stands pledged against the admission of a new State into the Union with such a Constitution as the people of that State may see fit to make?

"*Answer*. I do not stand pledged against the admission of a new State into the Union with such a Constitution as the people of that State may see fit to make.

"*Question* 4. I want to know whether he stands to-day pledged to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia?

"*Answer*. I do not stand to-day pledged to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

"*Question* 5. I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to the prohibition of the slave trade between the different States?

"*Answer*. I do not stand pledged to the prohibition of the slave trade between the different States.

"*Question* 6. I desire to know whether he stands pledged to prohibit slavery in all the Territories of the United States, north as well as south of the Missouri compromise line?

"*Answer*. I am impliedly, if not expressly, pledged to a belief in the *right* and *duty* of Congress to prohibit slavery in all the United States Territories.

"*Question* 7. I desire him to answer whether he is opposed to the acquisition of any new territory unless slavery is first prohibited therein?

"*Answer*. I am not generally opposed to honest acquisition of territory; and, in any given case, I would or would not oppose such acquisition, accordingly as I might think such acquisition would or would not aggravate the slavery question among ourselves."—*Debates of Lincoln and Douglas, p.* 88.

"It is impossible, Mr. President, however we may differ in opinion with the man, not to admire the perfect candor and frankness with which these answers were given; no equivocation —no evasion."

Nothing can be more just than the compliments paid by the distinguished Louisiana Senator to the candor and frankness of

Mr. Lincoln. It is not an unusual thing for him to extort expressions of admiration from his opponents, for the fairness and candor of his arguments, both in political discussion and at the bar. It was said of him by one of the Judges of our Supreme Court, that he stated the propositions and arguments of his adversary so fully and fairly, that but little further was necessary to be said.

It is but just, however, that Mr. Lincoln should be heard further on these questions and answers, and in explanation of them, and in the same discussion, he says:

"Now, my friends, it will be perceived, upon an examination of these questions and answers, that so far I have only answered that I was not *pledged* to this, that, or the other. The Judge has not framed his interrogatories to ask me anything more than this, and I have answered in strict accordance with the interrogatories, and have answered truly that I am not *pledged* at all upon any of the points to which I have answered. But I am not disposed to hang upon the exact form of his interrogatory. I am rather disposed to take up at least some of these questions, and state what I really think upon them.

"As to the first one in regard to the Fugitive Slave law, I have never hesitated to say, and I do not now hesitate to say, that I think, under the Constitution of the United States, the people of the Southern States are entitled to a Congressional Fugitive Slave law. Having said that, I have had nothing to say in regard to the existing Fugitive Slave law, further than that I think it should have been framed so as to be free from some of the objections that pertain to it, without lessening its efficiency. And inasmuch as we are not now in an agitation in regard to an alteration or modification of that law, I would not be the man to introduce it as a new subject of agitation upon the general question of slavery.

"In regard to the other question, of whether I am pledged to the admission of any more slave States into the Union, I state to you very frankly that I would be exceedingly sorry ever to be put in a position of having to pass upon that question. I should be exceedingly glad to know that there would never be another slave State admitted into the Union; but I must add, that if slavery shall be kept out of the Territories during the territorial existence of any one given Territory, and then the people shall, having a fair chance and a clear field, when they come to adopt the Constitution, do such an extraordinary thing as to adopt a slave Constitution, uninfluenced by the actual presence of the institution among them, I see no alternative, if we own the country, but to admit them into the Union.

"The third interrogatory is answered by the answer to the second, it being, as I conceive, the same as the second.

"The fourth one is in regard to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. In relation to that I have my mind very distinctly made up. I should be exceedingly glad to see slavery abolished in the District of Columbia. I believe that Congress possesses the constitutional power to abolish it. Yet, as a member of Congress, I should not, with my present views, be in favor of *endeavoring* to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, unless it would be

upon these conditions: *First*, that the abolition should be gradual. *Second*, that it should be on a vote of the majority of qualified voters in the District, And, *third* that compensation should be made to unwilling owners. With these three conditions, I confess I would be exceedingly glad to see Congress abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and, in the language of Henry Clay, 'sweep from our capital that foul blot upon our nation.'

"In regard to the fifth interrogatory, I must say here, that as to the question of the abolition of the slave trade between the different States, I can truly answer, as I have, that I am *pledged* to nothing about it. It is a subject to which I have not given that mature consideration that would make me feel authorized to state a position so as to hold myself entirely bound by it. In other words, that question has never been prominently enough before me to induce me to investigate whether we really have the constitutional power to do it. I could investigate it if I had sufficient time, to bring myself to a conclusion upon that subject; but I have not done so, and I say so frankly to you here, and to Judge Douglas. I must say, however, that if I should be of opinion that Congress does possess the constitutional power to abolish the slave trade among the different States, I should still not be in favor of the exercise of that power unless upon some conservative principle, as I conceive it, akin to what I have said in relation to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

"My answer as to whether I desire that slavery should be prohibited in all the territories of the United States is full and explicit within itself, and cannot be made clearer by any comments of mine. So I suppose, in regard to the question, whether I am opposed to the acquisition of any more territory unless slavery is first prohibited there in my answer is such that I could add nothing by way of illustration, or making myself better understood, than the answer which I have placed in writing.

"Now, in all this, the Judge has me, and he has me on the record. I suppose he had flattered himself that I was really entertaining one set of opinions for one place and another set for another place—that I was afraid to say at one place what I uttered at another. What I am saying here I suppose I say to a vast audience as strongly tending to Abolitionism as any audience in the State of Illinois, and I believe I am saying that which, if it would be offensive to any persons, and render them enemies to myself, would be offensive to persons in this audience."—*Lincoln and Douglas Debates, pages* 88, 89.

As a Republican, Mr. Lincoln thus further speaks the sentiments of his party in regard to the slavery question:

"They look upon it as a vast moral evil; they can prove it as such by the writings of those who gave us the blessings of liberty which we enjoy, and that they so looked upon it, and not as an evil merely confining itself to the States where it is situated; and while we agree that, by the Constitution we assented to, in the States where it exists we have no right to interfere with it, because it is in the Constitution; and we are by both duty and inclination to stick by that Constitution, in all its letter and spirit, from beginning to end. . . . The Republican party is made up of those who, as far as they can peaceably, will oppose the extension of slavery, and who will hope for its ultimate extinction."—*Lincoln and Douglas Debates, page* 19.

Now, Mr. Chairman, one word as to the Dred Scott decision, and Mr. Lincoln's position in regard to it. He says:

"I have expressed heretofore, and I now repeat, my opposition to the Dred Scott decision,

but I should be allowed to state the nature of that opposition; and I ask your indulgence while I do so. What is fairly implied by the term Judge Douglas has used, 'resistance to the decision?' I do not resist it. If I wanted to take Dred Scott from his master, I would be interfering with property, and that terrible difficulty, that Judge Douglas speaks of, of interfering with property would arise. But I am doing no such thing as that; but all that I am doing is refusing to obey it as a political rule. If I were in Congress, and a vote should come up on the question whether slavery should be prohibited in a new Territory, in spite of the Dred Scott decision, I would vote that it should. That is what I would do. Judge Douglas said last night, that before the decision he might advance his opinion, and it might be contrary to the decision when it was made; but after it was made, he would abide by it until it was reversed. Just so. We let this property abide by the decision, but we will try to reverse that decision. We will try to put it where Judge Douglas would not object, for he says he will obey it until it is reversed. Somebody has to reverse that decision, since it is made, and we mean to reverse it, and we mean to do it peaceably.

"What are the uses of decisions of courts? They have two uses. As rules of property, they have two uses. First, they decide upon the question before the court. They decide in this case that Dred Scott is a slave. Nobody resists that. Not only that, but they say to everybody else, that persons standing just as Dred Scott stands, are as he is. That is, they say that when a question comes up upon another person, it will be so decided again, unless the court decides in another way, unless the court overrules its decision. Well, we mean to do what we can to have the court decide the other way. That is one thing we mean to try to do."—*Lincoln and Douglas Debates, page* 20.

In regard to what would be the course of the Republican party towards our Southern brethren in the event of its accession to power, Mr. Lincoln, addressing himself to Kentuckians, said in his Cincinnati speech:

"We mean to treat you, as near as we possibly can, as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, treated you. We mean to leave you alone, and in no way to interfere with your institution; to abide by all and every compromise of the Constitution; and, in a word, coming back to the original proposition, to treat you, so far as degenerated men (if we have degenerated) may, according to the examples of those noble fathers—Washington, Jefferson, and Madison. We mean to remember that you are as good as we; that there is no difference between us, other than the difference of circumstances. We mean to recognise and bear in mind always that you have as good hearts in your bosoms as other people, or as we claim to have, and treat you accordingly."—*Lincoln and Douglas Debates, page* 263.

In his speech at Ottawa, Mr. Lincoln further says:

"I will say here, while upon this subject, that I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. I have no purpose to introduce political and social equality between the white and the black races. There is a physical difference between the two, which, in my judgment, will probably forever forbid their living together upon the footing of perfect equality; and inasmuch as it becomes a necessity that there must be a difference, I, as well as Judge Douglas, am in favor of the race to which I belong having the

superior position. I have never said anything to the contrary, but I hold that, notwithstanding all this, there is no reason in the world why the negro is not entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."—*Lincoln and Douglas Debates, page 75.*

The result of that contest is known. The Republican State ticket was triumphantly elected. Mr. Lincoln triumphed by the popular voice. The candidates for the Legislature friendly to Mr. Lincoln received more votes than the candidates friendly to Judge Douglas, and Lincoln was only defeated for Senator by an iniquitous and unjust apportionment, which stifled the voice of the majority.

The entire vote for the Lincoln candidates for the Legislature, was	125,375
The entire vote for the Douglas candidates for the Legislature, was	121,190
Lincoln leading Douglas in the popular vote . . .	4,185

I have thus, Mr. Chairman, briefly adverted to the private history and public life of Mr. Lincoln, and both commend him to the country as a worthy candidate, of a great and patriotic party, for President of the United States. His nomination has touched the popular heart, and has been received with approbation everywhere. The masses of the people are rallying under the flag of the man of their choice, and they will bear him to the Presidential chair by an overwhelming majority. Dissatisfaction at the results of the Chicago Convention now only exists among our Democratic brethren. They profess to think we did not nominate the proper man, and shed "crocodile tears" over the defeat of the nomination of a candidate whom they have hunted through his whole political career by a persistent malignity, without parallel in the history of the country. Such sympathy, under such circumstances, is no new thing. It was exhibited in the case of Mr. Clay when General Taylor was nominated over him in 1848. The Democrats were then very much troubled at the great mistake the Whigs made in throwing overboard their great leader, Mr. Clay,

and nominating the hero of Buena Vista. I know of no better reply to all this, than Mr. Lincoln made in a speech in this House on the 27th day of July, 1848:

"Mr. Speaker, let our Democratic friends be comforted with the assurance that we are content with our position, content with our company, and content with our candidate; and that, although they in their generous sympathy think we ought to be miserable, we really are not, and that they may dismiss the great anxiety they have on our account."—*Congressional Globe, vol.* 19, *page* 1043.

The Republican party prefers to make its own nominations, as it is able to manage its own concerns in its own way. This party is the most imposing reunion of men for a patriotic object which this country has ever known. All good men, of all parties, who desire to see the Government rescued from its present degradation, and who would stay the further spread of slavery, can unite upon the candidates and the platform of the Chicago Convention. The hope which Mr. Lincoln expressed, in the Illinois campaign of 1858, should be realized in the great contest upon which we have now entered. In his speech at Freeport, Mr. Lincoln said:

"For my part, I do hope that all of us, entertaining a common sentiment in opposition to what appears to us a design to nationalise and perpetuate slavery, will waive minor differences on questions which either belong to the dead past or the distant future, and all pull together in this struggle."—*Lincoln and Douglas, page* 107.

The success of the Republican party, which has been inaugurated by the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, will bring with it great duties and grave responsibilities. A strict observance of the Constitution and an inflexible administration of the law must be its rule. It must practice the most rigid economy in every department of the Government; repress with a vigorous hand all abuses that have crept into its administration; bring about fraternal feeling, reanimate industry, clear out the pathways, and spread the sails of commerce. It must save the common Territories of the United States from the curse of slavery; re-establish the public credit, and restore confidence between man and man. The immediate re-establishment of the public good must be its first great

object, and the peace and prosperity of the country will be assured.

Mr. Lincoln has been but little in public life, and he will come into the Presidential chair "fresh from the people," with "no friends to reward, and no enemies to punish." He has no complications with politicians, cliques, or factions, and no outstanding promises requiring redemption. One of the people, taken up by the people, he will be the President of the people. In him there are united the elements which challenged the confidence of the Convention which nominated him, and of the people who will elect him. He is emphatically a representative man, and by the simplicity of his manners and the purity of his private life he is the type of the virtues which belong to a great Republic. There is an inflexible patriotism in his heart, and he has the incorruptibility of Republican principles in his soul. He has doctrines, not hatreds, and is without ambition, except to do good and serve his country.

In these days, when corruption, prodigality, and venality have reached the very vitals of the Government, the people have at last found an *honest man* to administer the affairs of the nation in the spirit in which our institutions were founded; a man whose name has ever been the synonym of probity and honor—whose reputation, in all the relations of private life, is without blemish, as his public career is without reproach. No man ever has, and no man ever can, place his finger upon a single dishonorable or improper act of his life. He stands to-day, as a private citizen and public man, unassailed and unassailable—

"AN HONEST MAN, the noblest work of God."

Of no man can it more truly be said:

"His life is gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *this is a man!*"

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM ADOPTED BY THE CHICAGO CONVENTION, MAY 17, 1860

Resolved, That we, the delegated representatives of the Republican Electors of the United States, in Convention assembled, in the discharge of the duty we owe to our constituents and our country, unite in the following declarations:

First. That the history of the nation during the last four years has fully established the propriety and necessity of the organization and perpetuation of the Republican party, and that the causes which called it into existence are permanent in their nature, and now, more than ever before, demand its peaceful and constitutional triumph.

Second. That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Federal Constitution, is essential to the preservation of our republican institutions; that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States, must and shall be preserved; and that we reassert "these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Third. That to the Union of the States this nation owes its unprecedented increase in population; its surprising development of material resources; its rapid augmentation of wealth; its happiness at home and its honor abroad; and we hold in abhorrence all schemes for disunion, come from whatever source they may; and we congratulate the country that no Republican member of Congress has uttered or countenanced a threat of disunion, so often made by Democratic members of Congress without rebuke and with applause from their political associates; and we denounce

those threats of disunion, in case of a popular overthrow of their ascendency, as denying the vital principles of a free Government, and as an avowal of contemplated treason, which it is the imperative duty of an indignant people strongly to rebuke and forever silence.

Fourth. That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political faith depends; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.

Fifth. That the present Democratic Administration has far exceeded our worst apprehensions in its measureless subserviency to the exactions of a sectional interest, as is especially evident in its desperate exertions to force the infamous Lecompton Constitution upon the protesting people of Kansas—in construing the personal relation between master and servant to involve an unqualified property in persons—in its attempted enforcement everywhere, on land and sea, through the intervention of Congress and the Federal courts, of the extreme pretensions of a purely local interest, and in its general and unvarying abuse of the power intrusted to it by a confiding people.

Sixth. That the people justly view with alarm the reckless extravagance which pervades every department of the Federal Government; that a return to rigid economy and accountability is indispensable to arrest the system of plunder of the public Treasury by favored partisans; while the recent startling developments of fraud and corruption at the Federal metropolis show that an entire change of Administration is imperatively demanded.

Seventh. That the new dogma that the Constitution of its own force carries slavery into any or all of the Territories of the

United States, is a dangerous political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition, and with legislative and judicial precedent; is revolutionary in its tendency, and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country.

Eighth. That the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of Freedom; that as our republican fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever such legislation is necessary, to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any Territory of the United States.

Ninth. That we brand the recent reopening of the African slave trade, under the cover of our national flag, aided by perversions of judicial power, as a crime against humanity, a burning shame to our country and age; and we call upon Congress to take prompt and efficient measures for the total and final suppression of that execrable traffic.

Tenth. That in the recent vetoes by their Federal Governors of the acts of the Legislatures of Kansas and Nebraska, prohibiting slavery in those Territories, we find a practical illustration of the boasted Democratic principles of non-intervention and popular sovereignty, embodied in the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and a denunciation of the deception and fraud involved therein.

Eleventh. That Kansas should of right be immediately admitted as a State under the Constitution recently formed and adopted by her people, and accepted by the House of Representatives.

Twelfth. That while providing revenue for the support of

the General Government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these duties as to encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country; and we commend that policy of national exchanges, which secures to the working men liberal wages, to agriculture remunerating prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor, and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence.

Thirteenth. That we protest against any sale or alienation to others of the public lands held by actual settlers, and against any view of the free homestead policy which regards the settlers as paupers or supplicants for public bounty; and we demand the passage by Congress of the complete and satisfactory homestead measure which has already passed the House.

Fourteenth. That the Republican party is opposed to any change in our naturalization laws, or any State legislation by which the rights of citizenship hitherto accorded to immigrants from foreign lands shall be abridged or impaired; and in favor of giving a full and efficient protection to the rights of all classes of citizens, whether native or naturalized, both at home and abroad.

Fifteenth. That the appropriations by Congress for river and harbor improvements of a national character, required for the accommodation and security of an existing commerce, are authorized by the Constitution and justified by an obligation of the Government to protect the lives and property of its citizens.

Sixteenth. That a railroad to the Pacific Ocean is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country; that the Federal Government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction; and that, as preliminary thereto, a daily overland mail should be promptly established.

Seventeenth. Finally, having thus set forth our distinctive principles and views, we invite the co-operation of all citizens, however differing on other questions, who substantially agree with us in their affirmance and support.

THE
LESSON OF THE HOUR

BY

REV. EDWARD J. YOUNG

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THE LESSON OF THE HOUR

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WHAT times are these in which we live! What tragedies are we compelled to witness! The President of a free people assassinated in his own capital! A conspiracy to murder the chief rulers of the nation, and thus paralyze or destroy the Government! Our flag, that so lately waved joyfully in the breeze, now draped in mourning; our bells, that rang out pæans of victory, tolling for sorrow; our nation in tears, that but yesterday was jubilant and triumphing! In what age, in what country do we live, that such catastrophes are realities? If the sun had been turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, the horror would scarcely have been more dreadful. Passion Week is henceforth to be doubly significant as commemorative of a nation's agony, and Good Friday will be shrouded in a deeper gloom from association with the slaughter of the most beloved of magistrates. It is a personal as well as a public loss. It is a stab at every loyal heart, as well as at the cause of order, civilization and liberty. God speaks to us by such events; and it becomes us to listen to the teachings of his providence, as well as to his written word.

The first impression that is made upon us, after we have recovered from the shock which well-nigh overwhelmed us, is the feeling of mingled astonishment and shame at the baseness and enormity of the crime. We see of what wickedness man is capable. Human nature seems disgraced. The principal villain was not an ignorant, but a cultivated man. He had no personal provocation. The object of his dastardly and deadly aim was the representative and instrument of the people, who had given the least cause for the assault. If such a deed had been perpetrated under a despotism, during the Dark Ages, we might not have wondered. But that it should have occurred here, in this nineteenth century after Christ, in this enlightened land, under the most liberal form of government, at the hand of one intelligent, refined apparently, and even accomplished, proves the iniquity which man may com-

mit, and the inadequacy of mere culture to prevent it. Education, indeed, only enables the criminal to be more artful and more successful. The arch-fiend himself has consummate power and intellect. It is the moral sentiments alone that control the will and the life. As man may rise in the scale till he reach the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, so he may sink till he approximates the devils. The character of Judas is now less difficult to understand. He was only a betrayer, not a murderer. Here however, was a parricide as well as a traitor.

> "Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
> But this most foul, strange and unnatural."

It was an attempt at the life of the nation in the person of its Chief Magistrate. On the very day upon which our flag was replaced at Sumter as the symbol of the national authority, the head of the nation was struck down in Washington. It is a matter of humiliation as well as sorrow for us as a people. Those who hold their power by force against the will of their subjects now seem to say to us, "Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?" We never believed it possible that the spirit of assassination could exist among us, since we publicly declared that rulers derive all their authority from the consent of the governed. We can hardly hear with patience of the deification of human nature; that men are all embryo saints; that sin is only stumbling, necessary to man's development, and deserving only of pity, but not of punishment. As this war has forever silenced the advocates of peace, so let us hope that we shall hear no more of views which represent the criminal as merely unfortunate, and the assassin as only a less fully developed Christian.

If we turn now to contemplate our great loss, we cannot but admire and bless that signal Providence which selected one who was the son of a "poor white" in a slave State, and who grew up in a log-cabin in a Western wilderness, to be the ruler of this great nation in the most critical period of its history. Abraham Lincoln

was pre-eminently the product of our institutions. Not graceful or refined, not always using the English language correctly, so that he did not receive a degree from Harvard College, he has proved to be the very man for the times; and he has won a place in the opinion of foreign critics and in the esteem of his countrymen, which is second only to that of Washington. He had the greatness of goodness; not a powerful or a brilliant intellect, but plain, practical good sense, a sincere purpose to do right, an eminently catholic spirit that was ready to listen to all sides, and a firm, unshaken belief in the expediency of justice. He believed in God, and in the victory of truth and righteousness. And when so many of our distinguished men have employed their talents to defend iniquity and to bolster up injustice, when so many of our Presidents have encouraged corruption and intrigues, both at home and abroad, it was most auspicious that we had in the chair of state one whose honesty was unquestionable, and whose patriotism was above all doubt. Hence he proved such a skilful pilot, because he pursued so straight a course; no man who ever wielded such power having had so few enemies. Considering that his life was menaced before he was inaugurated, and that he was constantly in peril, it is wonderful that he was spared so long. But his work is done. He lived to restore the old flag to the spot where it had been stricken down, and to tread the streets of the conquered capital. He has now gone to join the great army of which he was the commander-in-chief, who have laid down their lives for the country, and with whom he will ever be associated as the chief martyr. Providence did not permit him to rebuild the temple of our liberties; but he was enabled to lay its foundations, to see its outlines and its glorious proportions, and to behold all nations and races worshipping in it. No greater treasure could be left to us than the legacy of his services and his example.

It is impossible that one man could have concocted, matured, and executed such a crime. There was a cause behind, and this act was only the "crest of the wave." To those who are familiar

with the society of the South, this deed did not occasion surprise. Opinions and practices prevail there which are in perfect harmony with this atrocity. Founded on a system of injustice which abrogates all natural rights and all personal relations, which denies liberty, marriage, knowledge even of the Bible, murder is rife there as the natural concomitant of ignorance, concubinage and barbarism. Slavery corrupts the conscience and relaxes the entire moral law. Deeds of violence are permitted and prompted by it; and it is within the remembrance of all of us, that Southern senators in the Congress of the United States have publicly threatened to hang Northern men, if only they could arrest them. The same fiendish spirit which massacred our wounded soldiers, which starved our prisoners, which endeavored to burn the women and children in the hotels of a great city, renders a deed like this neither impossible nor improbable. And when we know that it was declared by many at the South that Mr. Lincoln would never live to be inaugurated; when we know that a million of dollars was asked for in their public prints as the price for the assassination of the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of State,—we are compelled to find here the instigating cause of the murder. The assassin says in his letter: "My love is for the South alone. This country was formed for the white, not for the black, man. African slavery is one of the greatest blessings God ever bestowed upon a favored nation."

The author of this diabolical act was not a rebel, but a confederate with rebels; and his deed is the result of sympathy with treason. A Northern sympathizer with the enemy is far baser than a Southern foe. Not daring openly to take up arms against the Government, he opposes it by every means in his power. We all know in what quarters praise has been given to the insurgents, false charges have been preferred against the Government, hatred has been enkindled against the blacks, and the prediction made that, if war broke out between the North and South, it would be carried on also in our own cities and towns. These declarations

have tended to embarrass our cause, to weaken the Government, to sow dissension at home, to strengthen our enemies abroad, to encourage the South, and to create that state of disaffection which has now ripened into malicious murder. They who by their words have helped to make that public sentiment which has now manifested itself in act are morally participants in the guilt of it. "He that biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds." Because treason involves such prodigious crimes, because this rebellion is so gigantic, we do not perhaps regard it with the abhorrence which it deserves. Villainy often makes men bold and desperate. But robbery and murder are not excusable because they are committed by many rather than by few, by States rather than by individuals. One might perhaps find even in Satan some qualities to admire. The enemy of the country is far more to be loathed than a personal enemy. Jefferson Davis is a far greater criminal than Booth, because a nation was his victim, and he has sacrificed thousands of lives. The republic is in a life or death struggle. Public sentiment is our only safeguard. To praise the enemy is to assist them. On this account, men should be held to a strict responsibility for their expressions. These may incite others to overt acts of treason. The North is full of persons of doubtful loyalty. The subtle poison instilled by slavery is still lurking in all its parts. It is well known that many of the friends of Edward Everett regretted his patriotic course. The assassin of the President has friends in Boston, and doubtless a large number of accomplices throughout the country. There are many persons of wealth and influence who have no word of condemnation for the rebellion. Such persons are unworthy to live in a free country. Sympathy with treason is more dangerous than open rebellion. If allowed to pass unrebuked, no one is safe, and civil war may at any time break out in our streets. We must have a public opinion which shall not allow even the utterance of disloyal sentiments. Let those who hold them, whether they be foreigners or natives, be compelled to silence; or if they speak, let them be

shunned as the enemies of their country and of their race. If one can [talk] of this recent tragedy with any feeling but that of abhorrence for the actors in it, and for the spirit that prompted it, let him be excluded from society, and avoided as one who is in league with the powers of wickedness.

In our treatment of the rebels we must be careful not to give way to the spirit of revenge. There is a tone of haughtiness and contempt which is but little different from that used by the Southerners themselves. Sarcasm, malice, hate, are not justifiable even in a good cause. If we punish a boy we should not taunt him. There should be righteous indignation, but not unrighteous and unChristian resentment and wrath. There should not be vengeance, but justice; a complete vindication of the right, and an utter extirpation of the wrong. There must be a distinction made between the leaders and the people. The latter are to live with us, and must be conciliated and civilized. The former, who knowingly and wilfully have plotted and achieved all this mischief, must receive no forbearance or indulgence. They have been guilty of the greatest offence known to the law. They have sought the ruin of the nation. It is not safe that they should be permitted to live among us, to destroy our peace and injure our prosperity. We owe it to posterity that treason shall be regarded and punished as the most heinous of crimes. These incendiaries have no claims upon us, no rights which we are bound to respect. They are vipers which must be crushed, else they will sting the hand that would nurse and feed them. Their spirit is inexorable and implacable. Their civil ruler declares that the war shall be continued, that he will never abandon the work, that no peace shall be made, that again and again will he renew and maintain the contest. Their military leader, in his farewell to his defeated soldiers, expresses his increasing admiration of their constancy and devotion to the Confederacy, and says, "You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed." The Southern correspondent of the London *Times* writes, "If

Richmond falls, and Lee and Johnston are driven from the field, it is but the first stage of the colossal revolution which will be completed. The closing scenes of this mightiest of revolutionary dramas will not be played out, save in the times of our children's children." No toleration must be extended to men who continue to avow such sentiments. The theory of State sovereignty must be forever annihilated. The curse of slavery must be forever extirpated. They who take the sword must abide the appeal to the sword. This even-handed justice must—

> "Commend the ingredients of their poisoned chalice
> To their own lips."

We must have hereafter a stronger government, which can deal with the elements of treason and rebellion. There must also be more respect paid to our rulers, and more confidence reposed in them. Party opposition has been carried altogether too far. Prejudice and political feeling have, in some persons, well-nigh extinguished patriotism. We find fault with every act which does not accord with our views or policy. We do not recognize Government as the expression of Right, and obedience as a sacred duty. We do not appreciate our great men until they are taken from us. All persons now unite to honor the President when dead, who would not praise him if he were living. What a sad commentary is this on our injustice and ingratitude to public men! Mr. Lincoln is a striking instance of the unreasonableness and unfairness of political opponents. He was blamed by both extremes. Let us see to it that his successor is better supported.

In this country where the people rule, every citizen has a duty to perform. The State requires his allegiance and his service. Especially should the intelligent and religious portion of the community feel under solemn obligation to give their influence in the nomination and election of wise and virtuous rulers, in the support of all measures of sound public policy, and in the maintenance and increase of all useful institutions. The republic cannot spare the voice or vote of any of her good citizens. And yet a few persons

control our elections, nominate our officers, superintend our public interests, and watch over the public good! The withdrawal, one after another, of our prominent men, imposes an added responsibility on those who remain. When there are so many materials of discord in the State, every one should exert himself to maintain order, liberty, and progress. A few reckless individuals can cause incalculable injury to the community. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. The organs of public sentiment must be true. The tone of public debate must be candid. The spirit of public assemblies must be loyal and firm. The best tribute which we can pay to the memory of our great chief is increased fidelity to the principles which he represented. If his course commands our admiration, it should also incite us to imitation.

We have many reasons for hope and encouragement as to our country. We have cause for gratitude that, with all the hostile elements among us, we have escaped the outbreak of civil war at the North. We have cause for thanksgiving, that our people have showed themselves so devoted and brave; bearing cheerfully the burdens and calamities of this conflict, and resolved that it shall be closed only by a righteous and lasting peace. We have cause for praise that, notwithstanding our great loss, we have still so many able leaders left, and that our Government is so well able to cope with its open and its secret enemies. Our land is the dearer to us for our sacrifices. The blood of our martyrs sanctifies and enriches it. Their spirit passes into thousands of hearts. How costly is the progress of the race! It is only by the giving of life that we can have life. The first period of the war is nearly closed. The military portion of the work is almost done. There remains the more difficult part, that of civil reconstruction. We must have faith in our fundamental ideas. We must have faith in man and in human progress. Above all, we must have faith in God, in the triumph of his truth, in the establishment of his kingdom on the earth. New glory and prosperity are in store for us, if we are only true to the principles of that kingdom. In

the wise words of our late President, let us hope that peace "will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their cases, and pay the cost. Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God in his own good time will give us the rightful result."

EDWARD JAMES YOUNG

OUR GREAT SORROW

OUR GREAT SORROW

THOUGH its first expression has been most solemn and universal, it still lies heavy on every loyal heart. The thought that we must now go on without ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the good President, brings a gloom over the household as if one of its dearest inmates had been taken out of it. For he *was* an inmate in the families of the land, since he came home to the hearts of the people as no other man has ever done. God gave him to us in our hour of need; and we clung to him more closely as he grew upon us every day. We were just beginning to get some adequate appreciation of his moral greatness and goodness. A great military leader, in his place, if tainted with selfish ambition or a vindictive temper, would have changed the form of the government into a despotism. But how mildly and how tenderly did our beloved President wield the tremendous power committed to his hands! With all the abuse and obloquy heaped upon him, not a tinge of bitterness or vindictiveness ever colored the fountains of his heart, that ever flowed with the milk of kindness. His pleasantries, which many sneered at as unbecoming the dignity of his office, were surface irradiations, which showed the breadth and depth and richness of his nature. His statesmanship was of the very highest order—so high that it raised him into the immediate sphere of the divine guidance; and the leading measures of his administration seemed more like divine suggestions and inspirations than State policy. We thought him dull and slow; but how wisely timed were his proclamations, as if a higher wisdom than we could discern was shining upon his path! His second inaugural will be regarded as the most remarkable state paper that was ever written, for its high religious tone and its majestic simplicity, as if the politician had been completely merged in the prophet-statesman. No man before had such a fearful burden laid upon him. And the reason why it did not crush him was the singleness of his aim and a reliance on God, like that of the old Hebrew faith, when Jehovah led

visibly the armies of Israel. It is hard to think, that such a man, so good and so gentle as well as great, should be murdered by men whose crimes he was seeking to forgive, and over whose treason he was trying to throw the oblivion of a general amnesty. But he is not lost, and his stainless fame is our treasure. No other name will pass the lips of men with such tender benedictions as the name of Abraham Lincoln. In the lowly cabins of four million emancipated slaves, and their descendants for coming centuries, it will be pronounced with grateful tears. And our American institutions will commend themselves anew for having produced, as their spontaneous growth, a statesman who embodies so perfectly the precept of Christ to his disciples: "Behold, I send you forth in the midst of wolves; be ye, therefore, wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

There is a permissive Providence which turns the wrath of man to its own glory and praise. Mr. Lincoln is safe now beyond the malice of enemies and the strife of tongues, and the heart of a great people embalms his memory. It may be, that, in the new times that now open before us, there was needed a sterner hand than Mr. Lincoln's; that his mild and generous nature would have been abused by the plotters of treason. And, now that God's awful justice is to take hold of the ends of the republic and shake the robbers out of it, it may require the ministry of a more swift and avenging retribution than his. So, while we bow down in our bereavement and kiss the rod of the divine anger, let us remember that God's majestic purpose moves on, and that the crimes of wicked men may only hasten its execution.

—This unsigned article follows Mr. Young's in the Magazine.—[Ed.]

LOOKING BACK ACROSS THE WAR-GULF

BY

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LOOKING BACK ACROSS THE WAR-GULF.

LOOKING BACK ACROSS THE WAR-GULF

AFTER an early life of storm and struggle and rescue, and of years passed in that valley of the shadow of death where souls are tried, some to sink and be lost in the darkness, some to emerge into light and freedom, it behooves the survivor, glad in the returning sunshine of peaceful days, to spend an occasional spare hour in retrospect. Out of the gloom of the past come the best lights of the future.

So now, at the beginning of a new decade, though we may feel a certain reluctance in reverting to what we have suffered and escaped,—a feeling that tempts us to exclaim, "Let the dead bury their dead," yet, if we would not altogether neglect the Old for the New,—if we would not wholly forget the great lessons of adversity, —a glimpse, now and then, at some of the more striking phases of the nation's antediluvian life may serve at once to quicken a sense of gratitude to the All-giver, while we trace his guidance of us through evil to good, and to suggest that while we may properly rejoice in what has been effected, there are grave tasks before us, involving broader duties which we should promptly address ourselves to perform.

Such considerations gave rise to the following paper: to be followed, perhaps, as occasion offers, by one or two more from the same source.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN

They who inhabited the United States during the last ten years, were fortunate. It was a time and a century worth living in.

There are certain epochs when the great problems on the solution of which hangs the destiny of mankind, make unwonted progress toward solution.

Such a revolution was that from which our country has lately emerged.

We had been endeavoring to settle, by practical experience on a large scale, one of the great questions that have ever divided the opinions of mankind—the question whether the masses are capable of self-government. Under what our forefathers deemed the pressure of necessity, this question had been complicated with another. Within our system of self-rule, we had been trying an experiment that had never, in all human experience, been tried before. We had been trying to maintain a united democratic government over thirty millions of people, of whom twenty millions lived under one system, industrial and social, ten millions under another. The twenty millions, chiefly of one race, carried out among themselves, substantially, a Declaration made ninety years ago, recognizing the equality in creation, and the inalienable rights, of man. The ten millions consisted, in nearly equal portions, of two races,—one the descendants of voluntary emigrants who came hither seeking freedom and happiness in a foreign land; the other, deriving their blood from ancestors against whom was perpetrated a terrible wrong; who came in chains and were sold as chattels. From these forced emigrants and their descendants had been taken away almost all human rights, the right of life and of perpetuating a race of bondsmen excepted.

The experiment we had been trying for more than three-quarters of a century was, whether, over social and industrial elements thus discordant, a republican government, asserting equality of rights, and freedom in thought, in speech, in action, could, in perpetuity, be successfully maintained.

The statesmen of the Revolution did not believe that it could. Men of progress, they understood the law of progress. They regarded African slavery as an abuse, and they knew that although, for the time and in a certain stage of human progress, some abuses may have their temporary use, and for this, under God's economy, may be suffered to continue, yet all abuses have but a limited life, the Right only being eternal.

Great truths like these are forgotten by nations in the course of long seasons of material prosperity. So it happened in the slave States of the South. Their bondsmen, originally forced upon reluctant colonists, were submissive under their wrongs. The condition of involuntary servitude gradually came to be regarded as a domestic necessity and a legitimate element of wealth. Riches poured in on the slaveholders, at a fabulous rate of increase. Conscience slept, fanned by the enervating breeze of success.

With vast wealth and a drowsy conscience, came pride, the harbinger of destruction. When annual reports of the great Southern staple swelled from thousands to millions of bales, hearts waxed haughty and said: "We are the commercial arbiters of the world. We can do as we list. Who shall gainsay us?" And because men justify what they love, they said, further: "Slavery is the normal condition of the negro; let us base government upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth."

Then took practical form a vagrant idea that had been wandering, for more than a quarter of a century, amid Southern political circles, hospitably received by Calhoun and his disciples, and countenanced by men more sagacious than they.[1] The Southern States raised the standard of Secession.

Thus the South hoped, first, to protect from danger and to perpetuate, her favorite institution; and secondly, to found an independent slave empire, magnificent and powerful, the envy of the world.

It might be rash to condemn in wholesale fashion, her motives in this matter. Ambition and prejudice, each tending to obscure the mental vision, doubtless had their influence; ambition in the leaders, who saw, in a separate government, fairer field for office

1 De Tocqueville, in his chapter, "On the Chances of Duration of the American Union, and the Dangers which threaten it," says:—

"If one of the States chose to withdraw its name from the contract, it would be difficult to disprove its right of doing so."—*Democracy in America*, by Alexis De Tocqueville, Cambridge ed., 1862, vol. i. p. 499.

and distinction; prejudice in the masses, taking the form of deep-rooted hatred of the North and Northern opinions and Northern criticism,—a hereditary tendency widely spread among all classes of Southern whites. Few men are capable of steeling their reason against the specious pleadings of self-interest and of passion; least of all those who have been accustomed from infancy to the irresponsible exercise of arbitrary power.

It might be rash, then, to question the sincerity of her belief in her right to secede and carry out her ambitious scheme. It was easy and natural enough for Southerners, not having been disciplined to wholesome restraint, to think that they, not their slaves, were the wronged ones. When visions of servile insurrection floated before their eyes, it was easy to ascribe to what they called Northern aggression, that which had origin deep in their own vicious system. They may sometimes have honestly persuaded themselves that acts, blameless on the part of the North, were plenary justification for the revolt they meditated. The wolf may have been in earnest when he complained that the lamb, lower down the stream, muddied the water which he was drinking.

Thus, a candid interpretation of motives suggests that under these deluding influences, the ruling majority in the insurrectionary States may, in the end, have conscientiously adopted a political heresy, the fallacy of which even the luminous mind of De Tocqueville had failed to perceive.

Nevertheless the Southern insurgents of 1861 were not, independently of their failure, entitled, except in the turbulent sense of the term, to be called revolutionists. They sought, indeed, like the French revolutionists of 1789, to overthrow the existing order of things; but not, like them, in the interest of progression. They were the Vendeans—the Chouans—of the time fighting for antiquated ideas, levying war in support of ancient abuse.

Neither could the term revolutionist be applied with propriety to the people of the North. It is true that, in the course of

the conflict, they undertook a vast and radical reform; yet they became reformers not from spontaneous impulse, but because of the palpable unfolding of an inevitable principle. They were converted to radicalism by incidents which arose during the effort to maintain, in integrity, the structure of their government and the territory composing the Union. Except patriotism, there was, at the first, little in common either in spirit or in purpose, between them and the men who, in the first honest and ardent days of the French Revolution, uprose to fight the battle of civic liberty and human rights.[1]

The morning of our great struggle was dark and threatening. There were no brilliant lights luring to a political Utopia. The American Loyalists of 1861 engaged in the contest that was forced upon them, sadly, reluctantly. Not to achieve new liberties was their endeavor; it reached no farther than to maintain the old. They had no Girondist dream of regeneration; a rescue from anarchy was their humbler hope.

They advanced slowly, cautiously, feeling their way, more after the sober method of their English ancestors than after the enthusiastic fashion of their old allies of France. At the commencement of the conflict to which the abuse, grown to overshadowing dimensions, had given birth, the popular sentiment rose no further than a firm resolve to save the life of the nation, not yet attaining the height of a purpose to extirpate the abuse which had threatened that life.

Unimpassioned deliberation mingled with the enthusiasm under the influence of which, in April, 1861, at a day's warning farm and workshop were deserted, and the North became a nation of warriors.

1 Speaking of the French Revolution of 1789, De Tocqueville says:—

"I have studied history extensively, and I venture to affirm that I know of no other revolution at whose outset so many men were imbued with a patriotism as sincere, as disinterested, as truly great."—*Old Régime and the Revolution*, chap. xiv.

In those days, as a general rule, the volunteer was animated by one idea only. It was embodied in the sentiment once proposed by Andrew Jackson: "The Federal Union; it *must* be preserved!" Eminent statesmen had prophesied, as to that Union, that it would endure only so long as all the States which compose it chose to continue members of the Confederation.[2] At the outset, the popular masses throughout the loyal States had not deliberately and logically followed out, to its foundations in error, the specious fallacy of the secession doctrine, as at a later period they did. But their instinct revolted against the fulfilment of a prophecy which involved certain disruption of the nation, and humiliating abasement, not less certain, of her position among the great powers of the earth. Like men having a vow to save intact their entire country, they were resolved to show that, in their Federal Government, the element of strength mingled with the habit of mildness. The issue, then, during the first year of the war, though highly important, was virtually one of supremacy only, awaking little sympathy outside the limits of the Republic. It involved no specific question of Morals or Civilization, in which the great heart of Humanity might take part. It referred to boundaries and material interests; to the integrity or dismemberment of a powerful nation, therefore to its peace, prosperity, commercial advancement, national welfare; matters vital to us, but not directly connected with the cause of moral and spiritual progress.

This happened, not because the majority of those who sprung to arms in order to quell an insurrection were indifferent to the enormity of the social abuse then prevalent among the insurgents, but because they had become accustomed to regard themselves

2 "If the sovereignty of the Union were, at the present day, to engage in a struggle with that of the States, its defeat may be confidently predicted; and it is not probable that such a struggle would be seriously undertaken. As often as a steady resistance is offered to the Federal Government, it will be found to yield. Experience has hitherto shown that whenever a State has demanded anything with perseverance and resolution, it has invariably succeeded; and that, if it has distinctly refused to act, it was left to do as it thought fit."—De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, Cambridge ed., 1862, vol. 1. pp. 497, 498.

as debarred from interference in the matter. It happened because a respect for law conflicted with a regard for liberty. To the American citizen, the Constitution stands in the place occupied, under the monarchical system, by the sovereign in person. It is the supreme object of his loyalty. In the instance referred to, veneration for that instrument went so far as to influence perceptions of justice. A large majority in the North have always deemed it a great wrong that human beings and their descendants forever should be held in bondage, or regarded, to use the legal phrase, as "*res positae in commercio*,"—as chattels in which it is lawful for States or individuals to traffic; but until after the time when civil war made the slaveholders in eleven States their enemies, the Northern masses tolerated that wrong, lest, in the endeavor to remedy it, greater evils might have birth.

A small, sturdy minority there was, who, chiefly on humanitarian grounds, had always denied the legality of the slaveholder's claim to service or labor; yet a construction of the Constitution adverse to such denial and acquiesced in by the nation throughout two generations,[1] was held by most men to be sufficient reason why the claim in question should be regarded as private property and respected as such. The majority in our Northern States held to the opinion that it could not be resisted without violation of the Constitution; in other words, by a revolutionary act. They felt that though revolutionary acts become a justifiable remedy upon great occasions, as in 1776, yet they are usually replete with peril; that it is easy to pass the limit of regulated authority, but impos-

1 The opinion of Congress on this subject was tested at a very early day. During the second session of the First Congress, namely, on the 12th of February, 1790, a memorial from the "Pennsylvania Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery" was presented to the House of Representatives. It prayed for the abolition not only of the traffic in slaves, but of slavery itself. The action on this memorial was in Committee of the Whole only, not passing into actual legislation; but it sufficiently indicates the temper and opinion of the House on the subject. After discussion on the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, and 22d of February, it was—

"*Resolved*, That Congress have no authority to interfere in the emancipation of slaves, or of the treatment of them within any of the States; it remaining with the several States alone to provide any regulations therein which humanity and true policy may require."

sible to estimate the dangers we may encounter, when that guardian limit is once transgressed. And thus the North refrained from taking the initiative in an anti-slavery revolution.

It may not be denied, as to many Northern men, that cupidity, excited sometimes by supposed commercial advantages, sometimes by selfish political calculations, came in aid of constitutional scruple. But cupidity, commercial or political, was not, in het minds of the masses, the ruling motive; nor, but for the restraint of the Constitution, would sordid considerations have prevented the nation from shaking off the incubus that oppressed it.

Slavery, therefore, moral wrong as it is, was tolerated by the majority, as one of the articles in a great national compromise which it was unlawful and perilous to violate. If, before the South had trampled under foot compromise and Constitution, those who administered the Federal Government, taking the initiative, had striven to eradicate the growing evil, the effort would have been in vain; for they could not have carried the people with them. If such an effort had resulted in war, the war would have been unsuccessful, because the free States were not ready to go to war for such a cause.

There had, indeed, been gathering in the public mind of the North, for years, a sense of Southern encroachment, a vague consciousness, too that slavery, always a national sin, was becoming a threatener of national destruction; and above all a resolution, which finally took efficient practical form in the autumn elections of 1860, that this national sin should not extend beyond its existing limits. The belief, also, which the framers of the Constitution held, that slavery was a short-lived abuse, was reviving, in the shape of a grave doubt whether two discordant systems of labor could be permanently maintained in the North American Republic.

Nevertheless, when the storm-cloud of Secession burst over

the Northern States, it found the mass of the people patriots, not philosophers; exhibiting stern courage in an imperative cause, not high-wrought enthusiasm in a generous crusade. In the eyes of foreign peoples, the attitude of the North, in 1861, challenged respect but did not enkindle admiration. The world looked calmly on, and saw her struggling for life and for maintenance of her rank among nations; that was all. She had not yet come to think seriously of redressing the grievances of an oppressed race, indwellers of the same land with herself.

That came with time. The seed, scattered under a cloud of obloquy, in days of discouragement and danger, on what had seemed stony ground, was springing up under the forcing heat of the war. The bread cast upon the waters, by the small band of despised abolitionists, was returning after many days. As the contest proceeded, the North went beyond the perception that the wrong perpetrated against others was a standing menace against herself. She awoke to the consciousness that a new duty had devolved upon her. In adversity men look into their hearts, there to read lessons which in prosperity they had never learned. Sufferings under an unjust war bred sympathy for sufferings under an iniquitous system.

Nevertheless it was at the hands of its own friends that the slave system received its death wound. They tore the seal from the national bond. What abolitionists had failed to effect, slaveholders unwittingly succeeded in effecting. Armed enemies of the Constitution, they forfeited its guaranties. War, which has its mission, released the hands and absolved the scruples of the North, leaving her free to act according to the dictates of her conscience.

She saw the time arrive when no constitutional bar any longer interposed to prevent the abatement of the great national Wrong. She felt that she was henceforth responsible if, in the race for human freedom, impartial and universal, she lagged, with Spain, behind the rest of the civilized world. Finally she settled down to

the conviction that she was answerable, before God and man, if, having at last become free to carry out in practice the noble declaration of our forefathers, that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are among the inalienable rights of man, she basely refused or neglected thus to do.

And so, on an auspicious first day of the year, about the middle of the great war, she set free from hereditary bondage three millions of people.

From that day her arms prospered, and her foes grew more and more dismayed. Two years and a few months later, the last insurgent army surrendered to the Federal power.

At the approach of the long, dark days that were to try the nation's courage and decide her fate, her own presaging instinct, or some guardian influence from a Higher Source, had guided her selection of a Leader. She chose, out of the people, a man after the heart of the people. Distinguished names were laid before her; she passed them by. There was presented to her a Senator whom his State—the Empire State of the Union—had delighted to honor; a man favored by education, fortified by experience, gifted with eloquence; one among those, too, who had proclaimed the conflict that was about to rage. She turned from him, with his brilliant antecedents, and gave her voice for another, unlettered, inexperienced, of lesser renown, of humble rank. How much more than men dreamed of then, depended on the sagacity of that decision!

The nation selected, as Chief, to find the way for her in her Day of Trial, One who was a noble, if rudely fashioned, embodiment of herself; an American of the Americans;[1] a man whose heart-throbs beat in unison with the nation's pulse; who rejoiced when the nation rejoiced, who wept when she wept; a denizen not of any of the cities, which men make, but of the great country as it comes from the hand of God.

1 Philippians iii. 5.

This man, tinged with the prejudices of his nation, shared alike her scruples and her aspirations. Like her he venerated the Constitution and respected its compromises. Like her he was law-abiding, sober-minded, peace-loving, long-suffering. Like her, too, he felt his way anxiously, and discarded his untenable preconceptions slowly, as events, teeming with lessons, supervened. With cautious step he went in advance of the people, leading them on; but not far in advance; never so far but that they could distinctly hear his mild words of encouragement; never so far that, like a magnet too remote from its object, he lost his attractive force over the nation's heart; never so far that the people feared to follow him, lest they should be led away into wild and perilous paths.

Meanwhile the Leader was himself a Follower also. He, too, had his path to find, and his progress to make. The pillar of cloud, the pillar of fire, marked his way through alternate sunshine and storm. Tardily and wearily sometimes, but unflinchingly ever, he worked up to the guiding light. Others, outrunning his sober pace, chafed because it was not hastened; but he overtook them on the journey in due time, as "God gave him to see the Right."[1] Some men stand still, amazed, when the tempest darkens around them; others grow and rise to the height of the occasion; but few have ever grown and risen as did this man; his mind maturing and his views expanding under the stirring influences of the times. It was an old familiar name for which the majority voted as President in 1864; yet it was scarcely a reëlection. It was not the same man that the people had elected President four years before.

Nevertheless, even before his name was mentioned for any office higher than a seat in the Senate of the United States,[2] he did indicate the path of progress; in words, too, which we have learned to recognize as prophetic. Adverting to the agitation then prevalent on the subject of slavery, he declared that it would never

1 President's Message.
2 In June, 1858.

cease till a crisis had been reached and passed. He added an expression of his belief, that the Government could not permanently endure if two discordant systems of labor continued in the States. He predicted that the issue would be, not the fall of the Union but the cessation of this discordance. He predicted, farther, that the public mind would find no peace until it could rest in the belief that slavery was in progress of gradual extinction. As a step in that direction, he declared himself in favor of the exclusion of slavery from all the territories of the United States.

To that point he went, not beyond it. He expressed the opinion that there was no right, and ought to be no inclination, in the people of the States that were free, to interfere with slavery in the States that were slave. As to the admission of additional slave States into the Union, he declared that he should see, with exceeding sorrow, any such admission; that he hoped and believed not a single slave State ever would be added to the present list; but that, if any territory whence slavery had been excluded during its territorial existence, the people, when they came to adopt a State Constitution, should do a thing so extraordinary as to incorporate in it the principle of slavery, he saw no alternative but to admit them, notwithstanding.

These words indicate the limits to which he advanced. He preceded the people but a little way, yet it was in the right path; and he did not fear to tell them plainly whither that path would ultimately lead.

It was a single step. With our ideas enlarged and liberalized by the grand events which have been crowded into the last few years, we call it a small step. It was, however, the first in a radical series. And it had this great recommendation, that it was one which the people, noting the giant strides of the slave power, alarmed by the Kansas-Nebraska iniquity, outraged by the Dred Scott decision, were prepared to take. They needed time and thought to determine what the next step should be.

The mixture of boldness and of caution, pleased them. They selected its author, undistinguished and unpretending, as their standard-bearer in the great conflict that was approaching. And after so doing, they stopped where he had stopped; they endorsed his opinion that each State had a right to order and control its domestic institutions as it saw fit.

They did more. Sharing his errors, they followed him when he went astray. This happened mainly because his failings were of honest birth; not the growth of pride, nor of self-seeking, nor of guile in any shape; but the short-comings of over-caution, the hesitancies of a painstaking desire to seek out the right; the weaknesses that beset a genial nature. He was never betrayed into error by arrogance, often by sympathy. When his head and his heart were at variance, the latter sometimes unfairly won the day. Even when faults were apparent, the people forgave them, because, like a sinner in the olden time, he "loved much."

This man's first official missive to the nation breathed the very spirit of comity and conciliation. Some of its concessions for the sake of peace, reached a limit beyond which a single step would have been culpable. Posterity will decide that, on one point, he transgressed that limit; intimating his approval of a proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution which should irrevocably prohibit interference with slavery in the States. Yet the majority of the people, recoiling from the horrors of a fratricidal war, sanctioned and applauded this error. God, in whose hands the wrath of man becomes an element of good, willed not that so fatal a compromise of principle should be carried into effect; and that calamity by no human effort was averted.

Throughout several weeks after the inauguration, people and President still hoped for domestic tranquillity. In vain! A thirty-years' plot against the government had matured. The fiery spirits who controlled the South had resolved that they would not accept a President duly elected, who, like the fathers of the

Revolution, had spoken of slavery as an evanescent thing. Opinions were set up as cause why they should reject this man: opinions, not acts; his acts were those of a mediator and a peace-maker. A practical Christian, he was ready to forgive his brother, even to seventy times seven. States had already formally withdrawn from the Union; and thousands in those States stood, armed for a contest, ready to obey the first trumpet-call of secession. Yet even to these avowed armed enemies, the President of the people, speaking in their name, had said: "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors." He forebore the shedding of kindred blood, until on a day that will long remain a terrible remembrance to the South,—the first day of aggression,—the boom of cannon from the south shore of Charleston harbor, announced that civil war had begun. He forebore until further forbearance would have imperilled the national life. Then, at last, he called to the People who had been anxiously waiting the decision, long delayed. And never was uprising like that which answered his call!

But even as the great majority of those who then flocked to the national standard, acted on principles of patriotism, not of philanthropy, so, for the time being, did the representative man who led them on. A kinder heart than his has seldom tenanted human bosom; but, at the outset, he turned his thought to this, that it was his duty first to consult the rights and the interests of the country, not those of a race unrighteously held in bondage among us.

Had his views been more expanded, the response to them, at that juncture, would have been less impassioned and overwhelming. The very limit of his horizon, assimilating him in position more closely to the masses of his countrymen, caused his influence over them, just then, to be the more efficient, and the more widely spread.

Throughout the first year of the war, the mind of the nation's

selected chief, like that of the majority of those who selected him, had worked but a little way toward the great problem, on the solution of which hung ultimate success or failure. At the close of that year the President still thought it proper to keep the integrity of the Union prominent as the primary object of the contest; still deprecated haste in deciding that "radical and extreme measures" were indispensable; still adhered to the favorite fallacy of the Henry Clay school of politicians,—the policy of colonization; recommending the transportation to a congenial climate, not only of such slaves as might become free by operation of the recent confiscation act, or by action of any State, but of such other free colored people as might be willing to go.[1] He had previously so modified an order, by the general commanding the Western Department, which declared free all slaves of persons in that department who should take up arms against the United States, as to cause that declaration to conform to, and not to transcend the provisions of the act above referred to.[2]

The next year, the great educating year of the war, witnessed a vast advance in the ideas of President and people.

Like the noting of signs which herald the coming of spring—the swelling of the bud, the first unfolding of the blossom,—is the grateful task of following up, one by one, the tokens, ever clearer and more encouraging, which gave gradual assurance that the long winter of bondage was passing away, and the genial days were nigh when the sun of freedom, piercing the war-clouds of battle, was to warm and to gladden with its impartial rays the lives of the despised and the lowly.

To the impatient, or to the careless observer, the moral season seemed backward, and the incidents in its progress scarcely perceptible. Yet they were replete with promise.

1 President's *Message*, December 3, 1861.

2 "An Act to Confiscate Property used for Insurrectionary Purposes," approved, August 6, 1861.

The first indication came in the form of an Executive Message.[1] It took but feeble ground on the great question. Ignorant or forgetful, it would seem, of the English experience in Jamaica, the President declared that, in his judgment, gradual not sudden emancipation was best for all. And he proposed, as to any State, which might adopt such emancipation, pecuniary aid and coöperation on the part of the Federal Government,—a proposal that was never accepted. While he reminded Congress that such a proposition sets up no claim of a right, by Federal authority, to interfere with slavery within State limits, he added the significant hint, that, if resistance continued, such incidents as promised to be efficient in bringing the struggle to a close, must and would come.

Two months later a General commanding the Southern Department issued an order declaring free the slaves in three States. But in disavowing and avoiding this order, as incompetent to be issued by a department commander, the President took occasion to add that he reserved the question, whether it was competent for him, as Commander-in-Chief, to declare free the slaves of any State.

Two months more brought clearer views to the mind of this anxious seeker after the right. In communicating with Congress regarding the provisions of the Second Confiscation Act, he asserted the right of the national legislature to emancipate. Rebels, he averred, forfeited their slaves at least as justly as they did any other property; and they forfeited both to the government against which they offended. The government, so far as there can be ownership, became the owner of the forfeited slaves. And he added, that he saw no objection to Congress deciding in advance that they should be free.[2]

The true key-note was struck at last. Such property of ene-

1 March 6, 1862.

2 Message transmitted to the House of Representatives, July 17, 1862.

mies as essentially aids to carry on war, and therefore tends to prolong it, may justly be seized and appropriated. The claims to service and labor were emphatically such property. We had a right by the laws of war, to appropriate and to annul them. As the only effectual means at once to secure domestic tranquillity, and to escape the merited reproach of the civilized world, so to act became a duty as well as a right.

As the weeks passed the military prospects of the North darkened. The largest and best appointed army this continent had ever seen was baffled at what had seemed the threshold of victory. Golden opportunities to capture the enemy's seat of government, were lost by unwarrantable delay. The tidings of an ultimate failure and a skilful retreat, veiled under the tender technicality of a change of base, fell upon the country, discouraging the timid and incensing the brave. Day by day emancipation became more and more the theme of debate. The President's antechamber was crowded with eager advisers. These were divided, as men always are, into the hopeful and the desponding. Many came to urge the measure as the appointed means of national redemption; more perhaps, to protest against it, as a direful source of discord even among the loyalists of the North, and the final opening of a breach, never again to be closed, between the contending sections of the country. All obtained patient audience. And it usually happened—such was the idiosyncrasy of the man they sought to advise,—that those who came to protest, departed convinced that a Proclamation of Emancipation was imminent; while those who urged the necessity of that measure went away despairing of any immediate action, and in doubt whether the Commander-in-Chief of the nation's forces would summon courage to issue such a proclamation at all.

If, as in etymological strictness we ought, we interpret prejudice to mean a judgment formed before examination, then must we regard as prejudices his opinions, however true, who has neg-

lected to weigh them against their opposites, however false. In this sense the chief who led the American people in their great conflict was a man, not indeed devoid of prejudice, yet habitually on his guard against it. He had long been revolving the justice and policy of a public manifesto declaring free all slaves held to service or labor in the insurgent States. Yet even when his mind had almost reached its final decision, it seemed more occupied with the objections and difficulties presented by this great measure than with the advantages he hoped thence to derive.

Incidental events determined the exact day. It was within a year and a half from the date of Fort Sumter's surrender that an older stronghold, vainly deemed sacred and impregnable by its Southern defenders,—a prison-house with sadder secrets than the Bastille's,—was first subjected to assault. A hundred days later the attack was renewed. More deadly than shot or shell were the missiles employed. The old walls crumbled under the fire from the battery of Freedom. Two years more, and of that vast structure, the pride of successive generations, nothing was left but the record of the crimes it had sheltered and the sufferings it had beheld.

A few months later, and the victor had become the victim. His spirit weary with the sorrows of a life and cares of a nation, the Leader who had proclaimed the liberty of millions, was himself released by a felon hand, from the turmoil and the bondage of earth. Not untimely was his fate. He survived to witness the extinction of slavery and all its woes. His eyes had seen the salvation of his country. His last days were days of triumph and of joy.

At some future day, in a coming generation, will doubtless be written, more frankly and more dispassionately than by any contemporary it can be, the history of the Hour and the biography of the Man. The whole truth cannot with propriety be told today. Whenever it is, the nation will learn that he who is yet

loved and mourned deep in the hearts of its millions as never chief of a great people was loved and mourned in the world before, was—aye, in very deed! like Him whose disciple he proved himself—"a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Some day will be laid before the world, shining proof, that there are no personal burdens so grievous and heavy to be borne, that a brave and a faithful spirit rising superior to them all, may not, despite the weary load, attain the summit of human distinction. And that great lesson will be embodied in the same volume, which shall relate the decline and fall, in the continent of North America, of that pestilent abuse of which the abolition, effected amid the clash of arms, will ever remain the crowning glory of the life and the times of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ROBERT DALE OWEN

THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 44

COMPRISING

°ADDRESS ON OLD VINCENNES (1839) - - *Judge John Law*
°FRENCH ARROGANCE (1798) - - - - - *William Cobbett*

WILLIAM ABBATT

TARRYTOWN NEW YORK

1916

JOHN LAW.

A native of New London, Conn., where he was born October 28, 1796. His father and his grandfathers served in Congress before him, and his maternal grandfather, Amasa Learned, served in the first Congress under the constitution. Law pursued classical studies and was graduated from Yale College in 1814. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1817. The same year he came to Indiana and settled at Vincennes. He rose rapidly at the bar and in public estimation. For more than a quarter of a century he was the central figure in all enterprises and projects calculated to advance Vincennes. He was its first historian, and was president of the Indiana Historical Society for some time. A fine orator, he held a high place in the councils of his party, and was generally alluded to as the favorite son of Knox county.

He was a member of the State House of Representatives in 1823. He was prosecuting attorney and judge of the local circuit several years; land office receiver 1838-1842 and judge of the court of land claims 1855-57. He was elected as a Democrat to the 37th and 38th Congresses (1861-5) and served on the Library Committee and the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions.

During his legal practice he had charge of the celebrated case of Vigo against the United States. This claim grew out of the fact that Col. Vigo furnished George Rogers Clark with war materials and provisions in 1779. Some forty years later Congress agreed to pay him the principal of the draft drawn by Clark, amounting to nearly $8,000. This he refused, unless the interest also was paid. Finally in 1877 the claim was paid in full.

Although of different politics, a warm friendship existed between Judge Law and Thaddeus Stevens. He was also a personal friend and correspondent of President Lincoln, having given Lincoln his first case in the Illinois Supreme Court.

A short time before his death he removed to Evansville to look after the landed interests of a brother who resided in Connecticut; but he always cherished a love and affection for Vincennes, and desired to be buried there. He married Sarah Ewing, a daughter of Nathaniel Ewing. He died October 7, 1873, at Evansville, but, according to his request, was buried at Vincennes.

As near a *fac simile* as possible

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE VINCENNES

HISTORICAL AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY,

FEBRUARY 22, 1839

BY JUDGE JOHN LAW

LOUISVILLE, KY.
PRENTICE AND WEISSINGER, PRINTERS
1839

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK
REPRINTED
WILLIAM ABBATT
1915
Being Extra Number 44 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE two very dissimilar items composing this EXTRA are alike only in their rarity. While the first is a history of the settlement and early days of a then far western town, the second is a masterly arraignment in Hudibrastic verse, of the French Directory of 1798, by William Cobbett, the celebrated *Peter Porcupine*, of whom Southey declared, that there never was a better or more forceful English writer.

It was during the efforts of our representatives, Elbridge Gerry, John Marshall and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, that the latter made the famous retort, in reply to the brazen demand for money as the price of peace with France, "Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute."

Neither of these items has been reprinted before, and they will probably be new to most readers. For the portrait of Judge Law, we are indebted to the kindness of the Indiana Historical Society.

It, too, has not been published before.

Bright fund.

CORRESPONDENCE

At a meeting of the Vincennes Historical and Antiquarian Society, February the 22d, 1839,

On motion of Dr. Stahl, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

1st. That the thanks of this Society be, and they are, hereby tendered to the Hon. John Law, for the learned and interesting oration delivered by him to-day.

2d. That a committee be appointed to request a copy of said oration for publication in pamphlet form, at the expense of the Society.

A. T. Ellis, *Pres't pro. tem.*

Geo. R. Gibson, *Secretary.*

Vincennes, February 23, 1839.

Dear Sir: The undersigned, a committee appointed by the "Vincennes Historical and Antiquarian Society," request from you a copy of the oration delivered by you on the 22d February, for publication—and as it is their wish, and the desire of our citizens generally, that the same should be published, for the learning and collection of historical facts contained in it, we trust that you will yield to the request, and furnish us with a copy of the same for that purpose. We are, with great respect and esteem, yours, &c.

Geo. R. Gibson,
B. M. Thomas,
Dan'l Stahl.

Hon. John Law

Vincennes, February 25, 1839.

Gentlemen: Yours, under date of the 23d February, was duly received. The address to which vou refer was intended for the use of the society of which you are members, and is entirely at their service.

Some of the incidents connected with the capture of Vincennes by Col. Clark, and set forth in the address, were, as you well know, derived from a

manuscript journal of the campaign, kept by one who had a command in it. The manuscript was forwarded to the society for their use, by an honorary member* of it, not a resident of our town. Courtesy would require that previous to its publication, his consent should be obtained. He has been written to on the subject, and should there be no objection on his part, the oration is entirely at your service, for any purpose which the Society may designate.

JOHN LAW.

To Messrs. Geo. R. Gibson, B. M. Thomas, Daniel Stahl, Committee, &c.

Vincennes, February 22d, 1839.

We, the undersigned, having understood that the members of the "Vincennes Historical and Antiquarian Society" had requested the Hon. John Law to furnish to said Society a copy of his oration this day delivered on behalf of said Society, for publication, would beg leave to concur and join in said request, and respectfully solicit on behalf of the French population of Vincennes and its neighborhood, a participation of the wish. Signed,

LAMBERT BARROIS,	ANTOIN MARCHALL,
M. D. RICHARDVILLE,	CH. GRAETER,
LEWIS L. WATSON,	J. F. BAYARD,
FRANCES BOLON,	PIERRE BROUILLET, *Sen'r*,
PIERRE LAPLANTE,	JAMES THERIAC,
JOHN B. GREMORE,	FRANÇOIS VACHET.

Vincennes, February 22d, 1839.

The undersigned has received, with sentiments of profound respect, the note addressed to him on behalf of the French inhabitants of Vincennes, and will with pleasure comply with their request as soon as circumstances will admit.

The history of our "ancient borough" has been but little understood, and if there has been any one gratification, which the undersigned has felt in the delivery of the address, the publication of which is sought for by your note, it is in the fact that by it he has been enabled to present the well founded claims of the ancient inhabitants of the "Post" to the gratitude of the present generation.

JOHN LAW.

To Monsieures Laplante, Bayard, Brouillet, Barrois, and others on behalf of the French population of Vincennes:

*Professor Bliss of Louisville, Ky.

ERRATA

[The absence of the author from the place of publication, while the address was going through the press, obliged him to entrust the reading of the proof to a literary friend, whose want of familiarity with the chirography of the manuscript will be received as an apology for the following rather numerous *errata*.]

On page 15, 10th line from the top, instead of "Father Gabriel *Maust*" read "Father Gabriel *Marest*."

Pages 15, 16, and wherever it occurs, instead of "*Oulachs*" read "*Oubachs*."

Page 16, last line instead of "Belle *Rivier*" read "Belle *Riviere*."

Page 22, 14th and 23d lines, instead of "*Longpie*" read "*Longpris*."

Page 23, 6th line, instead of "*hero*" read "*heroic*."

Page 24, 19th line, instead of "*the* very conquest" read "*this* very conquest."

Page 25, 2d line, instead of "on *receiving* his troops" read "on *reviewing* his troops."

Page 28, 3d line, instead of "kingdom of *Sardina*" read "kingdom of *Sardinia*."

Page 29, 6th line, from bottom, instead of "*early*" read "*easily*."

Page 39, 13th line, instead of "*American Governors*" read "*Americans*."

N. B. For a history of the accompanying Map see note "A" in the Appendix.

(All these corrections have been made.)—[Ed.]

ADDRESS

HAVING been solicited by that portion of my fellow-citizens who are members of the "Vincennes Historical and Antiquarian Society," to prepare an address, connected with the early settlement, the rise, and progress of our ancient Borough —I have thought that no occasion could perhaps be more appropriate for its delivery than the one on which we are assembled. Dating its origin long before even the birth of the "Father of his Country," a solitary spot in the wilderness long after his advent on the stage of action—scarcely known even at the date of his decease, we have seen it within the present century forming a nucleus from which has arisen three great States—embracing a population probably five times as large as that which belonged to our parent State Virginia, at the treaty of peace in '83, and one of them, our own State, at the last Presidential election giving, of the free white suffrage polled on that occasion, the fifth highest vote of all the States of the Union. Could it be permitted to him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen" to look down from the mansions of bliss where "he rests from his labors," upon the work of his hands, and see an empire called into existence since his departure—abounding in wealth—in intelligence—in patriotism, and love of country; inhabited by freemen, the descendants of those whom he had led to battle, strong in their attachment to liberty, and able and willing to maintain it; proud of the appellation of American citizens, and deeply imbued with the republican principles so admirably set forth in his Farewell Address;—could he see the country north-west of the river Ohio, which, even at the period of his departure for another and a better world, was the abode, for the most part, of the son of the Forest, or the game which constituted his daily subsistence—now dotted

with cities and villages—covered with cultivated fields—and the residence of upwards of two millions of beings, most of whom have come on the stage of action since that period; how would his heart swell with joy, his bosom throb with pleasure, at the reflection that these glorious results are but a part and parcel of that admirable system of government, the foundation of which was cemented by the blood of his fellow patriots of the Revolution, and the superstructure of which was the work, in part, of his own hands. For aught we know, my countrymen, his spirit may at this very moment be hovering over this assembly. That Being who is all wise and powerful, and who created him, like Moses of old, to lead our fathers from a "land of Egyptian bondage to the Land of Promise"—may, for aught we finite beings know, and for the same wise purposes for which he created him, permit him to see, and to watch over, and to guard the rights and happiness of their descendants. Let us at least act as if we felt the influence of his counsels, and preserve them, as the richest legacy we can hand down to those who are to come after us. If there is any one subject which should engage the earnest attention of the human mind—if there is any one in which mankind are particularly interested, it is the history of their species. The interest in the subject is much increased by the particular relationship which we bear to the country whose history we are anxious to thoroughly understand. There is a sort of selfishness in the matter, which, after all, constitutes the true love of country. It is this feeling which is the father to all genuine patriotism, and without it there would be but little inducement for action. We read with infinitely more pleasure, in childhood, the relations which are given us of the struggle for independence *here*, than we ever did or ever can that of any other republic, which has heretofore, either in ancient or modern time acquired its liberty. We may, and no doubt do, dote on isolated cases of patriotism and love of country, as we find them recorded in other times and in other places. Our feelings are enlisted—our blood comes quicker through our veins, while reading the stories

of Grecian and Roman struggles for independence—and it is the same with the more modern contests between the sovereign and his oppressed subjects. We enter the lists—we fight over the battles, in our mind's eye, of Marathon and Thermopylae. The strongest feelings of the human heart are enlisted in behalf of the oppressed, and of those contending, as we believe, for their rights. But what boy who reads of the struggle at Concord, and the battle of Bunker Hill, but that feels an interest in the story which no pen, ancient or modern, has ever given to similar engagements. He feels that his fathers were there before him—that the very ground is holy—that the same blood which waxed warm in that contest, when bayonet crossed bayonet in deadly strife, is running through his own veins; and the names of those who fell there become as "household words" to him. Stand on its gory heights and look around you—does one experience the same emotions on the heights of Athens, on the Acropolis, rich as it is in classic association, and in the recollection of a gallant nation struggling for existence? No: the American feeling predominates, and it is right it should be so. *Romanus sum* is the true watchword and battle cry of all who love their country. If this feeling exists to the extent which I have described it in relation to country—does it not run through all the geographical divisions into which our country is divided? The citizens of one section will point you to the fields of Trenton and Princeton, as among the most gallant exploits of the Revolution; another to the Brandywine. The Carolinian will tell you that the battle of Eutaw was among the most sanguinary fought; while the Virginian points to the siege of Yorktown, as the last and the brightest page in our struggle for Independence. These feelings are natural, they are proper; and I should think but little of that man's heart, whatever I might of his head, who did not feel and express them. It is this attachment to our own State, to our own abiding place—to the land of our nativity, or our domicil, which forms one of the strongest links of that chain which binds us to our common country. But I will go

farther. There is, or should be, not only an attachment to our common country, and to the state which we live in, but a strong and abiding attachment to the very town in which we are located. Without it we cannot feel personally interested in its welfare, in its prosperity, in its improvement—in all which should render it dear to us, as the abiding place of ourselves and of those connected with us. I lay it down, therefore, as a principle not to be contested, that he who, with the ties which should bind him to the place of his birth or his adoption, does not feel warmly, nay deeply interested in its history, in its prosperity, in its adversity;—who, whether "through good or evil report," will not protect, defend, and uphold it, is neither a good citizen, attached to the state he lives in, or devoted to his country. Let others gainsay us as much as they may; let envy detract from our merit, or jealousy decry our position, our capabilities, our business, or our taste; it is our duty to stick to the "Post."

As to the early history of Chippe Coke, (the town of Brush Wood,) or as known in later days, Vincennes, clouds and darkness rest upon it. At what date it first became established as a military position, it is almost impossible at this late period actually to determine. It is well known that it was first settled by the French. That nation, with a tact and judgment which is wonderful, and with a prescience which seems to be more than realized at the present time, in relation to the country watered by the Ohio and the Mississippi and the tributary streams, in the latter part of the seventeenth century attempted a union of their settlements on the Mississippi, with their possessions in Canada. In order to effect this they established a cordon of posts from the Lakes to the Balize, including one or more military stations on the Illinois and the Wabash. We know, that early in the eighteenth century, at least, there was one here, one at Kaskaskia before that period, another at Peoria, and one at Ouiatanon, or the mouth of the Wea, a short distance below the present site of the town of Lafayette. The project was a grand one, and but for the concurrence of cir-

cumstances, usually attendant upon national schemes, when colonies are to be formed at a distance—and which in the event of a war with a rival power are the first objects of attack and conquest, might have been successful. And "New France," for that was the intended designation of this Transatlantic Empire, might, in all the elements which constitute wealth and power, by this time have rivalled its founder; and we, instead of being plain republican citizens, have formed a portion of the subjects of the "Grand Monarque." But the war with Great Britain, which was concluded by the peace of 1763, transferred Canada to the British dominion, and Louisiana by the secret treaty with Spain in 1762, to the latter power. France was thus stripped of all her possessions in the New World—possessions acquired by an immense expenditure both of blood and treasure. It was in the accomplishment of this bold and magnificent scheme for western empire, on the part of the French Court, that the settlements on the Illinois and Wabash were formed. But it was not the military subjection alone of the western country that France had in view. There was another and higher consideration—it was the establishment of the Catholic religion—the established religion of France, which she wished to introduce into her possessions on the continent. Wherever therefore, she sent a detachment of her troops, she accompanied it with a Missionary of the Cross—and while the aborigines of the country were kept in awe by the force of her arms, it is no less true, and certainly more creditable, that the child of the forest was led to obedience by the milder but not less powerful influences of the new creed, which their fathers, the "Robes Noir," or Black Robes as they called them, introduced to their understanding. It is probable their imagination may have been as much influenced as their judgment. But be this as it may, it is an admitted fact that the Jesuits who accompanied these expeditions did much to soften their feelings and civilize their manners, during the short period they occupied the country; and the influence of their doctrines, and the amenity and kindness of their manners, are yet remembered

by the tribes who occupied a few years since the country between the Lakes and the Ohio. No set of men, in pursuit of any object temporal or spiritual, ever endured greater hardships, suffered more perils, or made greater sacrifices, than these Reverend Fathers Not content simply with the establishment of their "Tabernacles in the wilderness," they followed the Indian to his hunting grounds —threaded forests—swam rivers—crossed prairies in the midst of winter—frequently for days without food, and often nearly without raiment. The supposed conversion of a single Indian to the doctrines of the Catholic church—the baptism of an infant, seems to them to have been an ample reward for all their labor, for all their toil, and for all their sufferings. With us in these latter days, differing as most of us do in our religious opinions from this school of ecclesiastics, it is almost impossible to do them justice. As a whole, their history has been but little studied, and less understood. They have neither had their Livy or their Polybius. If the history of these men—of their exertions, of their influence, of their actions, for good or evil, ever is to be written with candor, it *must be in this country*, the scene of many of their labors, and I might well add of their sufferings and their death. "No subject would form a more imposing or interesting theme for the historian, none demand higher qualifications, more laborious research, and above all the most dignified superiority to all the prepossessions of age, of country, and of creed." It is well known that, according to the rules of the order of St. Ignatius, annual reports were required from his followers wherever located. The Jesuit, whether in the cold regions of Labrador, in the Tropics, in Cochin China; in fine in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, transmitted to his superior, at the end of the year, an account of his stewardship, in the shape of a pastoral letter. But it was not simply the spiritual situation of his vineyard he delineated. He described the country, its geography, its topography, its customs, manners, habits, traditions, language, dialects; in short every matter which either in a religious, and I might add political view, would enable

his superior to judge of the necessity of further exertion or additional aid. And strange as it may seem, the best and only authentic account of the country bounded on the north by the Lakes, east by the Wabash, south by the Ohio, and west by the Mississippi, one century since, is in the relations made by the Jesuit Fathers, giving an account of the Missionary laborers in that quarter. And I am indebted to one of these communications in the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses" (Letters edifying and curious) published in Paris in 1761, for the first written notice of the "Post".* It is contained in a letter written by "Father Gabriel Marest, Missionary of the company of Jesus, to Father Gemon of the same company," dated at Kaskaskia, an Illinois village, otherwise called the "Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin," November the 9th, 1712, one hundred and twenty-six years since. Cast your eyes back my friends to this period, and in your mind's eye run over the period since intervening. Where now is the good Father, and the friend to whom he communicated? gathered to their fathers: generation after generation has passed away—the priest and the catechumen have returned to the dust from whence they came, and the "places which once knew them, know them no more forever." One hundred and twenty-six years since, and the country now abounding in all the materials which constitute a great nation, was all but a desert to the banks of the Delaware.

It is a singular fact, yet no less true, that the Wabash was known and navigated by the whites long before the Ohio was known to exist. Indeed all the maps—and I have seen two before the year 1730—call the Ohio at its confluence with the Mississippi, "Ouabache." The reason is obvious, when one reflects for a single instant, that the whole course of travel to the Mississippi was either by the *Illinois* or the *Wabash*. The only communication with the Mississippi *was by the French* in the latter part of the 17th and early in the 18th century, and was from the Lakes. The priest and the soldier were the only travellers. They ascended the

*See note A.

Maumee, crossed the portage and descended the Wabash to this post. The nations of Indians on the south side of the Ohio were at war with those on this side. They wished to cross to Kaskaskia; the Indians here told them there was danger in descending further. They wend [ed] their way across Illinois, aiming at the Mississippi; they descended that stream to New Orleans; and when they found the Ohio pouring its flood into the "Father of Waters," they naturally enough suppose[d] it to be the same stream they had navigated in their voyage here, and delineate[d] it on their maps as the "Ouabache." In corroboration of the remark here made, permit me to quote from a portion of the Reverend Father's letter above referred to. On page 325 describing the Illinois, he says: "About eight leagues, or 240 miles below this (he is writing from Kaskaskia) on the Illinois side, that is to say the east side, (for the Mississippi runs generally from north to south,) there empties another fine river called "Ouabache." It comes from the east north-east. It has three branches, one of which extends as far as the Iroquois; the other runs into Virginia and Carolina, and the third heads among the Miamis." Now it is very evident that the river thus described was the Ohio, and that branch of it which is said to run up to the country owned by the Miamis, was the Wabash. The other branches were the main river, and the Tennessee, or the Cumberland. The writer gives a very graphic description of the country bordering on the "Ouabache;" says it is rich in minerals, especially lead and tin, and that if experienced miners were to come out from France and work the mines, he has no doubt gold and silver would be discovered in abundance. That the quantity of buffalo and bear which was to be found on the banks of the Wabash, was incredible; and, in the true spirit of an epicure, the good Father says—"The meat of a young bear is very delicious, for I have tried it." Thus we see that in point of antiquity, and virtue of prior discovery and occupation, the stream we live on takes precedence of the "Belle Rivière."*

*See note B.

But to return to the immediate subject of our address. The first notice of *Vincennes* which I have been enabled to find, with no little research, is the one given by Father Marest in the same letter from which I have made the above quotation, and is on page 333 of the volume referred to. It will be remembered that Volney, who was here in 1776, and whose active mind led him to various enquiries in relation to our first settlement, gives it as his opinion that the first establishment made here by the French was in 1735. And he states the fact that he conversed with the oldest French settlers, and with all whom he supposed could give any information on the subject. It will be also recollected that the date of Father Marest's letter from Kaskaskia is Nov. the 9th, 1712; twenty-three years before the period assigned by Volney for the establishment of a post here. In the letter referred to, of Father Marest, he says—"The French having lately established a Fort on the river Wabash demanded a Missionary, and Father Mermet was sent to them." Now there can be no doubt that the river he mentioned was the one we live on, and not the Ohio with which it was, as I have mentioned, confounded; and for this very obvious and plain reason, that the French never had a "*Fort*" on the Ohio within the limits either of Indiana or Illinois. And it is equally clear to my mind, that the post mentioned was the one afterwards, *par excellence*, called 'au Post,' or "the Post," and subsequently "Post Vincennes." If I am right in my conjecture, the settlement of this place by the French, may be dated back as early as the year 1710 or '11— probably the former, inasmuch as the *Fort* must have been built and garrisoned before an application was made for a Missionary; and it would take some time to answer the call from Kaskaskia, the nearest point where a priest could be obtained. The first settlement of this place then, by the whites, was in the year 1710; twenty-five years before the period assigned by Volney. But it will not do to let Father Mermet go, without a more particular notice of him and his visit, seeing this was the first "labor of love" ever undertaken to our ancient Borough. It seems the moving

impulse which led this Herald of the Cross to the shores of the Wabash, an impulse which drew many of his brethren into the western wilderness, was the conversion of a tribe of Indians now extinct, but probably a branch of the Miamis—as he says they spoke that language—and called "Mascoutins," who had their village near the Fort; and who, from their strong attachment to the superstitions of their medicine men, were very little disposed to hear "the true faith," as delivered by the Reverend Father. Resolving in his own mind the best method of overcoming their unbelief in the true church, he concluded to have a sort [of] Owen and Campbell debate, a public discussion with their principal medicine men, in the presence of the nation. But let us hear the Father's own account of the matter: "The way I took," says the Father, "was to confound, in the presence of the whole tribe, one of these charlatans, whose 'Manitou,' or Great Spirit which he worshipped, was the buffalo. After leading him on insensibly to the avowal that it was not the buffalo that he worshipped, but the 'Manitou,' or Spirit of the buffalo, which was under the earth, and which animated all buffaloes, which heals the sick, and has all power, I asked him if other beasts, the bear, for instance, and which some of his nation worshipped, was not equally inhabited by a Manitou, which was under the earth? "Without doubt", said the Grand Medicine. "If this is so," said the Missionary, "men ought to have a Manitou who inhabits them" "Nothing more certain," said the Medicine man;—"Ought not that to convince you," said the Father, pushing his argument, "that you are not very reasonable? For if man upon the earth is the master of all animals; if he kills them, if he eats them; does it not follow that the Manitou which inhabits him, must necessarily have a mastery over all other Manitous? Why then do you not invoke him, instead of the Manitou of the bear and the buffalo, when you are sick?" "This reasoning," says the Father, "disconcerted the charlatan." But like much other good logic in the world, I am sorry to add, in his own words, "this was all the effect it produced."

A severe malady broke out in the village. The Indians, says the Father, gathered around the *Fort*, for the purpose of making a great sacrifice to their Manitou. They slew thirty or forty dogs, hoisted them on poles, and forming a procession, danced and sang around the *Fort*. Finding their own efforts unable to stop the pestilence, they appealed again to the Missionary, to stay the destroying angel, who was carrying them off daily. But it seems, neither the "Manitou" of the French or of the Indian was able to arrest the plague. For, says the Father, "notwithstanding all my attention, more than half the village perished." How long Father Mermet remained here, we are unable to say. We find he returned to Kaskaskia, and ultimately died there. His place no doubt was supplied by the labors of another; but by whom and when is unknown. The records of the Catholic church here make no mention of a Missionary until about the year 1749, when Father Meurin came here; and from that time, until the present, there has been a regular succession of the priesthood.

From the period to which I alluded, and for the term of nearly half a century, there would be but little to notice in the progress of this settlement, even if we had the materials of its rise and progress to operate on. Isolated as it was, there were no events either in its political or social character which would afford much interest. There was probably a succession of priests and commandants, who governed the little world around them with infinite power and authority; from whose decrees spiritual or temporal, there was no appeal, and none desired. "No colony can long remain separated from its parent stock until it exhibits a peculiar and distinct character. Climate, situation, and country, although not exclusively the agents in forming the character, must nevertheless be admitted to have great influence." The character of the society was a mixture of military and civil; more however of the former, than the latter. The white portion of the population was, it must be remembered, essentially French. In this remote country there were few objects to urge to enterprise. Beggary was unknown. The

necessaries of life were easily procured; and beyond these there were no wants to be supplied. Hospitality was exercised by all —for there were no taverns. Of what use were codes of law, judges, prisons, in such a society? Each district had its commandant and their proceedings were singular enough. The party complaining obtained a notification from the commandant to his adversary of his complaint, accompanied by a command from the commandant to render justice. If this had no effect, he was notified to appear before the commandant on a particular day, and answer the complaint; and if the last notice was neglected, a sergeant and file of men were sent to bring him. It was a very short and summary process, of the John Doe and Richard Roe kind —no Sheriff, no taxation of costs. The party recusant was fined and kept in prison until he did his adversary justice; and when extremely refractory, the cat-o'-nine tails brought him to a sense of justice. And I am not quite sure that in many cases, the same speedy and exact method of dispensing justice might not be practised in these latter days. Sure I am, if it was, much unecessary litigation would be avoided. In such a state of things, of what use were learning and science? Few could read, fewer write; and as to arithmetic, it was a lost art. Their dealings were marked by honesty and integrity, and peltries were their standard of value.* Honorable, punctual in their dealings, hospitable to strangers, and with great kind feeling and brotherly love towards one another;—these may be considered as their virtues. In opposition to them it must be said, that they were devoid of public spirit, enterprise, or ingenuity; were indolent and uninformed. They (the Americans) told me, says Volney in this visit here in 1796, "that the Canadians had only themselves to blame for their hardships. We must allow, say they, that they are a kind, hospitable, sociable set of fellows; but in ignorance and idleness they beat the Indians. They know nothing of civil or domestic affairs; their women neither sew nor spin, or make butter, but pass their time in gossipping and tattle.

*See note C.

The men hunt, fish, roam in the woods, bask in the sun. They do not lay up, as we do, for winter, or provide for a rainy day. They can't cure pork or venison, make sour krout, or spruce beer." But I doubt much, my friends, whether all these useful and elegant accomplishments of the Americans, of "curing pork, making sour krout and spruce beer," which have been inculcated by them to their French neighbors, have much improved their social and moral condition. If happiness in this world consists, and it does so in a great degree, in freedom from care, the ancient population of our village were the happiest of the human family; all their desires fulfilled. But the race is nearly extinct; they have become amalgamated with another people; their habits, manners, opinions, nay language itself is changing; and in a few years the tall, manly, arrowy form of the descendant of St. Louis —mild, peaceful, and always polite—with his blanket capote, the blue kerchief round his head, and sandalled feet, will,—as some of us have seen them in our younger days, wending their way on Sundays in their un-tired and un-ironed cart, to the old wooden chapel of St. Francis Xavier, with smiling faces, and, as I believe, with sincere devotion,—be seen "no more forever." A new generation, a new race, a new people have encroached upon their possessions; and the laws of civilization, as sure as the laws of nature, will force them to yield to the manners, habits, customs, dress and language, of their more powerful neighbors. Whether by the change their physical or moral condition is bettered, is a question which might be well mooted. For my own part I doubt it. I believe they were a happier, better, and more moral people before their connection with the Americans, than since; and that the change of government has been productive of no good to their social condition. As an evidence of their attachment to the old state of things is the fact, also noticed by Volney, "that the first thing they demanded on their cession to the United States, was a military commandant."

I have before remarked, that from the advent of Father Mermet as Missionary here, in the year 1710 or '11, for nearly a half a

century there were no important events connected with the history of our "Post," but a continued succession of commandants and Missionaries. I should, however, fail in a very important part of our history, were I not to notice, during that period, the commander after whom our town is named. François Morgan de Vinsenne. ("*Vinsenne*," for so he spelt his name,) was an officer in the service of the King of France, and serving in Canada probably as early as 1720, in the regiment "de Carignan." At any rate, as we are informed, he was engaged in some service with another officer on the Lakes towards Sault St. Marie, for the Governor of Canada, M. de *Vaudreuil*, in 1725. At what time he took possession here is not exactly known; probably somewhere about the year 1732. There is nothing on our records to show, but an act of sale made by him and Madame Vinsenne, the daughter of Monsieur Phillip Longprie of Kaskaskia, and recorded there. The act of sale, dated 5th January, 1735, styles him "an officer of the troops of the King," and "commandant au poste du Ouabache;" the same deed expressing that Madame Vinsenne was absent at the Post. Her signature being necessary to the deed, she sent her mark, or cross, which is testified to as hers, "X the mark of Madame Vinsenne," and showing that the good lady was not very far advanced in the rudiments, though her husband was commandant, and her father the wealthiest citizen of Kaskaskia. The will of Monsieur Longprie, his father-in-law, dated the 10th of March, 1734, gives to him, among other things, 408 lbs. of pork, which he wishes "kept safe until the arrival of Mons. Vinsenne," who was then at the Post. There are other documents there signed by him as a witness, in 1733-4; among them one of a receipt for 100 pistoles, received from his father-in-law on his marriage. From all these proofs, I think it evident that he was here previous to 1733, and left with his command on an expedition against the Chickasaws, in 1736, by orders from his superior officer at New Orleans, "Monsieur d'Artagette," commandant for the King in Illinois, and in which expedition, according to Charlevoix, M. St. Vinsenne was killed. But as the

facts are not generally known, I quote his words among the last of his volume: "We have just received very bad news from Louisiana, and our war with the Chickasaws. The French have been defeated; among the slain is Monsieur de Vinsenne, who ceased not until his last breath to exhort the men to behave worthy of their religion and their country." Thus perished this heroic and gallant officer, after whom our town is named. We may well be proud of its origin. On looking at the register of the Catholic church, it will be found, that the change of name from Vinsenne to Vincennes, its present appellation, was made as early as 1749. Why or wherefore, I do not know. I wish the original orthography had been observed, and the name spelt after its founder, with the *s* instead of the *c*, as it should be.*

The war between France and England, which broke out about 1754, deprived the former of all her possessions in this country. Canada was added to Great Britain, and Louisiana, as before remarked, to Spain. The English, anxious to acquire possession of the country, soon after the peace of 1763 took possession of it. The subsequent events will introduce the American population on the stage of action; and a brief but accurate history of the events which have occurred since, will close my notice of it. The inhabitants occupying the Post seem to have but little considered or regarded the change. Their old laws, customs, manners, and habits, were continued; and, as remarked by one who was present, "the change of government would have hardly been known." The difficulties, however, between the mother country and her colonies, were about to produce a change which has been felt to the present day among the ancient inhabitants of the "Post." I refer to the capture of it by Gen. George Rogers Clark, February 23d, 1779,—sixty years from the day after the one which we are now commemorating. Of this expedition, of its results, of its importance, of the

*The Judge is wrong: Vincennes is the proper spelling, as is shown by French maps (of France) in 1750 and earlier, where the town of *Vincennes* appear.—[Ed.]

merits of those engaged in it, of their bravery, of their skill, of their prudence, of their success, a volume would not more than suffice for the details. Suffice it to say that in my opinion—and I have accurately and critically weighed and examined all the results produced by any contests in which we were engaged during the Revolutionary war—that for bravery, for hardships endured, for skill and consummate tact and prudence on the part of the commander, obedience, discipline and love of country on the part of his followers; for the immense benefits acquired, and signal advantages obtained by it for the whole Union, it was second to no enterprize undertaken during that struggle: I might add, second to no undertaking in ancient or modern warfare. The whole credit of this conquest belongs to two men—Gen. George Rogers Clark, and Col. Francis Vigo. And when we consider that by it the whole territory now covered by the three great States of Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, was added to the Union, and so admitted to be by the commissioners on the part of Great Britain, at the preliminaries for the settlement of the treaty of peace in 1783; and but for this very conquest the boundaries of our territory west would have been the Ohio, instead of the Mississippi, and so acknowledged and admitted both by our own and the British commissioners at that conference—a territory embracing, as I have before remarked, upwards of two million of people, the human mind is lost in the contemplation of its effects; and we can but wonder that a force of one hundred and seventy men, the whole number of Clark's troops, should, by this single action, have produced such important results. That they did so, all history attests; that they did so, our very assembly here this day proves.

"It was on the 10th day of December, 1777, that Col. Clark opened the plan of the Illinois campaign, against the British interests in this quarter, to the celebrated Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia." It is unnecessary now to go into all the causes which led to the adoption of the plan of a western campaign as suggested by Gen. (then Col.) Clark. Suffice it to say, that it was not

without doubt as to its success, and great difficulty in preparing the material for the enterprize, that it was undertaken. Virginia herself, from whom the aid was demanded, and assistance in men and money was expected, was in the most critical period of her Revolutionary struggle; her finance exhausted, her sons drawn from the cultivation of the soil and from all the avocations of civil life,—for the most part in the field, battling for freedom,—it is not to be wondered at, "that the counsels which advised so distant an expedition should have been listened to with doubt, and adopted with caution." Fortunately for the country they were not unheeded. Gov. Henry, encouraged by the advice of some of Virginia's most prominent and patriotic sons, yielded to the solicitations of Clark; and, on the 2d of January, 1778, he received two sets of instructions,—"one public, directing him to proceed to Kentucky for its defence; the other, secret, ordering an attack on the British Post at Kaskaskia,"— and with the instructions, *twelve hundred pounds in depreciated currency*, as his *military chest* for conquering an empire. On the 24th of June, 1778, and during a total eclipse of the sun,—a sad foreboding, as the party thought, of their future success, but which ultimately proved "the sun of Austerlitz," this patriotic band of four companies, under the command of Captains Montgomery, Helm, Bowman, and Harrod, crossed the Falls of the Ohio, on their apparently forlorn expedition.

It is a well known matter of history, "that during the commencement of our Revolutionary struggle, the heart-rending scenes and widespread ravages of our Indian foes on the western frontier, were caused principally by the ammunition, arms, and clothing supplied at the British military stations of Detroit, Vincennes, and Kaskaskia,—then garrisoned by British troops." To divert the attention of the enemy from our own frontier, and to occupy them in the defence of their own positions, it was necessary to carry the war into their own dominions. The active mind of Clark saw that by doing this, a diversion would be created in our favor. "His

first intention was to march directly to Vincennes; but on reviewing his troops, the paucity of the number, and the want of all the material necessary for the attack of a fortified town, induced him to abandon this object, and to prosecute the one originally contemplated by his instructions, the capture of Kaskaskia." It forms no part of the plan of this address to enter into the details of that expedition. Suffice it to say that it was eminently successful, without the loss of a single man; and that on the 4th of July, 1778, Kaskaskia yielded to the supremacy of American enterprize and valor, and with Cahokia surrendered to the American arms.

It must be recollected, that previous to this event, a treaty of peace had been concluded between France and the United States. The intelligence of it had been communicated to Clark, on his descent down the Ohio. The effect of this treaty had a wonderful influence upon the subsequent events of the campaign. Among the individuals at Kaskaskia, at the time of its capture, was M. Gibault, the Roman Catholic priest at Vincennes. The capture of Vincennes, as Clark himself admits, "had never been out of his mind from the first moment he undertook the expedition westward." His success at Kaskaskia served only to inspire a wish for the accomplishment of the long desired achievement. Affairs being regulated at Kaskaskia, he sent for M. Gibault, and explained to him his views. This patriotic individual, who subsequently received the public thanks of Virginia for his services and whose strong attachment for the American cause is well known, readily and cheerfully sustained him. Dispatched by Clark, to sound the French population here, over whom he had great influence, he, on his arrival, assembled them in the church, explained the object of his mission, the alliance with France, and the negotiations with which he was entrusted. He had no sooner finished, than the population *en masse* took the oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth of Virginia. A commandant was elected, and the American flag displayed over the fort,—much to the as-

tonishment of their Indian neighbors, who for the first time saw the glorious stars and stripes, instead of the Cross of St. George, unfurled to that breeze in which it has so often since waved triumphantly.

M. Gibault returned to Kaskaskia with the gratifying intelligence of the perfect success of his mission; not less, it may be presumed, to the astonishment of Clark than to his gratification. Capt. Helm was appointed commandant "and Agent for the Indian affairs in the department of the Wabash," and repaired to the "Post," at which it was the intention of Clark to place a strong garrison, on the arrival of the reinforcements expected from Virginia. These reinforcements never arrived; and a new and important leaf in the chapter of our history is about to be unfolded, and another individual no less celebrated, and to us equally dear with the conqueror, and whose name will go down to posterity with his in the history of our place, and on the same bright page which records the valor of the commander, is to be introduced to your notice.

It was on the first of August, 1778, that M. Gibault returned to Kaskaskia with the intelligence of the submission of the French inhabitants here, to the American government, and of the circumstances above detailed. It was well known that Governor Abbott, the commander here at the time of Clark's expedition to the Illinois, had gone to Detroit on business; and that no great time would elapse before reinforcements would be sent from that post to Vincennes. Clark could not, even had he desired it, have detailed any of his own command to garrison the place. Helm was here, a commandant in name simply, without a single soldier under his command. From the first of August, when M. Gibault returned, until the 29th of January, 1779, Clark had not received a single communication from Vincennes. How he obtained it, and the consequences resulting from the communication, it is now my purpose briefly to unfold.

Francis Vigo, better known to us under the military title of Col. Francis Vigo, a rank which he held during the territorial government, was born in Mondovi, in the kingdom of Sardinia, in the year 1747. He left his parents and guardians at a very early age, and enlisted in a Spanish regiment as a private soldier. The regiment was ordered to the Havana, and a detachment of it subsequently to New Orleans, then a Spanish post, and which detachment Col. Vigo accompanied. At what time and under what circumstances he left the army, is not actually known. It is believed that his attention to his duties, his natural intelligence, and high-minded and honorable deportment, gained him the esteem and confidence of his commander; and that he received his discharge without any application on his own part. We find that shortly after his discharge—and probably by the aid of the same powerful friend who had obtained it—he was supplied with goods, and engaged in the Indian trade on the Arkansas and its tributaries; and that a few years after he made a settlement at St. Louis, also a Spanish post, and was connected in the closest relations of friendship and business with the Governor of Upper Louisiana, then residing at the same place, and whose confidence and affection he enjoyed in the highest degree. That a private soldier, a man without education—for he could but simply write his name—should in a few years, thus be enabled to make his way in the world, and in so short a period become so extensively engaged in business, so highly respected and beloved, as we know him to have been at the period to which I allude, as well as to the day of his death, shows him to have thus early been possessed of a goodness of heart, a purity of mind, a high, honorable, and chivalric bearing; qualities which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until the very close of his long and useful life. At the time of Clark's capture of Kaskaskia, Col. Vigo was a resident of St. Louis, and extensively engaged under the patronage of the Governor in the Indian trade up the Missouri. A Spaniard by birth and allegiance, he was under no obligation to assist us.—

Spain was then at peace with Great Britain, and any interference on the part of her citizens was a breach of neutrality, and subjected an individual, especially of the high character and standing of Col. Vigo, to all the contumely, loss, and vengeance which British power on this side of the Mississippi could inflict. But Col. Vigo did not falter. With an innate love of liberty, an attachment to republican principles, and an ardent sympathy for an oppressed people struggling for their rights, he overlooked all personal consequences; and as soon as he learnt of Clark's arrival at Kaskaskia, he crossed the line—went there and tendered him his means, and his influence, both of which were joyfully accepted. Knowing Col. Vigo's influence with the ancient inhabitants of the country, and desirous of obtaining some information from Vincennes, from which he had not heard for several months, Col. Clark, in a conference with Col. Vigo, proposed, that he should come here and learn the actual state of affairs at the Post. Col. Vigo did not hesitate a moment in obeying this command. With a single servant he proceeded on his journey; and when on the Embarras, he was seized by a party of Indians, plundered of everything he possessed, and brought a prisoner before Hamilton, then in possession of the place, which, with his troops, he had a short time before captured, holding Capt. Helm a prisoner of war. Being a Spanish subject, and consequently a non-combatant, Governor Hamilton, although he strongly suspected the motives of his visit, dared not confine him; he accordingly admitted him to his parole, on the single condition, that he should daily report himself at the Fort. On his frequent visits there, his acute and discerning mind, aided by the most powerful memory I ever knew, enabled him easily to ascertain the state of the garrison, its numerical force, means of defence, position, in fine all the matter necessary to make an accurate report as soon as liberated. Hamilton in the meantime, embarrassed by his detention, besieged by the French inhabitants of the town, by whom he was beloved, for his release; and finally threatened by them, that unless released, they would

refuse all supplies to the garrison, yielded, on condition that Col. Vigo would sign an article "not to do any act during the war injurious to the British interests." This he absolutely and positively refused. The matter was finally adjusted, on an agreement entered into on the part of Col. Vigo, "not to do anything injurious to the British interests *on his way* to St. Louis." The agreement was signed, and the next day he departed in a periauge down the Wabash and the Ohio, and up the Mississippi with two voyagers accompanying him. Col. Vigo faithfully and religiously kept the very letter of the bond; *on his way* to St. Louis he did nothing injurious in the slightest degree to British interests. But he had no sooner set his foot on shore there, and changed his dress, than in the same periauge he hastened to Kaskaskia, and gave the information, and arranged the plan, through the means of which, and by which alone, Clark was enabled to succeed and did succeed, in surprizing Hamilton, and making captives of him and his garrison. Spirit of the illustrious dead, let others judge of this matter as they may, we who have lived to see the immense advantages of that conquest to our beloved country—so little known, and so little appreciated when made—will do you justice, and we will also teach our children, and our children's children, who are to occupy our places when we are gone, to read and remember, among the earliest lessons of the history of that portion of the country which is to be also their abiding-place—our own lovely valley—that its conquest and subsequent attachment to the Union was as much owing to the councils and services of Vigo, as to the bravery and enterprize of Clark.

It was on the 5th of February, 1779, that a Spartan band of one hundred and seventy men, headed by as gallant a leader as ever led men to battle, crossed the Kaskaskia river, on their march to this place. The incidents of this campaign, their perils, their sufferings, their constancy, their courage, their success, would be incredible were they not matters of history. In my opinion, as I have before remarked, no campaign either in ancient or modern

warfare,—taking into consideration the force employed, the want of material, the country passed over, the destitution of even the necessaries of life, the object to be accomplished, and the glorious results flowing from it, is to be compared to it. And what is even yet more astonishing is the fact, that a battle which decided the fate of an empire, a campaign which added to our possessions a country more than equal in extent to the united kingdoms of Great Britain, Scotland, and Ireland, has scarcely even a page of our Revolutionary annals devoted to its details, or making even honorable mention of the brave and gallant men who so nobly and successfully conducted it.

Time would fail me and your patience would be perhaps exhausted, were I to follow step by step, and day by day, this small, but brave, devoted, patriotic, and chivalrous corps, through the wilderness from Kaskaskia to this place. It would be but a repetition of daily sufferings, of fatigue, of peril, of constancy, of perseverance, and of hope. Day after day, without provisions, wading in ice and water to their necks, through the overflowed bottoms of the Wabash, carrying their rifles above their heads, their gallant chief taking the lead, foremost in difficulty and in danger, did these patriotic soldiers struggle on, faint, weary, cold and starving, until the prize was in view, and their object was accomplished. Look around you, my friends, and see what this portion of our beloved Union is now. Look ahead, and tell me if you can, what it is to be a half-century hence, supposing the improvements to progress as they have the last twenty years—and the advancement will be geometrical—and then go back with me sixty years since, *this very day*, and learn from an actor in the scene—one holding command, and from whose unpublished journal I make the extract, what the country was, and the difficulties and dangers, the perils and sufferings those endured who conquered it for you, and yours: and should you, or those who are to come after you, to the latest generation forget them, "may your right hands forget their cunning."

"February 22d, 1779. Col. Clark* encouraged his men, which gave them great spirits. Marched on in the water; those that were weak and famished from so much fatigue, went in the canoes. We came three miles farther to some sugar camps, where we stayed all night. Heard the evening and morning guns at the Fort. No provisions yet. THE LORD HELP US.

23d. Set off to cross a plain called Horse Shoe Plain, about four miles long, all covered with water breast high. Here we expected some of our brave men must certainly perish, the water having froze in the night, and so long fasting. Having no other resource but wading this lake of frozen water, we plunged in with courage, *Col. Clark being first.* We took care to have boats by, to take those who were weak and benumbed with the cold into them. Never were men so animated with the thought of avenging the ravages done to their back settlements, as this small army was. About one o'clock we came in sight of the town. We halted on a small hill of dry land, called "Warren's Island," where we took a prisoner hunting ducks, who informed us that no person suspected our coming in that season of the year. Col. Clark wrote a letter by him to the inhabitants, as follows:

"*To the Inhabitants of Post Vincennes:*

GENTLEMEN—Being now within two miles of your village with my army, determined to take your Fort this night, and not being willing to surprize you, I take this method of requesting such of you as are true citizens, and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you, to remain still in your houses. And those, if any there are, that are friends to the King, will instantly repair to the Fort, and join the HAIR-BUYER GENERAL, and fight like men. And if any such as do not go to the Fort, shall be discovered afterwards, they may depend on severe punishment. On the contrary, those who are true friends to liberty will be well treated.

G. R. CLARK

*See note D.

In order to give effect to this letter, by having it communicated to the French inhabitants, the army encamped until about sundown, when they commenced their march, wading in water breast high, to the rising ground on which the town is situated. One portion of the army marched directly up along where the levee is now raised, and came in by the steam mill, while another party under Lieut. Bradley, deployed from the main body, and came in by the present Princeton road. An entrenchment was thrown up in front of the Fort, and the battle commenced from the British side by the discharge, though without effect, of their cannon, and the return on our side of rifle shot—the only arms which the Americans possessed. On the morning of the 24th, about 9 o'clock, Col. Clark sent in a flag of truce, with a letter to the British commander, during which time there was a cessation of hostilities, and the men were provided with a breakfast—the *first meal which they had had since the* 18*th, six days before.* The letter of Clark is so characteristic of the man, so laconic, and, under such trying circumstances, shows so much tact, self-possession and firmness, that I will read it:

"SIR—In order to save yourself from the impending storm that now threatens you, I order you *immediately* to surrender yourself, with all your garrison, stores, &c., &c. For if I am obliged to storm, you may depend on such treatment as is justly due to a *murderer*. Beware of destroying stores of any kind, or any papers or letters that are in your possession, or hurting one house in town. For by Heavens, if you do, there shall be no mercy shown you.

G. R. CLARK

To Gov. Hamilton."

Since the days of Charles the XIIth of Sweden, I doubt whether ever such a cartel, under such circumstances was sent to an antagonist. Prudence, as Clark well knew would, indeed, have been a "rascally virtue" on such an occasion. Hemmed in on one side by ice and water, with a fortified Post bristling with artillery in front, with one hundred and seventy soldiers—part Americans,

part Creoles, without food, worn out, and armed only with rifles; it was, as Clark knew, only by acting the victor instead of the vanquished (as was the real state of the case, if Hamilton had only known the fact) that he could hope to succeed. He acted wisely and he acted bravely; any other course, and he would have been a prisoner, instead of a conqueror. The very reply of Hamilton to this singular epistle shows he was already quailing:

"Gov. Hamilton begs leave to acquaint Col. Clark, that he and his garrison are not disposed to *be awed* into any action unworthy British subjects."

The battle was renewed; the skill of our western riflemen, celebrated even in our days, wounded several of the men in the Fort through the port-holes, the only place where a shot could be made effective. Clark, with the skill of a practised commander, must have seen and felt from the answer returned to his communications, that another message would soon be delivered to him from the same quarter; and he was not long in receiving it. The flag of truce brought him as follows:

"Gov. Hamilton proposes to Col. Clark a truce for three days, during which time he promises that there shall be no defensive work carried on in the garrison, *on condition*, that Col. Clark will observe on his part a like cessation of offensive work; that is, he wishes to confer with Col. Clark as soon as can be, and promises that whatever may pass between them two, and another person, mutually agreed on to be present, shall remain secret till matters be finished; as he wishes, that whatever the result of the conference may be, it may tend to the honor and credit of each party. If Col. Clark makes a difficulty of coming into the Fort, Lieut. Gov. Hamilton will speak with him by the gate.

HENRY HAMILTON

24th Feb'y, '79.

If Gov. Hamilton had known the man he was dealing with, he would have found ere this that he would have made light of any

difficulties "in getting into the Fort;" and if not already convinced of the daring of the foe he was contending with, one would have supposed Clark's answer would have set him right:

"Col. Clark's compliments to Gov. Hamilton, and begs leave to say, that he will not agree to any terms, other than *Mr. Hamilton surrendering himself and garrison prisoners at discretion.*

If Mr. Hamilton wants to talk with Col. Clark, he will meet him at the church with Capt. Helm."

Laconic enough surely, and easily understood; and so it was.

For in less than one hour afterwards, Clark dictated himself the following terms, which were accepted, a meeting having taken place at the church:

"1st. Lieut. Gov. Hamilton agrees to deliver up to Col. Clark 'Fort *Sackville*,' as it is at present, with all its stores.

2d. The garrison are to deliver themselves as prisoners of war, and march out with their arms and accoutrements.

3d. The garrison to be delivered up to-morrow at ten o'clock.

4th. Three days' time to be allowed the garrison to settle their accounts with the inhabitants and traders.

5th. The officers of the garrison to be allowed their necessary baggage, &c.

Signed at Post St. Vincents, this 24th of February, 1779: agreed for the following reasons:

1st. The remoteness from succor. 2d. The state and quantity of provisions. 3d. The *unanimity* of the officers and men in its expediency. 4th. The honorable terms allowed—and lastly, the confidence in a generous enemy.

HENRY HAMILTON,
Lieut. Gov. and Superintendent."

It was on the twenty-fifth day of February, 1779, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, that the British troops marched out, and the Americans entered that Fort, acquired with the tact, skill, judgment, bravery, peril and suffering, which I have so briefly attempted to describe. The British ensign was hauled down, and the American flag waved above its ramparts; that flag,

> "Within whose folds
> Are wrapped the treasures of our hearts.
> Where e'er its waving sheet is fanned,
> By breezes of the sea, or land."

Time would not permit me, my friends, to dwell on the important results growing out of this conquest to our common country. A volume would be required to delineate fully all the advantages which have been derived from it to that Union, a portion of which we now constitute. Calculate, if you can, the revenue which the Government already has and will continue to derive from its public domain within the territory thus acquired. Bounded by the Lakes and the Miami on one side, and the Ohio and the Mississippi on the other, embracing three large States, with a population now of upwards of two millions, with a representation of six Senators in one branch of our National Councils, and eleven Representatives in the other; and which, within the last half century, was represented by a single Delegate, but in the next half century to come, will have fifty Representatives;—mild in its climate, rich in its soil, yielding in the abundance, variety, and excellence of its products, perhaps, a greater quantity than the same space of territory in the civilized world; inhabited, and to be inhabited by a race of industrious, hard-working, intelligent, high-minded, and patriotic people, attached to the institutions of their country; lovers of order, liberty and law; republicans in precepts and in practice; trained from their earliest infancy to revere and to venerate, to love and to idolize the Constitution adopted by their fathers for the government of themselves and their posterity;—calculate if you can, the increase within this territory, of just such a popu-

lation as I have described, within sixty years to come—its wealth, its influence, its power, its improvements, morally and socially—and when your minds are wearied in the immensity of the speculation, ask yourselves to whom all these blessings are to be attributed; and whether national gratitude, in the fulness of national wealth and prosperity, can find treasures enough to repay those gallant men, and those who aided them in their glorious struggle, which I have thus attempted feebly to describe. But I am warned by the time which I have already occupied, that this address should close—not that the subject is exhausted, or can be. No other, that I can conceive of, presents a finer field for the historian; and the few incidents which have been gathered here and there, few and far between, in relation to our early history, but stimulate to further enquiry. A brief notice of the principal events which have occurred since the capture by Gen. Clark, and I shall close this long, and I fear from the nature of the subject, to you on this occasion, uninteresting address.

The first object to be obtained, after the fall of the Post, and the consequent change resulting from it, was the establishment of a civil government. Col. Clark returned to Kaskaskia, leaving Capt. Helm in command, both as civil and military commandant. The result of the campaign was made known as early as possible to the government of Virginia, and Col. Todd was sent out as the governor and commandant, by the Executive Council there. How long he remained I do not know; probably long enough to form a provisional government; for we find that he delegated his power to M. Legras, as Lieut. Governor, and proceeded to Kaskaskia. I have had no opportunity of ascertaining from the records in Virginia, the continuation or names of the Governors after Col. Todd, until the transfer of the territory to the United States, and the territorial government then formed under the act of Congress.

The act of the Virginia Legislature, transferring the North Western Territory to the United States, passed on the 20th of December, 1783, and the Delegates on the part of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Hardy, Arthur Lee, and James Madison, by their deed of cession, conveyed, on the first of March, 1784, "all the right, title, and interest of the State of Virginia in the country acquired north-west of the river Ohio, to the United States." And in 1787, the celebrated ordinance for its government was passed by Congress; an ordinance, which in its effects, at least to us, is second only to the Constitution of the United States. An ordinance which for its wise and wholesome provisions; for its beneficial and lasting results; for its effects not only upon those who were to be the immediate subjects of its action, but for the blessings and prosperity which it will carry down to the latest posterity, as long as we remain a part of the confederacy, is unequalled by any legislative act ever framed here or elsewhere. The author of this act, Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, for it alone, if he had done nothing more, deserves a place in our affections, and in those of our children to the latest generation. The act provides, "that there shall be neither slavery or involuntary servitude within the territory thus ceded;" creates for its civil government, a Governor, Secretary, and three Judges: the Judges with the Governor "to make laws for the Territory, subject to the approval of Congress."

The laws thus made were selected from the codes of other States, and applied to our local condition. They were few, but effective, and I doubt much whether all subsequent legislation has been enabled to frame a code superior to that of the *old Territorial Code.*

Gen. Harmar, then commanding in the west, was appointed civil Governor and superintendent of Indian affairs. He was here in 1787, and I believe, had charge of our civil affairs by himself or deputy, until 1790, when Gen. St. Clair was appointed and took command. He came here in 1791, and went to Kaskaskia, from

whence he made a long report to the Secretary of State in relation to the situation of affairs here. Some of his suggestions, considering our present advanced state of improvement, are singular enough. "He recommends the establishment of a printing press in the Western Territory;" and gives as a reason, "that as the laws are not binding upon the people until approved by Congress, there is no way of giving publicity to them, but by having them read in the courts." "But few people," says he, "understand them, and even the magistrates who carry them into execution are perfect strangers to them." There seems, however, to have been no great difficulty after all. The French complained that as the County Court was composed of five justices, three of whom were Americans, and but two Frenchmen, whereas the French population was treble that of the Americans, that there was occasionally a little leaning by their Honors, on the American side of the bench, towards their countrymen; and, as none of the Americans assigned to keep the peace understood French, there was some difficulty in making their cause fully understood. But there were no mobs; no tarring and feathering of the Judges; no pulling down of the court house. If the law was not well understood by these modern Mansfields, they decided the case, "ex equo et bono," according to equity and good conscience; and, in nine cases out of ten, no doubt, did more complete justice to all parties, than with a row of "gentlemen learned in the law" before them, to confuse them with their sophistry, or perplex them with a quibble.

In 1800 Congress passed the act dividing the Indiana territory, from what was called the Territory North West of the river Ohio, and in 1801, Gen. William Henry Harrison was appointed Governor. There were at this period but three settlements in the whole of this immense territory. The one at the Falls, called "Clark's Grant"—the one here, and the one on the Mississippi between Cahokia and Kaskaskia; the whole population of which did not exceed five thousand souls. It does not fall within the limits which I had assigned to this discourse to trace our progress

farther. The history of the town, the seat of government of the Territory until 1816, is the history of Indiana during that period; but the facts connected with it are familiar to you all. Suffice it to say, that our progress since has been onward, and will continue to be, should we be true to ourselves and to the interests committed to our hands.

Members of the "Vincennes Historical and Antiquarian Society" and citizens of Vincennes, I have finished the task assigned me on this occasion—not by any means in the manner it should be, or indeed in the manner I propose to finish it hereafter, if I have leisure.

I have thrown together a few of the leading incidents of our history, fitted only to be woven into an address on the present occasion. The historian of our ancient borough must gather for his work more materials than I have been furnished with, to do full justice to his subject. He should search the archives of other countries, of France, of England, the Colonial records of Canada, and the revolutionary ones of Virginia; in fine, devote to it more time, labor, and research than I have been enabled to do, in order to make it the work it should be. The history of this Post has been the history of the Western country. It has been the stake for which nations have played; the prize for which princes have contended— France, England, Virginia, and the United States have, in turn, held it in subjection—have governed it with their laws, and regulated it with their codes, civil and military. Our position has been an important one, while our history, but little known, has been more full of stirring incident, of revolution, of bloodshed, and of battle, than the history of any town on the continent. One hundred and thirty years since, we have seen it occupied as a Post in the wilderness, forming one link in the chain by which France attempted to hold her possessions in this country. Fifty years after, we have seen it yielding to British dominion and subject to British power. The war of the Revolution, and the severing of

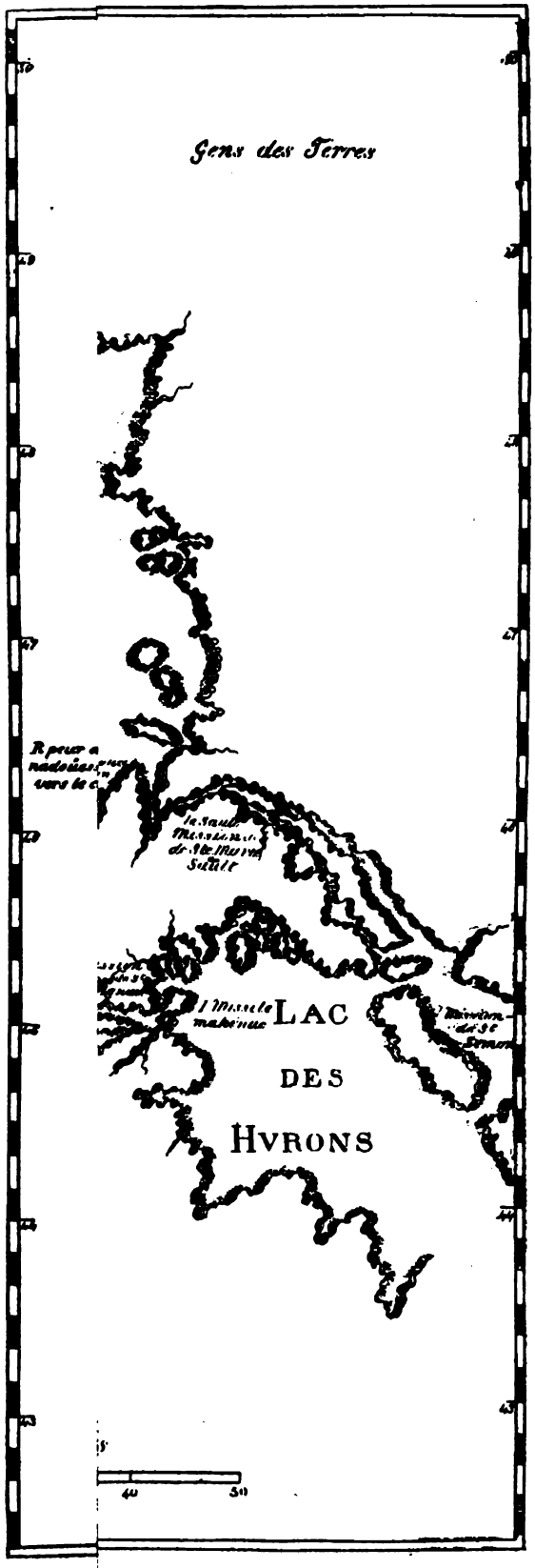
those ties which bound us to our parent state, wrested *it* also from its conquerors. The bravery of Clark, and that of his compatriots in arms, formed a new era in its eventful career. It became the emporium of an empire—the seat of government of a territory now composing three large States. The history of our town, since the division of the territory is familiar to you all. But even since then it has not been without its interest. The same stern devotion to country, the same love of liberty, the same valor and patriotism, has been displayed in modern times by its citizens, which gave to it an *eclat* in times gone by. The battlefield of Tippecanoe was fertilized by the blood of our brethren. And more daring, brave, chivalrous and patriotic men never gathered under their country's banner, than rallied in its defence on that eventful field, from the town in which we are now assembled.

And am I right in saying, that the same spirit still exists here? That should our country again make its call to arms, that here, in the very cradle of liberty, on this side of the Alleghanies, the spirit which animated Clark and his followers has been handed down to those whom I address; and that if occasion offered, you would emulate them in the privations they underwent, the sufferings they endured, and the glory they acquired. Am I right in saying this? Fellow-citizens, *I know that I am right.* The response to this question in the affirmative, is answered by every breath that heaves from the bosoms of those who hear me. It is answered by the silent homage which you yourselves, on this occasion, have paid to bravery and patriotism, such as I have delineated.

Young men of this assembly, this feeling must be kept alive—you must neither forget your origin or your destiny. Many of us will soon pass off the stage of action:

> "The eternal surge
> Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
> Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
> Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves
> Of empires heave but like some passing waves."

Generation after generation will succeed us. But let it be ever impressed on your minds, and the minds of those who come after you to the latest posterity, that the same wisdom and valor which acquired the "Post," must always *sustain*, *protect* and *defend* it.


Gens des Terres
LAC
DES
HVRONS

APPENDIX

Note A

The Map of "Lac Tracy," otherwise called Lake Superior, and part of Lakes Huron and Michigan including Mackinaw and the "Sault St. Marie," although not immediately connected with the subject matter of my address, I have been induced to annex to it, from its antiquity and rarity. I know of no other, at least on this side of the Alleghany mountains. It is possible it may be in some of the public libraries East; but if so, it is unknown to me. The map is taken from an old volume of the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses," published at Paris, in 1748, for the Society of Jesuits, and printed from the original plat of Fathers Marquette and Allouez, made in 1668. When we reflect that this long voyage and critical survey was made by these good fathers, in a bark canoe, with few instruments, often suffering the privations incident to such an undertaking at this early period, the mind is lost in wonder at their perseverance, their courage, and their success. It was while making this survey that Marquette learnt from the Indians the existence of the "Meschasippi," and avowed his determination (subsequently carried into execution) of exploring it.

I am indebted for the copy to my friend Bishop Bruté, Catholic Bishop of Vincennes, whose profound learning, classical attainments, and antiquarian zeal are only equalled by the purity of his heart and the amenity of his manners.

Note B

Since the delivery of the foregoing address, I have read article 2d in the January number of the *North American Review*, being a review of the "Life of Father Marquette" by Jared Sparks—"Library of American Biography, Vol. 10th." The original work of Mr. Sparks, the "Life of Father Marquette," contained in the 10th volume of his American Biography, I never have seen.

The reviewer, however, in the article referred to, has, I conceive, made a sad mistake in relation to the "labour of love" of Father Mermet to the "Mascoutens," a tribe of Indians now extinct, or, what is more probable, amalgamated with other tribes, and hence have lost their original appellation. The "Mascoutens" were a branch of the "Miamis" *vide* Mr. Gallatin's letter published in the "Transactions of the American Historical and Antiquarian Society;" they never lived on the Ohio, but occupied the country along Lake Michigan, and down the River Wabash. In page 99 of the article referred to, the reviewer says: "An attempt was also made to build up a settlement at the point where the Ohio and the Mississippi join, at all times a favorite spot among the planners of towns, and at this moment, if we mistake not, in in the process of being made a town. The first who tried this spot was Sieur Juchereau, a Canadian gentleman, assisted by *Father Mermet*, who was to Christianize the *Mascoutens*, of whom a large flock was soon gathered." The reviewer than goes on to describe the *modus operandi*, by which Father Mermet *syllogistically* undertook to confound the high priests of this deluded band, and gives an account of his conference with their principal medicine men, very similar to that given in the preceding address. Now the only matter in relation to which we differ is the "*venue*." I assert that the conference and "theological discussion" took place on the banks of the Wabash, and not "at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi;" and that it happened at the "Post," or the "O Post," (contraction for the French word "au,") or, par excellence, "The Post Vincennes." And I believe I prove it from two circumstances; the one

referred to, to wit—the "Mascoutens" were a branch of the Miamis, and inhabited the country watered by the Wabash; they never occupied any portion of the country bordering on the Ohio. If the object of the good Father was (as Father Marest states it was—and we both derive our account of the matter from him,) the conversion of the "Mascoutens," he would go where they dwelt, which was on the Wabash, and not on the Ohio; and if Father Mermet was with the Sieur Juchereau at the mouth of the Ohio, it is hardly credible, that the Mascoutens would "gather in a large flock from a distance of upwards of two hundred miles, from the banks of the Wabash, to the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi, for the mere sake of a public discussion on "mooted points of theology," between their "Medicine Men" and Father Mermet. They might follow the chase or their enemies that distance, but I doubt much whether they would travel that far to learn whether the "Manitou" of the Frenchman or the "Manitou of the Mascouten" was the one to be worshipped.

In the second place: The French had a settlement on the Ohio in the early part of the 18th century—by a settlement I mean a fixed establishment, a garrison, a town. Sieur Juchereau, for aught I know, may have had a trading house there, but there was no regular French establishment; and, according to Father Marest, it was to such an establishment already garrisoned—"a Fort," that Father Mermet went with the primary object of accomplishing the conversion of the "Mascoutens" to the true faith. I quote from the original letter of Father Marest to Father Germon, volume 6th, page 333 of the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses," dated Kashkaskia, November 9th, 1712:

"Les François etoient etabli un Fort sur le fleuve *'Ouabache,'* ils demanderent un Missionaire; et le Pere Mermet leur fut envoyé. Ce Pere crut devoir aussi travailler a la conversion des *Mascoutens* qui avoient fait un village sur les bords du même fleuve—c'est une nation des Indians qui entend la langue Illinoise."

Now I have mentioned the fact, and given the reasons why the Ohio was called "Ouabache" by the same Father, and by others; a reason, as it appears to me, perfectly satisfactory. And as the French settled Vincennes, and established a Fort there early in the 18th century; and as the "Mascoutens" were located on that stream, and not on the Ohio, and being a branch of the Miamis, and a portion of the Algonquin race, of course supposed to understand the "Illinoise," I think it conclusive that the "local" of Father Mermet's labors was the "Post" or "Fort" at Vincennes, and not the site at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, where Sieur Juchereau may, or may not, have made a settlement. At any rate, until some further evidence is produced, I shall, as I have done in the text, claim the honor of Father Mermet's first visit for "*Post Vincennes.*"

Note C

It was a very difficult matter to induce the French inhabitants at Kaskaskia, after Clark's arrival there and capture of the place, to take the "Continental paper" which Clark and his soldiers had brought along with them; and it was not until after Col. Vigo went there, and gave his guaranty for its redemption, that they would generally receive it. Peltries and Piastres were the only currency known to these simple and unsophisticated Frenchmen. They could neither read nor write, and Col. Vigo had great difficulty in explaining the operations of this new financial arrangement to them. "Their commandants never made money," was the only reply to the Colonel's explanations of the policy of the "Old Dominion" in these issues. But notwithstanding the Colonel's guaranty, the paper was not in good credit, and ultimately became very much depreciated. The Colonel had a trading establishment at Kaskaskia

after Clark's arrival. Coffee was one dollar per pound. The poor Frenchman coming to purchase was asked "what kind of payment he intended to make for it?" "*Douleur*," said he. And when it is recollected that it took about twenty continental dollars to purchase a silver dollar's worth of coffee and that the French word "*douleur*" signifies "grief," or "pain," perhaps no word either in the French or English languages expressed the idea more correctly, than "douleur" for "continental dollars." At any rate it was truly "*douleur*" to the Colonel; for he never received a *single dollar* in exchange for the large amount he had taken in order to sustain Clark's credit. The above anecdote I had from the Colonel's own lips.

Note D

I am indebted, and much indebted, to my friend Prof. Bliss of Louisville, Kentucky, for the letters of Gen. Clark and the extract from Major Bowman's journal of the capture of Vincennes, now for the first time published. I cannot but again repeat, what I have in the address so pointedly remarked, how little is known of the campaign of 1778-1779, and the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes by Clark and his gallant followers. With the exception of a short notice of this in Marshall's "Life of Washington," and the more extended one of Butler's in his "History of Kentucky," a modern work, the incidents of that campaign are hardly noticed. Yet it was, as it regards its ultimate effects to the Union, decidedly the most brilliant and useful of any undertaking during the Revolutionary war. Clark, by that campaign added a territory embracing now three of the finest States in the Union, to the Confederacy, to wit, *Indiana, Illinois*, and *Michigan;* a territory which, but for this very conquest, must now have been subject to British dominion, unless like Louisiana it had since been acquired by purchase. For the only pretence of title which our commissioners, in the negotiations which resulted in the Treaty of peace in 1783, set up to this immense territory was "the capture of it by Clark and the possession of it by the Americans at the date of the conference." The argument of *uti possidetis* prevailed; and the mind would be lost in the calculation of dollars and cents, to say nothing of the other matters "which constitute a State,"—men "who know their rights" inhabiting it, and which the government has gained from the contest,—as to what will be the wealth and population of this same North Western Territory a half century hence!

Professor Bliss is now preparing for publication a Life of Gen. Clark. With the talent and research which he possesses, and with the materials which he has already collected, I have no hesitation in saying that it will be one of the most interesting works which has ever issued from the American press.

Most of the facts connected with the capture of Kaskaskia are derived from Butler's "History of Kentucky," a new edition of which has lately been published. It is a very useful and valuable work, and contains more incidents connected with western history, particularly the campaign of Clark in Illinois in 1778-'9, than any work heretofore published.

As near a *fac simile* as possible

FRENCH ARROGANCE;

OR,

"The Cat let out of the Bag;"

A POETICAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

ENVOYS OF AMERICA,

AND

X. Y. Z. AND THE LADY.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY PETER PORCUPINE, OPPOSITE CHRIST CHURCH, AND SOLD BY THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS.
1798.

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TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.
REPRINTED
WILLIAM ABBATT,
1915.

Being Extra Number 44 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE Author has thought proper to form this poem into a dialogue, as it furnished an opportunity of displaying, with more perspicuity, the natural gasconading arrogance of France, and the just retort and manly independence of her opponents. He likewise considered the Hudibrastic measure best adapted for interspersing that requisite burlesque which the subject required: how near he has come to the celebrated Butler, or whether he has had him at all in view, is left to the admirers of that author to decide.

FRENCH ARROGANCE, &c.

INTRODUCTION

QUARRELS arise we know not why,
Yet they exist we can't deny,
Different in habit and in feature,
Some private, some of public nature.

The ladies jar at every meal,
They think it witty and genteel;
To backbite and to scandalize
Is charming in the fair ones' eyes.

The nymph will quarrel with her swain,
Because she knows 'twill give him pain;
She's so tenacious of her lover,
He must not look at any other;
Thus are we trammel'd when we court,
And made the butt of woman's sport:
And ask the damsel why she teazes?
Most like she'll say, because she pleases,
It is her fancy to perplex him,
The more she loves, the more she'll vex him,
Will ne'er desist nor give him quarter,
But keep him always in hot water,
Until she's gain'd him and his riches,
And then perhaps she'll wear the breeches.
The sex, alas! tho' fam'd for beauty,
Think contradiction is their duty;
But we must yield and seldom flout them,
Because we cannot live without them.
Yet man is frail as well as woman,
Tho' 'tis not always quite so common.

Some think their love cannot be zealous,
If of their wives they are not jealous,
When they most likely are the reason,
For acts of matrimonial treason.
T' avenge an insult to his jewel,
He must of course provoke a duel;
And should he 'scape this bold affray,
And "live to fight another day,"
He only lives to see his spouse
Gallant with others and carouse,
To feel each morn his horns a-sprouting,
Which must be *pleasant* past all doubting,
But these are jars in private station,
A mortal stab to reputation,
A kind of murder in the retail,
Of which there is a lengthy detail.
But public feuds should widely alter,
And no man should by wholesale slaughter.
Men are not mushrooms—by this light!
Nor can we get an army in a night.
King Solomon the wise, we're told,
Had children e'en an hundred fold;
But then t' account for all these lives,
He had an army form'd of wives:
The case is alter'd now you know,
We dare not even marry two.
This maxim therefore I'll propose,
Before two nations come to blows,
To have a proper explanation,
And coolly weigh the disputation.

AMERICA

MOST potent *citizens* of France,
Renown'd for war and complaisance,

Renown'd for conquest and for glory,
We come to tell a plain and candid story;
To now present you our credentials,
And argue chiefly on essentials;
We therefore hope you'll be explicit;
'Tis all we ask for and solicit;
Our love for you was always pure,
Which prompts us to this overture;
Peace is our object and our aim,
Against a war we all declaim;
War is the bane of human life,
The child of discord and of strife;
We've strove to keep it at a distance,
And hope 'twill bear our firm resistance;
At variance we have been 'tis true,
But trust our friendship will renew;
Our errand here is really meant
A lasting friendship to cement,
To cancel and destroy defection,
And fix a permanent connexion;
Which you'll approve without a frown,
As men of *honor* and renown,
As men of "*public faith*" and trust,
Who're *merciful as well as just.*

FRANCE

OF these rare virtues we've a store,
We likewise have a number more,
Which you shall find, ere you leave France,
Or say that Frenchmen cannot dance.
But your ideas are too illusive,
You speak in language too conclusive.
Shall France, posse'd of all her pow'r,
Submit to you because you low'r;

Foutre diable, 'twill not do,
Such language certainly you'll rue;
Suppose, Commissioners all three,
You were to copy after me,
Take Frenchmen's conduct for a sample,
In everything they're *wise* and *ample;*
Observe me therefore very nice,
And hear with patience my advice;
The speech of your great President,
Our nation one and all resent;
He talks to us, the mighty Gauls,
As big as church you call Saint Paul's,
Like Buonaparte the Gallic god,
Who has *ten millions* at his nod,
And cou'd, if he was firmly bent,
Turn upside down your continent;
Displace your Chieftain or your Head,
Make war and desolation spread;
Reduce your cities to a level,
And send your Congress to the devil;
Destroy your forts of ev'ry kind,
And "leave not" e'en "a wreck behind;"
Drain dry the vast Atlantic Ocean,
And plant disorder and commotion;
Slay all your women and your men,
And march in triumph back agen.
Avert the danger of delay,
And save your country whilst you may.

Your haughty speech must be disjointed,
Before you see the Lord's *anointed;*
Start not, *messieurs*, nor even grumble,
The speech I say must be more humble;

Or else, to save a deal of pother,
Suppose you was to make another,
As thus—"Renown'd and mighty men,
We've err'd, but ne'er will err agen;
We once conceiv'd, oh! vain the thought,
Our freedom, which with blood we bought,
Was purchas'd to the end of time;
That thought we now confess a crime;
No right have *we* to live at ease,
Unless the great *Direct'ry* please;
Our lands are yours, nay e'en our lives,
Our sons and daughters, and our wives;
When *France* shall send her mighty mission,
Both one and all shall bow submission;
Great Britain's treaty we'll dispel,
And drive those English dogs to h—ll;
E'en *Porcupine* and all his crew,
His press, his types, his paper too,
His clerks, his 'prentices, and men,
Shall trudge to England's isle agen,
Not e'en a vestige shall you meet
Of him nor his in Second-street.
If after this you're not content,
*M'k—n shall be our *President;*
And as a lustre to the scene,
Our Vice shall be great G–l–t–ne;†
We'll then appoint, for strength and weight,
Shrew'd N–ck–l–s,‡ Secret'ry of state;
L—n,§ that brilliant fighting star,
Shall be our Secretary of War;

*Thomas McKean.
†Albert Gallatin.
‡Wilson Cary Nicholas, of Va.
§Matthew Lyon, of Connecticut.

And B—che,* your warmest advocate,
We'll dubb the Printer of the State;
With such a groupe, what pow'r can wrench
The vict'ry from the matchless French!
Cerb'rus of old, who watch'd so well,
And was the centry dog of h—ll,
Could not more fiercely guard the gates
Than this *grand compact* would our states;
Their talents can't, should they be sent,
E'er "stop the wheels of government;"
But smoothly onward they would glance,
Just like the government of France;
And then each member should agree
To wear the *cap of liberty,*
With strictest orders, when they're made,
To paste a national cockade
Just in the front, to catch the eye
Of strangers when they're passing by.
At every ball our belles should dance
In all the elegance of *France;*
No fashion like the *French* can please,
E'en from the stocking to *chemise;*
Our bucks and bloods, where'er they dine,
Shall drink nought else but *Gallic* wine;
And in their cups shall chaunt and sing—
Long live the French, and d—n the King;
We mean the King of Britain's land,
Whose fleets and armies you'll command;
Then teach those Britons to be free,
And learn John Bull *equality.*"

*Richard Bache, son-in-law of Franklin.

Now this would be quite apropo,
And you'll acknowledge it we know;
Or else you cannot go before 'em,
Nor e'er behold their *grand sanctorum;*
I speak my mind, and speak it clear,
'Tis known the *French* are all sincere.
But we'll proceed without delay,
As I'm in haste and cannot stay:
Money's our next and grand command,
Which you must furnish on demand;
You know we cannot "*cut a splash*"
Without that article called *cash;*
Money, Money's the thing you know,
Which makes the *man* and *mare to go;*
A little *now* would answer well,
In fact 'tis but a *bagatelle:*
The sum from Holland due to France,
You cannot scruple to advance;
The *Dutch* are money-getting men,
And will return it back agen;
They'd send you readily, no doubt,
Large cargoes of their *sour-crout;*
'Twould sell in market by retailers,
And keep the scurvy from your sailors;
It has not quite so fine a smell,
But ne'er mind that if it will sell.
They'd send you pipes and little toys
To please your pretty girls and boys;
So don't be pushing or severe,
But have some patience with *mynheer.*
They'll pay you even to a stiver,
Or say that *France* is no contriver.
Another sum I'd here propound,
I think 'tis *fifty thousand pound,*

By way of present, or *douceur*,
To make you interview more sure,
All locks of whatsoe'er degree,
Will open with a golden key;
'Tis understood—needs no refining,
That ev'ry pocket wants a *lining*.
Lawyers you know will not agree
To plead a cause without a fee;
And some there are, you may depend on't,
Are fee'd by plaintiff and defendant.*
Algiers did not your men release,
Before you paid the dollars for a peace.
Can you refuse *all gentle France*,
And pay these *robbers* in advance?
Why hesitate and make this fuss
To gain or purchase peace with us?
Pray do not frown and mournful stand,
But sign the terms of Talleyrand,
"And look before you, ere you leap,"
For as you sow, you're like to reap.

AMERICA

YOUR doctrine's strange we must confess,
It seems a riddle, nothing less;
You cannot certainly be serious,
But must be joking or delirious,
Or else you think us void of sense,
And can't discern your *insolence*.
But know ye, sirs, we represent
A people ready to resent;
A *nation* that can ward a blow,
And hurl defiance on their foe;

*Sir Fletcher Norton of England, positively received a fee from both parties—and was known afterwards by the name of Counsellor Double Fee.

Who will in *freedom's cause* advance,
And fight—if needful—mighty France!
The blust'ring blades who rant and swagger,
And are for drawing sword and dagger,
Are not the heroes they pretend,
But oft prove cowards in the end.
Redress for injuries we implore,
For nothing else, we ask no more.
Justice we want, for that we press,
We cannot, will not, take no less;
For *war* with us you've sometime held,
Which we'll avoid unless compell'd.
Our wrongs you know before they're told,
Yet we shall briefly them unfold.

Have not your nation's *privateers*
Set us together by the ears,
At least endeavour'd so to do?
This, sirs, is positively true.
Have they not seiz'd, in wanton sport,
Our vessels near their destin'd port,
And sent them to another part
To practice ev'ry plundering art;
Where they have ships and cargoes sold,
And robb'd e'en passengers of gold?
They've e'en disgrac'd our very seamen,
And put in irons honest freemen;
To language base they've added blows,
And used them like inveterate foes.
Can we sit tame without surprize,
And bear such treatment from allies?
Repel such acts whilst life remains,
Or live in bondage and in chains.

Our friends you were some time ago,
But acts like these bespeak a foe.
We thought you honest, fair and kind,
But *honesty* you've guillotin'd,
And thrown her carcase and her head
Amongst your butcher'd, injur'd dead.
Such deeds will live from age to age,
And stain with blood th' historic page;
A race unborn will drop a tear,
When they your cruel actions hear.
We thought you polish'd and polite,
But *there* we've prov'd an oversight.
Your brutal rage has far out-done
The vilest deeds beneath the sun;
You've ransack'd every town and village,
And liv'd on cruelty and pillage.
Compar'd to thy most savage reign,
The bloody Nero's was humane.
'Twould beggar language to describe
The horrid acts of half your tribe.
Did not your minister G–n–t,*
Our untaught countrymen beset,
With cringes and insidious smiles,
And all his catalogue of wiles?
Did not he shun our government,
And land elsewhere to circumvent,
To sound the minds and dispositions,
And circulate your d—d commissions?
Deception was his "*ruling star*,"
To loose at large "the dogs of war."
But now he's wedded to his charmer,
And turn'd a penitential farmer;

*Edmond Genet, the French minister. He feared for his life should he return to France.

Repents of ev'ry former ravage,
And plants potatoes, leeks and cabbage;
Keeps ducks and chickens, kills his mutton,
And lives as snug as any button;
Conceives Long-Island a retreat
Surpassing pageantry and state:
To France he'll never more be led,
Because he values much his *head.*

The speech of our First Magistrate
You wish to maul and mutilate;
You say it grates upon the ear,
And must be alter'd, that is clear.
In fact, you say 'tis not a true one,
And we had better make a new one;
You then hold out a language vile,
And say 'tis just the very style,
Exact the thing, "quite apropo',"
And we'll acknowledge it you know.
To answer all your paltry stuff,
Wou'd make you strut, parade, and puff,
Augment your nation's nat'ral vanity,
Which nearly borders on insanity.
We will not Adams e'er disgrace,
Nor from his speech a word erase;
He spoke what every heart shou'd feel,
And prov'd his patriotic zeal;
He was the object of our choice,
And echo'd forth Columbia's voice.
Be silent therefore on that head,
We will not by the nose be led;
Cat's paws nor tools we'll never be,
But are determin'd to be free.

Respecting *cash*, which you demand,
We've not our treasury at command.
And if we had we'd ne'er agree
To lend a dollar unto thee,
Until you'd made a reparation
For ev'ry act of depredation.

You talk of Holland very much,
And praise these money-making Dutch;
But what is that to us—if true,
The devil take their sour-crout and you.
No doubt they're very much provok'd
To find themselves so strongly yok'd;
But if 'mongst *hogs* they've chose a stye,
Like *hogs*, for God-sake, let them lie;
Give them their sour-crout and pipes;
Some gin to keep them from the gripes;
They'll smoke and drink and make a row,
And get as drunk "as David's sow."
Mynheers are hardy plodding fellows,
If you want wind they'll blow the bellows.
How you get cash it makes no odds,
We'll not "give six-pence," by the gods!
With what *sang froid* you ask for money,
We can't but smile, you are so funny;
You thought, when you propos'd this loan,
We'd found the what d'y' call-um stone,
Philosopher's I mean to say,
Which makes pure gold from potter's clay
As quick as you with truth comply,
Tho' not so fast as you can lie.

Ere you attempt to ask for more,
You should rub off your ancient score;

You wish to live on depredations,
And tax the people of all nations,
To gormandize on other's spoils,
And reap the harvest of their toils;
To "*cut a splash*" at our expense,
And laugh to prove our lack of sense;
Your meaning's clear, we have a view of it,
But think we know a trick worth two of it.
If to this pitch you cannot rise,
Without *our* granting the supplies,
Go live on sallad, mice and frogs,
And fricasee you cats and dogs;
We care not how your nation raves,
"Columbians never will be slaves."

FRANCE

COME, come, messieurs, you must advance,
Consider now the strength of France;
They have your interest in view,
And only act as *friends* to you.
You've made a fine elab'rate speech,
Yet seem'd to've soar'd above your reach;
Reflect a little, and beware,
There is no foothold in the air;
Mind that yourselves you don't enthrall,
Perchance you may receive a fall,
A fall perhaps you will deplore,
As you may never rise no more.
France she entreats with eyes brim full;
You'd view the state of poor John Bull;
How he must meet our rage and fury,
And very soon, I do assure you;
Perhaps you know not our intention,
Permit me therefore, just to mention:

England—*that paltry bit of land,*
We mean to conquer and command;
'Twill yield the moment we appear,
We'll petrify the dogs with fear;
Balloons are made, and rafts constructed,
By which our hosts will be conducted;
Through clouds of smoke Balloons will sail,
And drop upon their coast like hail;
Chock full of men they'll all appear,
And darken e'en the very air;
So true they're steer'd, they'll drop with ease,
On whatsoever spot they please;
And some they really do intend,
Shall in the *Palace Yard* descend;
Alarm the House of *Lords* and *Commons.*
And issue out a gen'ral summons;
With which all members shall comply,
Or in an instant they shall die.
Then farewell Anti-Gallic glory,
Good by t'ye *Billy Pitt* the *tory,*
Dundas and him this storm shan't weather,
But both shall go to h—ll together.
Others they'll order and arrange,
To light exactly in th' *Exchange;*
Confuse the merchants and the jobbers,
And all the speculating robbers,
Who'll sell their stock, if you'll believe me,
From tribes of *Dan* to tribes of *Levy;*
They'll swear it was by their desire,
And *France* is Israel's Messiah;
Tune up the *psalt'ry, harp* and *sackbut,**
And banish those who scrape *on catgut;*

*As there were no fiddlers in those days.

Ope all their windows and their doors,
Embrace French politics and wh—rs.
They'll bless their happy, happy chance,
That they have met the sons of France.

Our spacious *rafts* would make you stare,
Some two, and others three miles square.
To view this mighty floating army,
Would quite astonish and alarm ye.
As thick as hops, or hives of bees,
You'll see them gliding on the seas;
They're all so frolicksome and skittish,
In hopes to broil and roast the British,
To eat and drink like any glutton,
And cut them up like pork or mutton.
On every raft is fix'd a battery,
That would to atoms quickly shatter ye.
Each man, I'm told, you may rely on,
Is near as brave as *spitting* L—n;*
Whose deeds atchiev'd by *wooden sword*,
Surpass description, 'pon my word.
These rafts are meant, should ere they meet,
To sink and burn the English fleet;
And after that, the mighty host
Shall land upon the British coast.

As France is matchless at invention,
Another thing I'll beg to mention.
They mean to carve a *wooden* fish,
Large as a man would really wish,
To hold his powder and his ball,
His gun, accoutrements and all;
Some bread and garlic, and a sausage,
Will serve 'em for so short a passage;

*Matthew Lyon.

Vast shoals of these are now a-making,
For this important undertaking!
They'll dart from ev'ry port and quarter,
And swim so *nicely* thro' the water,
All arm'd with fins and massy scales,
Like *grampuses* or *sharks* or *whales;*
And ev'ry now and then you know,
They'll raise their snouts to puff and blow.
Quite unsuspected will they swim,
For who'd e'er think of such a whim?
No one would doubt but they were fish,
Unless they saw them on a dish,
Which they'll prevent by swimming deep,
And keeping watch when e'er they sleep.
How France will laugh when looking over,
And see them on the beach at *Dover;*
And how the country folks will yell,
When every fish shall drop his shell,
And stand erect in full array,
To take their town, to kill and slay.

Still on the wing for vast contriving,
We've got machines or bells for diving;
They of two properties partake,
To sink or swim like *duck* or *drake;*
When e'er they hear a cannon pop,
A cord is pull'd and down they drop.
To us the nations all must yield
For arts on water and the field;
Witness, you know, the fate of Venice,
Who were to us like balls at Tennis;
Each Frenchman prov'd a noted drubber,
Who play'd and beat them every rubber.

We play'd the deuce with these Italians,
We took their cows, their mares and *stallions*,
And put them into requisition,
To serve our craving disposition.
"Remember, how in arms and politics,
We've work'd the Pope and all his "holy tricks."
The *cardinals*, the *nuns* and *friars*,
Were all let loose to French desires.

Take warning therefore ere too late,
Or else you'll share their very fate.
No longer hesitate, we pray,
But grant the loan without delay.

AMERICA

WE know too well your plots and schemes,
And treat them all as idle dreams;
We likewise know your greater *half*,
Are made to gasconade and laugh;
But laughing, sirs, will never do,
Americans are staunch and true;
True to her friends, yet won't forego
A just resentment to her foe.
Our country's cause, with joy elate,
I think I now anticipate,
And see the Fathers of our soil,
Resolv'd again to share the toil;
Their sons turn out with manly zeal,
To prop their *native common weal;*
With shoulder'd arms and pointed lance,
To dare the menaces of France;
To fight for what their fathers fought,
When they their Independence bought;
To fight the foe of any hue,
Who dare encroach on *Freedom's* due.

Addresses now I think are sent,
From north to south the Continent,
Compos'd of patriots in the cause,
Who will support Columbia's laws;
Resolv'd *firm* ADAMS to defend,
Before they'll any lower bend:
'Tis needless any more to press,
We cannot, will not acquiesce.

FRANCE

WELL, well, messieurs, once more we'll try,
And send a *Lady* by and by;
If she won't do on this occasion,
Farewell *finesse* and French persuasion.
Adieu, messieurs, we'll send the lady,
To bring you over and persuade ye.

ENTER LADY.

MESSIEURS, your most, I'm proud to see
The *Envoys* of America.
You're from some gay and gallant City,
You look so smart, so very pretty;
Whether from Boston, or Virginia,
'Twould give me happiness to win ye;
The ladies *here* admire your parts,
And hope to gain Columbians' hearts.
I therefore beg that you'll be seated,
For ceremony *here's* defeated.
We know nought else but mirth and jollity,
And live in *freedom* and *equality*.
Thus introduced, I'll speak my mind,
Which you'll perceive, unless you're blind.
Our minister, the fam'd and grand,
The most *sagacious*, Talleyrand,

Has through some channel, I am told,
Requested you to furnish gold,
Which you conceive a great affront,
And will not pay, depend upon't.
Now there I think you very wrong,
As 'twill the business much prolong,
And may perhaps a War create,
Which *we abhor and really hate.*
Our spies are out from south to nor'ard,
And know full well how things go for'ard;
'Twas thought with us, but *now* decided,
That 'mongst yourselves you are divided;
Our party's strong, I don't dissemble,
And may, 'tis likely, make you tremble.
Down with the *cash*, without such fuss,
And you'll again be one of us;
You will not sure yourselves disgrace,
When once a *lady's* in the case;
For to be candid, frank and free,
The *fifty thousand* is for me,
To purchase pins to stick my cushion,
That made the gentlemen so *pushing;*
A sum for pins is very common
With ev'ry fashionable woman:
Another thing—but draw the screen—
I'm the *Direct'ry's grand* machine;
With me they take a vast delight,
To do their business, day and night;
Don't smile, my dearest! Johnny M–r–h–l:*
I now begin to feel quite partial,
To gaze on you and Elbridge G–r–y,†
My eyes I'm sure would ne'er be weary,

*John Marshall.
†Elbridge Gerry.

Likewise, my charming Charley P–n–k–y;*
You're clever men, the devil sink me!
I love all handsome Plenipos,
Such *satisfaction* with them goes;
They have most noble gen'rous hearts,
And then of course they're men of *parts*,
Of *sense* I mean, and penetration,
And schollars at negociation.
I'm not asham'd to say, *messieurs*,
That I'm in love o'er head and ears;
So now to settle this dispute,
Suppose we one and all salute;—
What! not indulge me with a *kiss!*
Is all my rhet'rick come to this?
Is this Columbian gallantry?
Oh fye! commissioners, oh fye!
Deny a lady of my *figure!*
You surely can't be men of vigor:
But pay the *cash*, I shall not rue,
I value not your kiss a *sous;*
Shall leave you all to meditate
On what of course will be your fate,
And go post haste to Talleyrand,
Who soon shall make you understand.

Exit Lady in a passion.

AMERICA

THIS lady's neither more nor less
Than some French *cheat*, in woman's dress.
Sent here on purpose to delude
Our hearts from moral rectitude;
However, be it as it will,
We're proof against her *nation's* skill.

*Charles Cotesworth Pinckney.

FRANCE

WELL, gentlemen, we're come again,
And hope you're in a better vein;
The *lady* has, we make no doubt,
Made everything much plainer out,
The sex are vastly our superiors,
And men must knuckle as inferiors;
The business doubtless she has done,
You've only now to sign the *loan*,
We'll call for paper, pen and ink,
And then sit down to smoke and drink,

AMERICA

NOT quite so hasty, *gentlemen*,
We want not paper, ink or pen.
The Lady we have heard 'tis true,
But all her arguments won't do;
She's thrown out ev'ry art and lure
About the loan and her *douceur*,
And laid on flattery so thick,
We thought it would have made us sick.
Tho' Adam was by woman drawn in,
We'll not be done by Gallic fawning;
Eve was a beauty form'd to win,
No wonder Adam gave it in.
Her beauteous limbs! her lovely Face,
Was *nature's* dignity and grace,
She gave the apple with a grandeur!
No man existing cou'd withstand her!
Now your sweet lady gave disgust,
For she demanded money *first*.
The part she play'd we must deplore,
Was too much like a common wh—e;

She flew like lightning when she found
She'd lost the *fifty thousand pound;*
However, sirs, we'll not dispute,
But give an answer to your suit.
Firm as a rock! we'll ever stand,
And scorn the schemes of Talleyrand,
Not France with all her pow'r combin'd,
Shall shake the purpose of our mind.
Talk not of "faith," of "public trust,"
When you're unwilling to be just;
Insult no more, no more intrude,
And let this visit now conclude;
Too long we've borne your galling pride.
'Tis now high time we should divide;
Return no more, unless your nation
Will pay for every depredation.
The path great WASHINGTON has trod,
Shall lead Columbians to their GOD;
On this grand *base* we'll stand or fall,
And hurl defiance on each Gaul.

FINIS

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